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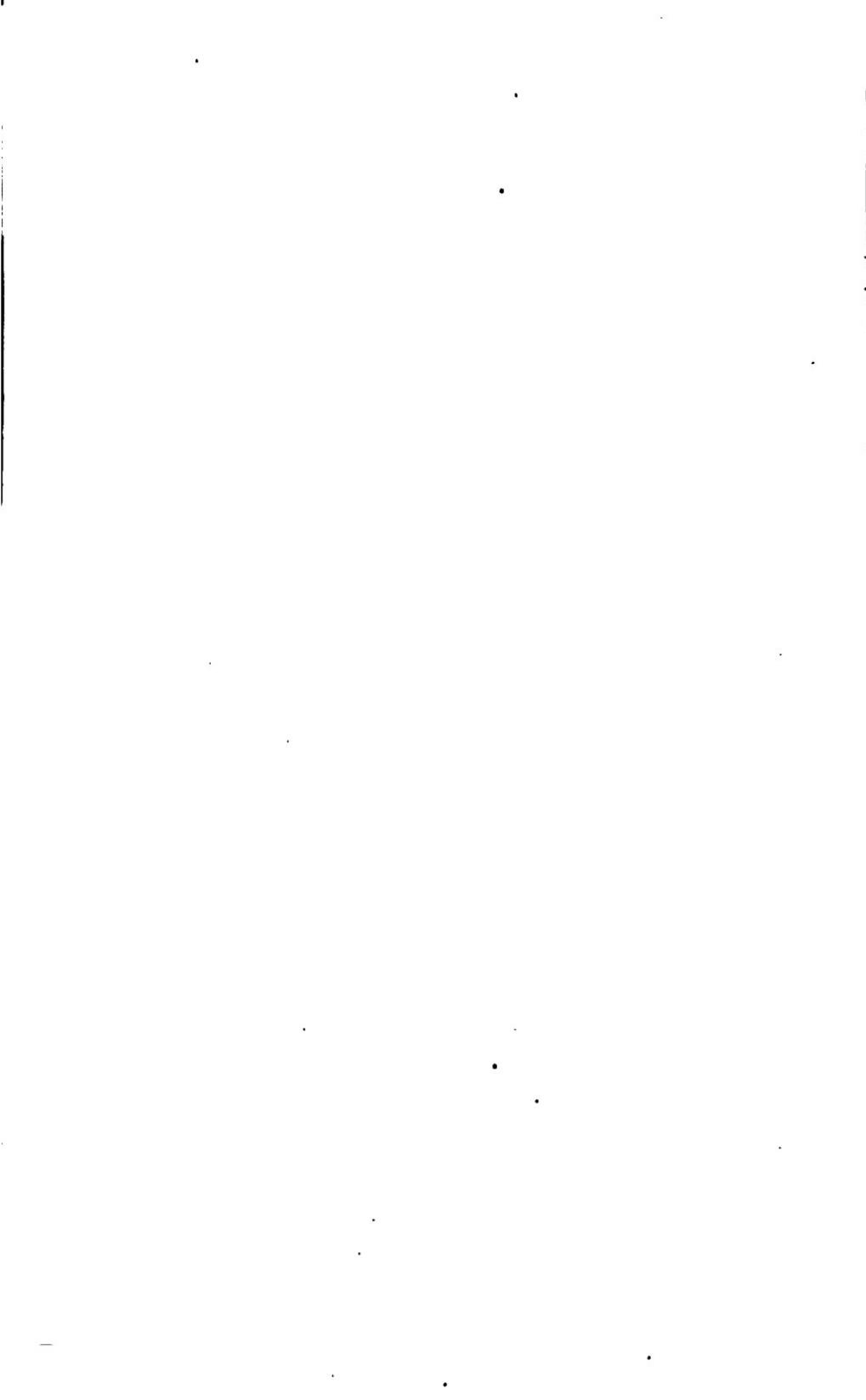


F. n. Robinson.

IRISH MINSTRELSY;

OR

BARDIC REMAINS OF IRELAND.



// IRISH MINSTRELSY, //

OR

112 //

BARDIC REMAINS OF IRELAND ;

WITH

ENGLISH POETICAL TRANSLATIONS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED,

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY JAMES HARDIMAN, M. R. I. A.

“Bíonn grádh agam ar bhlárcaisibh i gceoil cheolcaisibh.”

“I will give thee a book—it containeth the songs of the bards of ERIN, of
the bards of the days that are gone.” JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

VOL II.

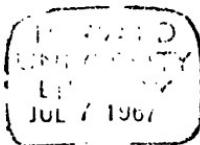
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P A R T III.

JACOBITE RELICS.

“Quæ quidem Cantilena ita scite facta, ita concinnis rhythmis modulisque suis est attemperata, ut plebis animos mire ad Principis, Libertatisque Patriæ amorem excitaverit.”—“That song was so artfully contrived, and so well composed in its rhimes and notes, that it stirred up in the minds of the people a wonderful affection for the prince, and the liberty of their native country.”

VERHEIDEN, *in elogius, quoted by Bayle, V. 20, a.*

JACOBITE RELICS.

The publication of the popular songs of the modern Greeks,* is considered as one of the most remarkable events which have taken place in the literature of our days. The Border and Jacobite ballads of Scotland are long before the world, and have been received with deserved approbation, but the political songs of Ireland, *more patrio*, have hitherto remained unnoticed and unknown. That these effusions are not, however, inferior to those either of the Scots or Greeks, and particularly in strong expression of national feeling, will it is rather confidently anticipated, appear from the few specimens, now for the first time, laid before the public.

The political situation of the Irish with respect to England, has been frequently compared with that of the Greeks in their

* Chants populaires de la Grèce Moderne.—8vo. Paris, 1824.—See the New Monthly Magazine, vol. xi. p. 139.

relation to Turkey. Lord Byron emphatically called the Greeks, “A kind of Eastern Irish Papists,” thereby intending to convey in the strongest possible manner to an European mind, the idea of Turkish despotism and Grecian slavery.* The bards of these devoted nations have nearly in the same manner embodied in their songs the feelings of the conquered

* The present prime minister of England, Mr. Canning, in a poem entitled *The Slavery of Greece*, feelingly describes the condition of that suffering country. May the highly gifted author now turn his attention to the oppressed “land of his fathers;” and, as he possesses the power, talents, and disposition, so may he, by one decisive blow, extend civil liberty to Ireland. The bigot may oppose, but every bigot is a coward. Though he talk loud, he trembles and withers before the high resolve of fortitude and virtue. The following passage in Mr. Canning’s poem, by mere change of scene, is but too applicable to the state of Ireland.—

“ Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage sigh ;
Unpitied toil and unlamented die.
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt’ring tyranny of Othman’s sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their thrones,
Has awed their servile spirits into fear,
Spurned by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of labour, night’s sad, sleepless hour,
Th’ inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowstring, or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the soul.
Disastrous fate ! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh ;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.”

and oppressed people of both countries; but the cry of suffering humanity is the same in every age and clime. Whoever shall take the trouble of comparing the histories of Greece and of Ireland, and of observing the systematic conduct of their respective rulers, will find, the difference of condition between the "Eastern Irish Papists," and the Western Greek Helots, not so great as may at first view appear. The former were oppressed by Turks, the latter by Christians, and to the shame of these English Christians be it recorded, that in the exercise of their tyrannic sway in Ireland, they have excelled the most furious followers of Mahomet in Greece. Circumstances may arise, when the infliction of death becomes an act of mercy, and the preservation of life a refined cruelty, by reserving the victim for more exquisite torture. Adrian, the Pope, "let slip the dogs of war." *Debilitentur—Deleantur*, weaken—exterminate, became, for centuries, the war cry in Ireland. From Henry the Second, to Henry the Eighth, the land was deluged with the blood of the natives. Elizabeth depopulated Munster. James the First depopulated Ulster. Cromwell cut off thousands of the Irish, and treated the survivors with more than Turkish cruelty. William closed the sanguinary scene, and the genius of England, satiated with blood, amused itself under Anne, and her successors, to George the Third, in erecting the most hideous monument of legal persecution ever exhibited to the view of an astonished world. During these horrible scenes, a priest, a bard, and a wolf, were alike objects of state vengeance in Ireland. The same reward was proclaimed for

the head of each. The bards have been exterminated ; but the priests, sustained by a higher power, survive, for what end yet remains to be developed.

The persecuted bards of Ireland, like their brethren of ancient Wales, had long, and assiduously laboured in the service of their country. They sung of its ancient glories, they mourned over its woes, and lamented its downfall. They incessantly exerted themselves to rouse their fellow countrymen to resist the invader, and stimulated them to almost incredible deeds of heroism and romantic valour.* Hence they became particularly obnoxious to the English, by whom they were invariably proscribed and persecuted. This extraordinary succession of men, has, notwithstanding, left behind imperishable memorials

* The following eloquent passage, from Remarks on the Speeches of our famous countryman, Grattan, in a modern periodical, presents a true picture of Irish warfare, for centuries after the invasion :—

“ What Ireland might have been with her great original qualities of war and peace, cultivated and guided to her true interests, is now beyond conjecture. In the recent struggles of the empire, she has not fallen behind any of its kingdoms in the vigour of her genius, or the valour of her soldiers. It cannot be doubted, that, in her historic darkness, many a bold hand and mighty intellect arose and perished. Men fought from the rage of appetite, from the madness of faction, from the impulse of gallant blood ; without direction and without reward. History recoils from this furious gladiatorialship, and leaves the heroic slaves without a name. Yet, in a nobler cause, and in a later time, those men might have stood among the glorious of the earth. If, in the spirit of the Homeric prayer, the light had been let in upon the conflict round that trampled and defaced corpse, their native sovereignty, the world would have seen, grappling hand to hand, many a form worthy of kings and chieftains, many a noble courage and superb mind, stamped by nature to have led armies to battle, and guided the councils of empires.”—*New Edinburgh Review*, vol. iii. p. 554.

of patriotism and genius. Many of these remnants have escaped the destroying hand of time, and the yet more destructive rage of the relentless persecutor. Some will be found in these volumes, but several are still scattered through the country, which it is hoped may yet be wrested from oblivion.

The few contained in this work, relate chiefly to the times of the second James, and his descendants. Although the Irish fought for that monarch, it was more from a principle of allegiance, with, perhaps, a vain hope of regaining their freedom and confiscated estates, than from any particular attachment to him, or his ungrateful race. With characteristic bravery, they resolved to conquer or perish in his cause; but, the pusillanimous king betrayed them on the very verge of victory by his dastardly conduct. This sunk deep in their hearts. For his descendants there was but little sympathy in Ireland. The attempts of 1715 and 1745 in Scotland, excited no correspondent sensation or movement here; neither "tongue, pen, or sword," was moved in their favour.

For a long period, however, after the revolution, the last of the race of our bards, indignant at the national oppressions, and disregarding the terrors of death or exile, which inevitably followed detection, poured forth their feelings of political hope, enmity, revenge, or despair, in strains, which roused and strengthened those passions in the breasts of their desponding countrymen. These "heart home lays" of their venerated bards, the people treasured up in their memories;

and, as it was treason to sing them openly, they were chaunted at private meetings, or by the cottage fire-sides throughout the land, with feelings little short of religious enthusiasm. By these means, the embers of discontent were fanned and kept alive, until they burst forth in those terrible conflagrations which afterwards entailed so much misery on the country. The effect the government could punish, but it could not prevent the cause. Perhaps, if a remedy were sought, the best would have been to give publicity to those proscribed stanzas. The spell of secrecy would thus be broken, and the charm from which they derived their principal influence dissolved. Time, however, has rendered them harmless. They are now remembered, merely for some favorite expression or poetic beauty; and sung, more for the sake of the charming airs with which they are associated, than for any political sentiments which they may contain. The claims of the ill-fated Stuarts are forgotten. These once national hymns can, therefore, at the present day, be considered only as curious literary fragments; and, as such, they are now laid before the public.

Although the present part of this work is entitled "Jacobite Relics," yet some poems of an earlier date have been admitted. The "Lament of the Gael," in the time of Elizabeth; "John O'Dwyer of the Glen," in the days of Cromwell; and perhaps, one or two others. The greater number, however, were composed at, and since the period of the Revolution of 1688. Of the authors but little is known. In a country groaning under the inflictions of penal laws, and the influence of a

system of universal espionage, the utmost caution was necessary to avoid detection. Many of these pieces were, therefore, composed under circumstances of impenetrable secrecy. The few particulars, however, that could be gleaned, will be found in the notes.

.

ειρε αζυρ πιζη γευμαγ.

Ειρε.—Σις την λμυντ;—(Τέλωνας) Τά γέυματα ράσι
γήιος,

Ζάπ εέλδακι ηά ειδη ηά h-ούδηχε.

Θιρε.—Μο λέων-ζηοιρτ-η την! Α χέαδ-γηελης ζάπ τηθ,
Α ρέιμ-χειρτ οζ γεμιοτ δο ηάιμηδε;—

Ωλτη δαροιαδη ηά γεοιτ² 'τ πληριασχαδη Α δ-τηιατρ,
Α'τ ζυρι σέμιραδη άπ γαηρεληνη δηιτ,
Δ' ρώζ μέ 'ποιη ζάπ τηιτ, ζάπ chléirich, ζάπ chloiz,
Ψήλ ελομη-χηριτ οζ γειμηεληδη λαόιθε.

Τέλων.—Αι cheile ζάπ bhinib, budh έιζεκη δαμη ηιθ

Ζο h-έλτζα ο ιομαδ διοδηβηλαδη;—

Μλη δο chiklonadari ειδη, 'τ δο tηρείζελεληρι μέ,

'γ άη λέναρι ζάπ γαηρεληνη bhίδηελτ-γά.—

Ζίδη Phéniciη tu bh-ρυητη, ζιέζηελη πληρι lili,

'γ δο bhéul-γά πληρι mhl ηά bh-ρίη m-bheλch

Ψήλ έιρελεκτη ληη την, 'τ λ'ειευδ-γο τά γιαζη

Ψιοτ τηιεινε 'ηά τηνη Λ ccóimheλγαρι.

IRELAND AND KING JAMES.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN, ESQ.

Ireland.—What stranger turns for refuge to my hall,
Whose gate still opens wide to misery's call?—

James.—Thy James alas! in want and woe I come
To seek the shelter of thy friendly home.

Ireland.—Woe! that the sanction of thy sacred name,
Should come to deepen destitution's claim;
When foes discomfited should trembling flee
Before thy reeking blade!—but woe is me!
Gazing upon his baffled brand, the Gael
Curses the hordes that warp the eternal scale;
And rend with ruffian hand the trembling string,
That waked the heart to rapture's fervid spring;
Or at the shrine its deep devotion poured,
When Christ looked down where Christian priests adored.

Óiré.—Ail tréan-ðairí 't & chumáinn, nár tréan-ri do mhearr-
neach,

Trídh tréanadair cùd de'ð bhuinidheann thú,
Beidh an t-é ginné an chruinne, tlobh leat &'d chomhpic
O bhleaghlai &'t ó bhíosid do náimhde ;—
Beidh fáebháir agus fuis, beidh eipileach &'t teinidh,
Airi chriúorthaír ag teaccht &'d chomhdeaccht
Ail Clément 't ag Philib &'t Aúpler 3án time
Ail'd chlomhnaidh 't &'d chomhpic chomhche.

Téarm.—Tréan 3úr tú, mo chéile &'t mo chuid,
'g &'d éuスマit 3o bh-fuislim clásadhce
'g 3ách tréan-churadh & ngeoil, do tráochadh airi tuair,
'g do séaradh le cománn billeag,
Chum mé agus tú, airi 3-cléir &'t airi 3-clor,'g 3ách Ioch meári de chineadh Mhíleadh,
Bheith 'ná n-áol-bhíosig 3án time, ag pléireachta 't ag
teinnéadh,
Áol-chruaít le mílití Iaróithe.

Óiré.—Aisí'l báéaghlai oírt aonair, tár aon-mháic nár cruinne
'g airi náomh-bhíosig aonair mhlílit tlobh leat ;

James.—Spouse of my soul ! I was constrained to flee—
The minions I dared trust abandoned me ;—
Out on the false ones ! thousand foes pressed on—
Betrayed—deserted—could I stand alone ?—
Thy Phoenix form ! thy cheek's fresh lily hue !
Thy fragrant lips distilling honied dew !
Dear victim ! what are these, when churls prevail,
And thy sons curse the brand that thus could fail ?

Ireland.—Bend not, my stately oak ! nor let dismay
Blench thy bold brow ! the craven may betray—
Desert thee—foes assail thee—but in vain !
God is with thee to shelter and sustain.
Gleams the bright blade ! the ocean from afar
Wafts to thy aid all circumstance of war—
With Clement's—Philip's banner streaming high,
Naples shall shade thee, and thy foes defy.

James.—My spouse ! my portion ! in thy changeless faith
Is all my pride—my hope of glory's wreath—
Count o'er the valiant hearts—the true—the brave,
Whose truth, by sea or land, has earned a grave.

In loyal strife, to bid our holy fane
Pour to approving heaven its welcome strain—
And lofty spirits of Milesian line,³
Freely in their white, happy homes entwine—
Proud and unfettered, from all controul,
Save the bright spell that binds them soul to soul—

Ireland.—But rest thee now ! a firmer hope remains !—
A hand divine prepares to rend thy chains !
The Mother of the Man-God shall invoke,
The Eternal deal the liberating stroke.
The Scot—the Gael—the rallying thousands come ;
The reeking sword half chokes the ravening tomb ;
And o'er the deep the festering boars⁴ shall flee,
Racked with “the want, the woe,” they wrought for thee.

ταιριεαδη αιρι θηαγ μηφια αφι
δαρια πιζηε γευμαιγ.

O'Heachtain² nō chán.

Τάχις έυζηλας το διεσπήρ, δ' εἶτις ζωοδηλώθηκεν καὶ θεούσιδη,
θελητὴν μιάριτην πατέρα παραπέμψας, τελέθη δικαιόθια, θεατή,
chóir,

ফালিছ পিলম্বুর না রেও, প্রেলছ ফহিমাচ না ন-ওঁ,
জন ব্রহ্মদুর্গাধি ফন কিংবুধি, ম'ফাহাত এস্বিন্তে শো দেওঁঁ !

Ալիք է յիկան և օդը, ու և ծերութիւնը տալից, ու ուստի օդը,
Ա Երանութիւնը Յօ Ծիրակի, և առ ծերութիւնը՝ Դաշտ Խոր,
Եկան Եւսու և Եօն, Յան Շիկառանի և առ Ելութիւն,
Աւելի ունեցաւ Եաւուն Եաւուն, Յան Եւսունանի ծովութիւն.

Ա թեմհ-չօրոք եւ շնկ, ուր յիշել էր և՝ ո-քար,
Եւ յիլելից և յեսչք, և տեսր և՛ Եւ եւ,
Յան բհեմ ևր և րուդ, և հ-եածոն ո՞ն' շնկ,
Յար յիհրավիշ և յակ, 'Եւ ընճիւծ ծօ եւ ծեր.

LAMENT FOR THE QUEEN OF KING
JAMES II.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Dark source of my anguish ! deep wound of a land,
Whose young and defenceless the loss will deplore ;
The munificent spirit, the liberal hand,
Still stretched, the full bounty it prompted to pour.

The stone is laid o'er thee ! the fair glossy braid,
The high brow, the light cheek with its roseate glow ;
The bright form, and the berry that dwelt, and could fade,
On these lips, thou sage giver, all, all are laid low.

Like a swan on the billows she moved in her grace,
Snow white were her limbs, and with beauty replete ;
And time on that pure brow had left no more trace,
Than if he had sped with her own fairy feet.

Το αν Μήνιρε βα μή, δ'ά δ-ελιπτή χο φύι,
Αλετε Μήνιρε α' τ Μήνιρε, Αζυτ Μήνιρε νό δήο ;—
Το αν Μήνιρε χαν χό, μιμη βάγ δο πα βεσθαλιθ,
Απ Πίζη-βηελη μαρι δ'ιος-γύδ, α εχίοις λειγ αν χ-ερό.

Τηλέεχ Τηέυματη βα μή 'να Σλέγκρι πα γλώζη,
Απ Πίζη-φηλική βα πανομηθή, ίτ υυδη διλτε δο'ν
Πλόιμη.—
Μελτζ πανομή Αζυτ όζη, τά'ν διτ ρο υυδη χνόδη,
Τηλοχτ Μήλεκδη χο ή-ίριοι, τά δηλωνίτε 'ν α π-δεόρζη.

Βίοδη ρυλετη Αζυτ άη, χαν ρυλγεσιτ 'ν α π-δάιι,
Αζ δικη-γεριοτ πα π-δασίνε, δ'άρι μήιονχάτ α π-βάγ
Α δ-ευλιριτζ 'τ α χ-εάιι, τά, λαλιδητε λαν χαχ άρδ,
Α χ-ελούπελτ, α χ-εριονάχτ, 'τ α π-δεκονδηλάχτ δο
δηλίμη.

Φή'λ ταλκαμη, πί'λ τίρη, δ'άρι τηλιγδιοι λα χηριάν,
Φήλετ λιοντά χαν ρυζηεκλαχ, δ'ά δ-εεργδάτ λριδοι ;
Μο μηκαλλαχτε δο γήιοι, Αζυτ μαλλαχτε πα παοιμη,
Δο'ν δίνε δο δηίβηη, κ' βη-φηλικηελγ αν διτ !

Whatever of purity, glory; hath ever
Been linked with the name, lovely Mary was thine;
Woe! woe, that the tomb, ruthless tyrant, should sever,
The ties which our spirits half broken resign.

Than Cæsar of hosts¹—the true darling of Rome,
Far prouder was James—where pure spirits are met;
The virgin, the saint—though heaven's radiance illume
Tbeir brows—Erin's wrongs can o'ershadow them yet.

And rank be the poison—the plagues that distil,
Through the heart of the spoiler that laid them in dust;
The rapt bard with their glory the nations shall fill,
With the fame of his patrons, the generous, the just.

Wherever the beam of the morning is shed,
With its light the full fame of our loved ones hath shone;
The deep curse of our sorrow shall burst on his head
That hath hurled them—the pride of our hearts ! from
their throne—

Þá cheimhioll, þá cheónidh, tá an tréirí anna gná ló,
 Mhá-rízhe atá cláinneadh, gnáin rízich airí a m-brión,
 Tá an t-aoisírla tá an t-óig, þá chláinidhtheascht a
 ngleónidh,
 O d'ios-rua an Ísigh-bheann, a chíor leig an g-croídh !

'Máj zéimneach ná m-bó, airí láinn ní'l feoir,
 Æra h-éin airí ná zéusgáibh, tá n-éusgáil a g-céoil,
 Áfí'l éigíz airí an ló, ní'l láim aíz an eó,
 O d'ios-rua an Ísigh-bheann, a chíor leig an g-croídh !

Cáid zárobhileáibh gnáin tréoní, do'n tlobh-ros de'n ghnó,
 Ann Íosr-bhrioid, a n-deasúrt, mo chnáinidhtheascht, mo
 tréonidh !
 Tá earracháidh airí mo thóigh, tá tóig airí mo gceónidh,
 Ann gná cláinntí marí a chidhtheasrt, airí bívírt an fó !

Iar seairc ádhibháiri iñ mó, 'ná ádhibháiri ná n-gleónidh,
 Tzéul earráidhce do tháirílairí, 't an gair-ros zo piaradh
 Tá záiríthá anna gnách ó, tá a g-cáiliúdear do'n Íoisimh,
 Æra Írannne marí þáibháidh, leig-bháidhce, mo dhóirth !

The mid-day is dark with unnatural gloom—
And a spectral lament wildly shrieked in the air,
Tells all hearts that our princess lies cold in the
tomb—
Bids the old and the young bend in agony there !

Faint the lowing of kine o'er the seared yellow lawn !
And tuneless the warbler that droops on the spray !
The bright tenants that flashed through the current are
gone !
For the princess we honoured is laid in the clay.—

Darkly brooding alone o'er his bondage and shame,
By the shore, in mute agony, wander the Gael—
And sad is my spirit—and clouded my dream,
For my king—for the star my devotion would hail—

What woe, beyond this, hath dark fortune to wreak ?
What wrath o'er the land yet remains to be hurled ?
They turn them to Rome ! but despairing they shriek,
For Spain's flag, in defeat, and defection is furled—

“Fíl eádhébhácht aon mo bhlóir, ’f ní fháisgeadh mo dhóich,
 Ála gráinneach eáid láidir, agus aon t-árd-achair bessidh,
 Leáir-bháidhthe aon rú a n-ád, neárta pháramh ná m-bhró,
 ”Tá muí Mháire gáil síth leig, ’f a dháoinne gáil cládhádha !

”U muígh-fhileach cheirte, chónair, muí Mháire agus a’ d-táir,
 Ála gáloibhail a tár taisíbh leat, tráth sídeann agus fóir,
 Téar síomárt agus gáleánid, luchd chláránraích ná m-bód,
 Do dhíbhir go mí-cheairte, águs a n-dáoinne ’f agus nóna !

Though our sorrows avail not—our hope is not lost—
For the Father is mighty!—the Highest remains!—
The loosed waters rushed down upon Pharoah's wide
host—
But the billows crouch back from the foot He sustains—

Just power! that for Moses the wave didst divide,
Look down on the land where thy followers pine;
Look down upon Erin! and crush the dark pride
Of the scourge of thy people—the foes of thy shrine.

C110δή η ια η ια ο απηιαζε.

Αιλικτον δαιλον ρό σχάση.

Αιρι ζουτσ Τάσας αν Μιληζαίδη.

Τεκιλο καρέιρ καζ-σέιμ ςχοιρ λελγα δικανη,
 Αζ δεκιαδη λελην-δυιθη ράέν λιρ ελγβλιδη πειρτ,
 Ο ρό ! ράσι τζατκαλλιδη βρότ !
 Ωο δηελρεατ λε' μ ςχλοθη σέ ελέχ ψαλ λιηλρε τη,
 Υβέιρ-υheλη πηελγρδηλ, υheυl-ελιγ, υheληληιη,
 Ο ρό ! υυδη ςχλιχνεληληςη γνόδη !
 Ήυδη δηειτητε, τιυζη, Θρέιμπελη, πέληηρελη, ελμερ-
 γλεη,
 Ήαχειλελη, τιλέδελη, ρέυηλελη, εληδηιγελη,
 Σηλέβηλη, ελγτα, δυδη, ψαλ σχέιμ καλην-ρhoιλε
 λει 'n κα m-βελρειλη καζ τέλεχτ λιρ ხεլλε-χηριθ
 Ο ρό ! ψο ταλκην 'n κα δενιζη !

CLIONA OF THE ROCK.¹**BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.**

The night clouds gathered o'er me ; anguish preyed
Upon my sinking spirit—forth I strayed,
Till by a lonely fort I came—and there
Stood darkly brooding o'er my soul's despair ;
When lo ! revealed before my dazzled eyes,
Girt with the gushing radiance of the skies,
A nymph appeared ;—exuberant and bright,
In sable lustre, o'er her brow of light
Fell the dark tresses, whose descending flow
Mantled the maiden's steps with tremulous glow.
She touched the harp—and, oh ! the answering sound
That floated from the throbbing chord around !
Oh never yet could earthly feeling win
From harp such voice to pour its fervor in,
As trembled to that touch :—the song had ceased,
And scarce the ethereal beam those fingers graced,

Ó do b'inniollca, rásébh-áhlaon, níordh ó pháilíriú,
 Tá éri ó pháid-chuairete airí theáid do tráeasúlach Íoim,
 O jú ! ne zlioscáig a meóir !
 Ó do tráeasúlach le cléil-pháillón níortca airí mheanmharán
 Láisíthe bláitíde agus díneacháidh reannacháig,
 O jú ! zo roisbhír, róghlaigh !
 Ul binne-áhluach cléimh, 'g a béal záin deármad,
 Ul n-álgighchibh ná n-éirí 'g i láeighcháidh ná táracháidh tuile
 Záedháilge agus aithnír tráeul ná bh-fearra-chon
 Aniar chéileachta ná n-dírlázan fáoi níom zo báinbe,
 O jú ! a m-báruasúibh ná glóigh !

Bhíodh láiríodh ná z-cáéir 'n a zneáidh tairí eala airí grianach,
 Tá leáthe aon t-tnéaleachta zo tréan a n-deárlázan,
 O jú ! 'n a leascain záin cheóidh
 'g a mala budh chláel airí a h-ealbhain leascain,
 Léir-áhlaon, zheanamhail, mheáeridh, mhealgeanmhai,
 O jú ! budh chálma cláidh !
 Budh cheileasúch, rásébhírách, zléáthe a grianháir-júi,
 Agus caitheamh ná gáiríghéasach tréim chláéidh a' n-ealbhíráin,
 Le ná h-áel-chroibh leabhair airí níortca chláiríamhreasúch,
 Táel-chom, mairseach, a'g léach-meara fáilge
 O jú ! airí leathain-bhíarát gnoil !

While o'er the snowy page she poured along
The silent burthen of that wondrous song.
It was a glorious record—in those lays
Burned the bright memory of other days ;
Meanwhile, with glowing lip, and voice that rolled
Symphonious to their theme, the maiden told,
In language of the Gael, the sage's lore—
The virtue—the emprise—in days of yore
That Banba nurtured —and across the brine
She traced the prows of the Milesian line.
The berry's glow, the swan's unsullied plume,
Her cheek of softness blended to illume—
Her forehead—oh ! t'was smooth as infancy
Exhibits, ere the soul forget the sky,
Its bright eternal home ; ere mortal care
Hath left its shadow or its impress there.—
And, o'er its soft expanse, so brightly meek,
Her sable brow was arched with slenderest streak.
Her eyes with light, with lambent glory fraught,
Flashed deep into my soul—the maiden wrought
On satin garments, next, the mingling chase ;
Wolves—hunters—hounds, were there in headlong race ;
There too, the broidery portrayed the brave
Who gathered laurels o'er the bounding wave.
With faltering tongue, I said, celestial fair !
Vouchsafe a gracious answer to my prayer.

Seicheadh d'athair férinn, le d'fheáin-toil aitcheim oírt,
 Criealadh é ari fadraillinn fán n-úrúeáin ari zhálaibhéal ag chúiseáinn,
 O hó ! no ari ealaídh tú ari chónair ?
 Áfho ari tu-ár ari bhealaí rathéimh ari Tírleáeth le'ri tuisceáigír
 Tírleáen ná fadraill-chóin éuchtaimháir', aomhálinzéadach',
 O hó ! do ealaileadh 't ari n-úlloisídh ?
 Áfho ari bhealaingíreil d'án n-úlloisídhcháir Déiridhre mhaistreachmhair,
 le'ri ealaileadh a 3-céim ná tmeáin-fhíri chálma ?
 Áfho Céirínt mhaistreachmhair tré ari ealaídh
 Le céill airí zhálaikar-thírúaithe, iarr d-teangealt ó Ullakim,
 O hó ! chunír muilleoile airí geol ?

Budh bhealaingimhair, míonla, ealaín, tairg, ealaithláinnach,
 Ag láríthe sneairídh, záin mháill a 3 tuisceáigír d'athair,
 O hó ! le láríthláinnibh a beáin :
 Íar deairbh ari thí nílach síobh thíodh d'fhiúighíair,
 Fíor thíodh mhaistreachim záin bhrízí dhó ríthealaingair,
 O hó ! airí zhálaingé ná d-treón :
 Acht iñ me-ri Clíodhna ó thálaíbh ná ealaíde,
 Do ealaídh að líon a 3 ínnírion rítealaingair dhíwt ;—
 Líontair bealaingair- aitze, síosairdh bárraillie,
 An phíob le meallamair líon að zhálaealaibh-ri,
 O hó ! d'án tuisceáigír záin cheoídh !

From some high region—thy resplendent home,
To mortal converse, since thou deign'st to come;
Say, art thou she, for whom the compassed towers
Of Ilium toppled o'er her failing powers ?
Or Deirdre, lovely nymph, for whom the glave
Was purpled in the bosoms of the brave ?
Or Ceirnit, sage inventress, she who taught
Our land the lesson she from Alba brought ;
And bade the crystal current of the stream
Heave into life the mill's mechanic frame ?
In accents calm and sweet as ever filled
Man's ear and heart, from honied lips distilled,
The maiden answered,—doubtless true the fame
Which you recount to grace each storied name ;
But mine is Cliona—the beetling side
Of the tall rock my home ;⁴ to pour the tide
Of coming things before you I am here—
Bright be the revel, let no envious tear
Dash the deep current of the mantling bowl,
In tones of rapture pour the joyous soul :
Exulting fiercely, Martin's followers ⁴ rave,
Your Charles, they say, lies mould'ring in the grave ;
But heed them not, for in the forts of hills
'A prouder theme the pealing anthem fills ;
When bards with loftiest strains indignant vie,
Proclaiming that false broods mendacity.

Ար շնծի տայտարակի, Հրծ դիօչծ Մհարտւոն տիկունցիւն,
Վ և բաճի լե յելկած զսր քնչիւնի Ընրույտ

Օ յո! բաօ եւեւունի և ծրենցիւնի!

Դ է շիւնոն և ծնմի և Դ և քնչիւնի և լու լուրուն շուու
Ան տրակի ծ զւրյունիւնը դրայ շասու յելկած յուլէ

Օ յո! զսր շառածար զօ:

Իր սումարակի, սնչեալուն և լուն ծ'բալ Շնորի շերտ,
Ալ ծրաւեւնի զակ լա լե էլար զել նախեն

Իր բենրի տար տիւնակ ո՞ն Դաւա և Մհարվանի,
Իր էլակի եհեծի Զաւա-փուու Դիենցիւն շեւլզակի,

Օ յո! ծ'ա լեշածի ՚ր և ո զլեօնի!

Եւծի հիւրիոն Հրծ ծ զիննիւն և եւշելուր
Շնածի, և ո բանունիւր, զիրածիւնիւր, զիւնունիւր

Օ յո! ծ լենուն ու հ-օջ!

Ա՞ր յելրեւա զան շնմի ո՞ն ծհենիշ յու և զւիւնի-ր,
Ասր շիկի և տեխերու, և շինցիւնի զակ երրաւու,

Օ յո! լե բալրունց օւու!

Դեննիւն յո դնմի, յան դշնի յօմի Զաւա-փուու,
Ալ դեննեւնի յակ ծնու, յնիւն էլակի լե յելկած յին,

Եւ եխու ե-թաւու լե քնչիւն յակ ծերյուն,

Իր բենրի լե տայցիւն յակ դշնի յակ եւշել,

Օ յո! յու ծերյունի լե'մ յզեն!

Truth beams upon the crest of Cashell's son;
Hosts gird him round; our own, our righteous one;
Banba's warm heart with him no despot shares,
The slumbering blade, lo! tardy justice bares;
Down with the spoiler! till no English tread
May pause in anguish o'er the countless dead.
From every shrine redeemed, in choral swell
God's chosen priests his mighty works shall tell;
Our pastors, meek, and continent, and true—
And they shall register the deeds you do
To be a beacon light to other days.—
Then crown the goblet—and exulting raise
The festive measure—let no abject sense
Depress your spirits; heaven is your defence;
Even now the impress of the eternal seal
Is on your freedom's fiat—fare thee well.

ԾԱՌԱՎ ԳՅ ՄԱՏՈՒՐԵ.

Alindriar Mac Crotach¹ nō chán.

Ալիք Հիւշ “Եթե ոս տհարդն ըկան եւս չո երդէ՛ք.”

Ιτ φαδα την α γ-εύμηκαδη ζαλη τηνή λε τέωριμα,
Ζο δύνη-χρησίδηλης, τρέιτη-λαζ, τλάκη, ζαλη πρεσόη;
Α' μηνητεαδη ηζ βηνηρ 'τ α' μηνηγηλη ηζ βλασθηλη,
Α ινιβ λον τλειβη φασι λημάδηλη ην ληρόην;
Ζαλη χλαριδη η' μη χλαβηληρ αχτη θονη 'τ α γηλολε,
Δο ληεριτωζη ληρη δ-τηνη δληη τηνηληζ τλεβη λειρ,
Ζο η-λικηριγεαδη δύνηη ζαλη μηνη λυθη λειρ δο,
Λε δύηλ ζηείνη, ιζλειρε η' τ ζαληδελη σεοιλ,

Ὄ' λιτήριης λιπ δ-τώντι δύναντι εώντι πα τακον-θηλειτις,
ζειν τινά τυμίν ζηνειδή 'ζατράκης και π-ζενειδή
αι' τι ζειν ζελητός θειδή δένηρις και π-δύτησαγ Ζενειδηλιμ,
αι' τι ερύ ζελαστίν Σεβηρι τάκη ζειν τηνειρ.—

CANTICLE OF DELIVERANCE.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Too long have the churls¹ in dark bondage oppressed me,

Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom ;

Yet hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—

The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home :

Save Donn and his kindred,² my sorrow had shaken

All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,

I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken

The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

He told how the heroes were fall'n and degraded,

And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim !

But Phelim and Heber,⁴ whose children betrayed it,

The land shall relume with the light of their fame !

The fleet is prepared, and proud Charles is commanding,

And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,

The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing—

The Gael, like a tempest, shall burst on the foe !—

Teá Cáriong lonn 't a chlóbhlaach zléuitca
 Arz tairriainz tairi abhlainn le cálbháirí d'ári rúorlaibh,
 'Y ní mháicighfídh ye bonn do chláinn láitírearr,
 'Y beidh foighil zláonáthil tréan záin tág 't an tóir.

Féagdá beidh zréanáin le fonn ag éigírigh,
 Arz tún bhínn zléuitca ag déimh an cheoil,
 Beidh ceantair a d-tealmhaírí ar thalamhain ag rúor-phílaich,
 Ar roighil rúishe ag cléir le pháighail ó'm leóighil,
 Beidh cealla agus ínrí záin chumha ag phriúrt,
 Beidh earráipte dia-domhnaich a d-tealmpoill Círeán,
 Beidh foilireadh agus tseannraídh air chomplacht éigí,
 'Y ar fúthairch, sícheallach zláonáthil zo bpríth 'n a dhéanáil.

Yin agus ó thúig zách pún ba mhéinn liom,
 Arz mealmhíjhígh féin do chách mo rceol,
 Tízeadh zách crioibháie a g-cobháir le g-ealaírt
 Cúimhneadh an conraídh réub zo cláon ari náimhleib.
 Yin agusibh an tairn a'g zálbháidh le chéile,
 Ríreabhairidh le fonn a'g pleannseadh méith-phoic,
 Leánraídh an foighil air dhíriomh ann éitchich,
 'Y nár h-iompairíghéaridh aén le rúach, ó'n n-zléasidh.

The bards shall exult, and the harp string shall tremble,

And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;

Ere "Sambain" our chiefs shall in Temor assemble—

The "Lion" protect our own pastors again :

The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration ;

In song shall exhale our warm hearts adoration ;

Confusion shall light on the foes usurpation,

And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—

Away! to each heart the proud tidings to tell,

Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !

The treaty they broke 'your deep vengeance shall swell :

The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,

Surround him ! sustain ! shall the gorged goat' descending

Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending—

Rush on like a tempest, and scatter the foe !

γ αιι ο αθηνας ειρεαη η.

Ωηρ παλιδιν γλαστα ιαδιν, θεθιτ λιρ πελρηθιλ τικιν,
 'Γ με αζ αμηλιε υλιν λιρ πα παλο-εηνοιε,
 Μαρ πασχ ελωνιμ αν υλιλ, αζ ελρρικινζ ελυν ειδιν,
 Φλα λαμηλαχ γυνναδιθε-πόρι λ π-νιν Ελδαιρ ;—
 Μυνα δ-ελγαδ τιβη ζο ιαλτη, βειδη λη παληνιδ-νε ζο
 βιλη,
 Α πζκαδατ πο πηρι α' π-Ειρινη,
 'Γ βειδη ελενηα φηρ ζο φιλη, φιευη, αζ οβληρ φλοι
 δηιαλεζατ,
 'Γ α Μηαιρε πασχ τριανζη τυδ Γλαδηλιλ bhocht'.

Ιτ φαδα την αζ τηνι λιβη, 'ν ξη ζ-εοδια 'Γ 'ν ξη π-δάγγαδη,
 Τιβη-τι theκετ ελύζλινη ζο h-Ειρινη,
 Ζην γηλεγηλιδη λιθηηληρι, δο γηλενηραδη αν τημάτι δηινη,
 Ά'τ αν ε-γελη-εηλειτη ελύζηλιδη τά λιρ Γηλεδηιλ
 bhocht' ;—

THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

I turn to the hills, with the dawn as I waken,
And sickens my soul o'er its promise deferred;
The wave with no hearts exultation is shaken,
No cannon's deep voice o'er Ben-Edar¹ is heard.
Oh speed to sustain us! oh leave not the crown
Of green Erin the brow of her tyrant to press!

On her names of renown,
Her invaders look down,
And the Gael's aching heart sinks with shame and distress.

The hope of your coming o'er Erin has brightened,
In wakefulness present—in vision displayed—
Until in your promise her shackles seem lightened,
And rent from her bosom the shroud that arrayed.

ÓR bh-féireannachair bhuirí 3-congúlaibh, agus tmeálfearlaibh nár
 3-cúl-rihoc,
 Aisír Cárpolait a d-túr nár fcléipe;
 Bhiadh allamháirí tráinmhaír, agus feinneadh 3allteáimprá
 Aírí fhláibh nár m-bán bh-fionn 't' aírí chinnoc ghléimé,
 'Y' ór d-teaghlach ríbh-re chúigíinne, ní theibfearlaibh ari
 3-congúlaibh,
 Bhiadh feárla nár báitche aonn a láine ;
 Bh-fuil o Óthláinzealn uí Chúair, go cilldearlaich aon chúirtí,
 Bhiadh Conacht aisír cónzé Ulladh agus éilimh ;—
 Bhiadh tuilleadh fórt nách báisbhráir, agus tairisginz tairis
 tráiních chusgálinn,
 Go Ionnaitheáir, Náthmháir, éadtríom,
 Buailín allair ait aon 3-suáloifíshairt, do lacaibh ari
 3-congúlaibh,
 'Y' beidh Ónchálaibh aisír Una agus a cheile.

ÓR n-3abhbháibh clannas Féill, a tseálaibh a'ra agus 3-clósáidheáinibh,
 Aisír prianóigrá nár n-3arodhais Mac Cárthálaibh,
 Bhiadh O'Fáinnleobháin bhealaibh, agus tairisginz go tmeáin
 chúigálinn,
 Aisír Mac-con-Maire a n'ra thriéigí riabhach a chláiríde ;—

Oh gleam but your swords on the goats to advance !
Bid our Charles in the front his position to take,
 And at liberty's glance,
 A wide host from their trance,
Over bright Sliev-na-mon and Knock-Greny will wake.³

Oh fly to our shores, and should weapons be wanted,
Our hands in the blood of the despot we'll dye ;
They'll come from Kildare, and from Dingle undaunted,
For Connaught with Ulster in Glory will vie :
Every spot of the land burning spirits will send,
And oh, when regenerate they leap from the chain,
 What shield may defend
 Those who taught them to bend,
When with Una her Donald's united again.⁴

The clan of O'Neill with the sword redly gleaming,⁴
Will come with Mac Carthy the prince of the Gael—
And O'Sullivan's banner from Bear-haven streaming—
Mac Mahon our strong one, that never could fail—
On Mac Morogh of Leinster the scourge shall be laid ;
Blarney's lord his disgrace with Mac Awliffe will share—
 When her ranks are arrayed,
 With the pole and the blade,
Then shall Sabia⁵ rejoice and her tyrants despair.

Beidh O'Murchadhaidh Láisícheán, d'án guthrieadhach go thíos,
 Márc Uimháilúcháin agus an oízíche neart
 Beidh an chleasach ag Tírdeála, a'f ann a báruí a bheidh
 Táisícheann,
 Beidh ari náomháid agus agus a b-rosill a n-áiríde.

Fóillteáocháidh Zéarriónait, agus a déanfaraidh te cailínid, *
 Táidh zuri fada é a b-riollónair ná dhramáidhneachta;—
 Biadha ari tseul-ne eorcasóir, 'n Eirinn ag boicht fóir,
 Slízur eipocháidhneair a bh-fuil beoibh óthe'n t-tíol úd;—
 Zéabhdháidh tairis lom-záileáidh, 'n iochdairi záin fionn tróir,
 'Ail ionas zách rógh do bhíodh aca,
 Záin chónigte, záin chionnóig, záin fheón, záin mháirtír-fheónil,
 Slízur záindhídh le'm tseol zábháil chímchioll.

The magical pillar where Garret lies sleeping,⁶
Shall thrill to the war-cry—his spirit shall come ;
The day spring whose radiance illumines our weeping,
Will glare like a sun stroke on them to consume ;
In their darkness of soul they shall turn from the ray
That arises, their dream of despondence to break,
When the pageant display,
And the banquet decay,
Oh swift be the bolt Erin's vengeance to wreak !

U A I I - C H U M H A I D H A U A - G A E D H A U .

Đhrónach fuaireannn eisce Chuinn !

Dealghealadh an fhuainn mhíin, zíklín, mháeth :—

Mári taid cíneapaidh le cínealidh,

Achraízhe uairinn bláthche Dé.

Le pláinéarion cíneallaidh riad,

Zuidhamaid Óir a dhuainn zo d-tá,

Mári chuz le mórbháile móir,

Tónaig beódh ag bheoínne an mhíl.

Ágairidh 'r a chláinn ó'n n-áinínn n-dáimhinn,

O chóninn zo cóninn bliadhain beódh ;—

O'n phléinéarion gáéiríodh té,

Ag n-úmáidhe Dé a rá ari n-dóich.

LAMENT OF THE GAEL.¹**BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.**

Woe to the land of Con,² for o'er the plains
The bounteous soil his sons in freedom trod ;
With blind and fierce misrule, the spoiler reigns,
And mocks and mars the eternal laws of God.

Outcast in climes remote, his children weep,
Conjuring Him to be our safety's tower ;
Who from the writhing monster of the deep
Redeemed the trembling prophet of his power—

Stretched forth his hand to Noah's faithful race ;
And bade them o'er the waves securely ride,
That veiled a slumbering world—He can release
Our sinking land—in Him our hopes abide.

Cleann h-Ígráel líon a gúsaladh,
 Íarán tighráin íarán tighair do chuaig ré,
 Ó'n tuisír iobháirtaich, gúsaladh ;
 Dáirírfraomh-ne buailbh de dhéónin Dé.

Criodéileadh dánúiseann, dánachair a' rí grádh,
 Leán do ghnáthach gáidhe agus rízhe,
 Isb airí fhoirgheád i gceann fuaile
 Táirgeacht do ghlacáir ó phléascáil Dé.

Fuailear lónáin '3 a mhó tairis,
 An tighláidh do chásilz earráidhe agus rízhe,
 Le hiomadán gráig a' rí déanur
 Do fuailear féin airí ton a ghnáimh.

Do gheallbhamh zo bpríosadháir, buail
 O rízhe nár n-dúl do cheannúnáizh chláinn,
 Feabhrann taidhleáir, tuisleáin, táréir,
 Íarán chíot dhílóir nár fíneadh gheal.

Fáidh rinn riomra 'n a gúin,
 Bhrácair bhuail d'ári g-euir ó air bh-fód ;
 Mairi súilghéair láiríair íarán lein,
 Táilseáilfídh zo méidh rinn ó bhrón.

His arm upheld the host of Israel safe,
When countless perils round their path were poured—
Weak in His grasp they saw the billows chafe—
The mightiest shall be His people's sword !

Faith, Hope, and Charity—confiding pray'r—
Breathed to the King of kings, in anguish deep,
The mercy won for Job's unmurmuring care,
That o'er the mourner's trust will never sleep.

Longinus too, with gathering ills opprest,
That solace earned, with tears and holy deeds,
Which heav'n exults to pour upon the breast
That loves, and bows confiding while it bleeds.

And He, the Holy One, whose gushing veins
Spilled their redeeming current for our weal—
He shall be with us—and shall rend our chains,
Our burthens lighten, and our freedom seal.

The extinction of our race—our country's shame,
The tyrant threatens—but the power that shed
Through Lazarus' cold lips the vital flame,
A shield of safety for the Gael shall spread.

徂ତ୍ରାଣିକାରୀ ପ୍ରେସଚେଟ ଡିଓମ୍ପାନ୍ ଫିଲିମ୍ପାନ୍ତା.

ଗୋଜଳ ଓ'ପ୍ରାଚ୍ଯକୁଳିଙ୍କିଃ । ପୋ ଚାନ୍.

ଅନ୍ତରୁଦ୍ଧର୍ମ ଲିଖ ନା ପାଇଲାହାମ ଏଣ ଏଇହିଙ୍କ ତା ଏଣ ଫିଲି ଦୁଇବ୍ବ,
ଅଜ ମୁକ୍ତାର୍ଥ ନା ଏଲେପେ ଏତ ଦାନ ଲେଇ ଶୁଣ ଫାନ୍ ଧାର୍ଦର୍ମି ?
ମୋ ପୁଅର୍-ତା ! ଝୋ ଟ୍ରେଇଟ୍-ଲାଜ ମାର୍ ଯାହାରିଲାଟ ବା ମିଳି
ଏଜମିନ୍,
ଅନ୍ତରୁଦ୍ଧର୍ମ ଏମିତାର ଏ ନ-ମୋଦର୍ମ ତା ଏ ତାଲେର୍-ଥାର୍କାର ଏଇ
କିନ୍ତିର୍ !

ତା ଟ୍ରେଇଲିଙ୍କଥେ, ଏକନମିହାର୍ମ ତା ଏ ଟ୍ରେଇଟ୍ରନ୍ ଦୋନ ଦ୍ରିଷ୍ଟିଙ୍ ଓଇସ୍,
ଶ୍ରୀମଦ୍ଭାଗବତମିହାର୍ମ ବ୍ରେଇଜେ ଫା ଯାହାକ ଏତ ଫା ଯାହାକିନ୍,
'ଜ ଏ ମ-ବୁକାର୍ଧ ହେ ବୁକାର୍ଧ ଏଇ ଜ-ଏଲେପେ ଏତ ଏଇ ଯାନ୍ତିକି,
'ଯ ନାହିଁ ଧିନାଳ ଦୋ ଚିଲାନ୍ତ ଯାହାରି କ'ରୋନ ଯାହାର ନା ଦ-ଟର୍ମ
ମିଳିଲାହିତା.

THE PROPHECY OF DONN FIRINNEACH.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Does thy spirit despond that these wolves³ perfidious,
forsworn,

Should banish God's priests, and laugh his religion to
scorn ;

Feeble, exiled, is Charles, the son of the monarch we
loved,

Far, far from the hearts, that would bleed to sustain him,
removed.

Oh foul is the treason, that bids us our truth abjure,
Our faith to our own regal race—oh ! dark and impure
The breast that devised, and the traitor lip that proclaims
Our throne and our truth to belong to any but James.

‘Tádhrídh a n-tóirneadh le fóirneadh ná gréim,
 Ar gcairpridh a n-seodh-ú de phóir-ghleasachtaibh Éibhlí;
 Án t-impire beidh deoirach a’r fiondúint fios ó dháor-
 gnácht,
 ’g a n-úrscleáir zo móbhách aonn geógrafta ríoghachas.

Beidh Éire zo fúthach ’t a buntail zo h-áethírach,
 Ar gcléadheilc ’g a geamádadh ’n a móráibh ag éigíbh;—
 Néarla ná m-báinri n-dubh zo cíthairil fios níalltearibh,
 Ar gceantair ’n a chuirte zbil ag tseathairt cúnzairte do
 ghlaothairleibh.

Beidh a n-bíobla riu líteir ’t a dhúibh-theagasc ag éigí,
 ’g a n-bhuidhneann ro tair cionntach nách úmhláisheann do’n
 g-cléáir chuir,
 ’g a n-bíobh tair cíúcháinibh zo Aileasa-Íland ó Éirinn;
 Án lárgeach ’t a ñiomhach beidh cairt aca a’r déanach!

The sun shall burst forth, and the clouds shall melt in his sight,
And Heber's proud race shall awake in their native might ;
And the emperor shall weep, and Flanders writhe in the chain,
And the “Brickler”⁴ exult in king James’s chambers again.

Erin’s soul shall be glad in the hall, at the festive board—
And in science and song her sweet language o’er earth be poured ;
And the tongue of the churl shall in darkness and shame go down,
And James shall return, the full joy of our hearts to crown.

And the fables of Luther, that darken the holy word,
And the false ones that knelt not where God’s own priests adored ;
That hour’s retribution shall scatter from Erin’s shore,
And Louis shall see what hearts our own prince adore.

γ ε α γ η υ φι δ ι δ η ε.

Μ' φιλαδησιρε τηρασθα πα τελια-choin λογδα,
 Αηρ Ιανναιης ουδη λειρ Λ' τη ληρ Ιανηλαχ ταζηιοττ,
 Δο γιλαιραδη λη Θιρινη μαρη θιλινηφηη πα μειρλιχ,
 'γη λη μ-βαιλτε δο γιλαιραδη ο ζηρ-χηιοτ :
 Δα παιρφειδη πα γεινη 'γη λη π-λημη βειθ τεύπηληρ,
 Αηρ ηζαιρημη ουδη τρέυπηληρ οζη τραχτε τηοτ,
 'γη λη παιρηδη δο βειρηραδη λειρ-λινη ληρ γιέυρηλητ
 Ζο μ-βαιρφειδη ληιμη cheλητ δε γιεάζηλη ουδη.

Δο εκιλειδη λε τρέιμηγε λη γ-σεκιλα λε chéile,
 Ο δ' ελγζαηη πα γιολ-choin λη βη-γιαιλ-εηηιοχ,—
 Δο λειρζαηδηρ Ιαοηηα chum ειτηδη ουδη τηρεινε,—
 Φηηη λειτη ερεασηδηλη λειτη σευραδη λειτη εράδη ερσίδη:
 Ιη ζηρδ λειδη λη βειρηλη 'γη γιλη ταρλιδη 'γη λη π-ζαοδηλιζε,
 Ιη βιλεη λη π-Θιρη λη γιαλη-εηλοιδη,
 Ζο δ-ταζαηδη λα ειζηη ταρη γιλιζε γιέυρηλητ,
 Δο βιλαιρφειτ ληιμη cheλητ δε γιεάζηλη ουδη.

SHANE BUI.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Oh where are the heroes—the lights of our story,
Our land from the Dane that defended?
Could death yield them back, with their bright wreath
of glory,
One more living leaf might be blended;
Could our pray'rs the proud Finians recall from their
slumber,
Oh the pride of the world we'd again be!
Not a foe to our prince Erin's soil should encumber,
And woe to the power of *Shane Bui*.

The shrines of our faith are destroyed and polluted,
By treacherous wolves that assailed us;
The race of our mighty is fall'n and uprooted—
Oh weep, for our high hope has failed us.

Mairi cheanúinmháidh iñ méisla, tairi ealaicíth zuri bh'éigean
 Do'n b-fháilairiu eighéigheach-tho táchadh a ní,
 le cealz 't le clonadha ná h-áicme nách déanfhead
 Thus bhláibhá dánarach mairi tár fí :
 Ulachim a'g éigheimhim airi achtairi an láen-mheic,
 Tídh achtairi zách láen-neich an t-Uaidh-rízih,
 Zo z-eagradh airi ghearrailt 't an bhláibhá zo zléimhá,
 Do bháinfeadh a níom-chealait de ghealláin bhuíde.

Rude jargon our sweet native language supplanting ;
Mute, mute, shall the harp's thrilling strain be ;
Till Charles, with his flag on the ocean breeze flaunting,
Shall humble the power of *Shane Bui*.

¶ Oh sad is my heart, that for exile and danger,
Our generous prince should have left us ;
But Banba's wild curse shall alight on the stranger,
Whose perfidy thus hath bereft us :
Dread Avenger Supreme ! hear my soul's supplication !
Swift, swift, let his course o'er the main be !
Our Charles shall bind up the deep wounds of the nation,
And Erin exult over *Shane Bui*.

γιιε η-αι ζηαδηηιι.

‘Γέ δειρί Θόμηναλλ Ο’Μόρθηλ, κ’τέ έ λιρί άριδ λελγά-ζρέινε,
 Ζαρί ράδα τά λη νιζ-θηελη, γαπ ρόγκδη λε γέαριλατ,
 Ο μιλεαδη, ο λεόναδη, ο τεόναδη, τλη τηέυν-μηιωη,
 Φλα ρελρα-χοιν χρόδηλ, δηε χόνιρ-γλιοχδ Μηιλέτιατ,
 Ιαρραπανίδ τόιργεαδηλ, α δηόιζηφεατ λη γλοζηλ !
 Αζατ ιελιηφεαπανίδ τόιρηελη, αγ χρόν-φοις λε
 ράδηδηρ ;
 Ζιληρατ Σλάρι γόδηλ, ο πλ Σόβλιες ζο λέιη,
 θειδη γλόιζητε λιρί πλ ιειχηιιδη, ζο μόδηηηληραςη,
 πελδηληραςη,
 Αζ επιαλλ chum δο φόρθα-γλ, α γήιλε π-ι ζηαδηηλ.

SHEELA NA GUIRE.¹**BY JOHN D'ALTON.**

On the height of Lisgreny² cried Daniel O'More,³

“ Oh, Erin ! dear maiden, how long shall it be,

Ere thy bridesman in triumph will come to thy shore ?—

But ruin has fallen on thy warriors—and thee !

Yet the torch, that must kindle a world in thy cause,

May haply the zeal of our cannons inspire,

Against those who would trample thy freedom and laws,

And flout at the wedding of *Sheela na Guire*.

‘Tin teacachairie tráchtálmhail, agus trácht chum an Mhaoir,
 Ío fhearróibh aodh zo fánach-úhlis, chum árdail ní h-Eireann;
 Agus filidh, agus fánach 3lic, agus tár-úrchealri d’áth chreáin-
 eacach,
 bheith béalúcháthe ag lá uð, airí Árd Leathach-úrchealri;—
 Dunch iñ fíon croidhealrú, d’áth chlaogachadha mara ríláighiott,
 Óriamhail d’áth b-pléanachadha, d’áth ní ghealrúdha chum físeas;
 Téanlaig ceannuigéadha bh-úrchealri Eireann agus mháill,
 Mac Uíbhriain Úrca, zo ealma meadhaileasach
 agus cnuall chum do phórtadh-úrca, agus Tíle n-í Úrchealri.

Air lúileachann agus tráchtálmhail, zo h-áklunn le Tíle,
 Chuailleadh agus 3láipe, airí Árd ní d-éirí fiongháileasach;—
 Chuailleadh ‘t agus Tíle, le h-áchtair d’áth innriún,
 Chuailleadh mara iostáil í, ‘gur airí Árd bheilte lioigíoch,
 Chuailleadh í n-Eireann, le fíeile d’áth mháidhealmh,
 Zo 3-euirfídeh ní 3laothail bhocht, ‘ná réim-chealrú
 ariú,
 Agus béaladh Tíle ní tigréadh bhocht, idir mhéarach mara
 bhídh,
 Zo d-tigréachadh Tíle 3llá, agus aicme 3lan bhéasach,
 ‘Tíle zo b-pórtadh Tíle agus ealra, le bláth chealrú ní Cleirfe.

“ These vallies shall ring with the triumph of hosts !

The signals shall flash—and the thousands obey !

Bards, Heroes, they hear me—they flow from their
coasts—

Proud hill of Lisgreny ! thou’lt triumph that day.

Echo will forward the beat of our drum,

What chiefs in the hearts of our mountains ’twill fire !

O’Brien of Ara, * exulting will come,

And Charles the bridesman bless—*Sheela na Guire*.

“ When to Erin was whispered the name of her spouse,

The laugh of her heart * over Europe was heard ;

In Spain ’twas received with a kindred carouse,

And in France and in Italy gladly declared.

The homes, that our fathers—our childhood endeared,

That our memories cling to with pining desire,

Shall be ours—ours again—and the brave will be heard,

The long exiled brave—cheering *Sheela na Guire*.

Сіл б'є chіðhfealdh ап т'ар-т'heалр, бреанзі, әлуопп, ап Малор,
Алр үхіллін аз сеңғрилді, зо т'алітшілр chum т'елері,
Іе n-а chloіdheалm leathлан, қіодір, 'н а қаміл-т'heалr а'-т
жасобхарл айр,

Аз ұнағсайлт нә топаң նә, 'т әң үрлідіхчеллн le үеуілд.

Сіл bх-рүл тү а үеуілді ? нә өсан-ті әен тілділ !

Дінір тәрі т'ріеп-т'хаш, зо h-éлгесайді нә җәлл,
бәліп ұнағтін ат үалең bреан-phoc, а'-т үеід үакт ап әдіхаре ;
Үакт leіr нә сеңкелібі, зо мәдінміхарлак мекіндірлак,
Аз ерілл chum do թ'ордас-ті, а үінде n-і үхадіхіл !

Та жаңак 'н а үқиодасібі, айр үхлібітібі 'т'алр тілділінз,
Азур үінн-үхуш нә n-еункелібі, айр үхеузлібі 'т а,
n-сіндіхче :

Іе өсан-т'heалr нә үріне, үіді ' ап chиlobh үалт 'т ап
н'зейтіхрелді аны,
'т нәлін bреанзі өсан т'ар թ'ореут, аз т'еідеалді chuid
т'олліре.

Риекбасіді а n-к'еінр'heалct, ап т'еуд-ті үhіol m-б'юлін !
Іеапасіді а chéile, азур ғеuchліді bхуp ә-т'ралат !

Малетпелізі айр үхеуп-үхойн, bхуp ү-с'еңгліді le сіл !

Үhіol нә bх-т'еалr ү-с'еілмә, leапасізі bхуp леіd-т'heалr !
Аз жеңіл-жоғсалипс өодасібі, ат ғоdhlak-chlak өibhiр !

“ And will not our heart’s pulse triumphantly dance,
When the Major, the gallant, the graceful, the brave,⁶
With his chivalrous comrades shall fearless advance
A tyrant to crush—and a country to save!—
Where art thou our Charles! ah, linger no more,
One flash of thy sword—and our foes shall retire;
A clang of thy trumpet once heard on our shore,—
And we’ll start to thy wedding with *Sheela na Guire*.

“ The spring flowers are budding—the blossoms look gay
But the winter of tyranny never departs;
The birds warble sweet from each feathery spray,
But ‘tis night—starless night, o’er our hopes and our
hearts.
All nature’s awake!—and will not the fame
Of heroes, your fathers—O’Brien your sire,
Arouse you to glory—to vengeance—or shame?
Shall the base churls still mock your own *Sheela na*
Guire?

Ա Միլե ու Յ-օման ու բուլլունց մե Ե-րևոն,
 Յօնի ևր տո Յհայրակի ՚ Ե ևր տո Ծհառակ ու Քիւսակի,
 Պի քուզիւցի տո Հուրածածի եւծը Յհայրակի ծիւսիւն,
 Մո յիւն լեյ և Յ-օմանսիւն, ՚ Ե Յան Յոնի Ծհառի ծ' Ա
 ւարուսիւն.

ԵՇ տո Ծհօնիչ-ՐԱ լե Բելտար Յօ Յօնիրար և Եհ՛կ
 լեյ և Լենդհ-ԵՐ, և Ծհէվին ունի Հու լեյ ու Մոնինի;
 ՄԱ Խաճիւնի լեյ տար շեյլե ՚ Ո՞՛Ր Կենդիւցի յե և ԵՎ,
 Ան Յալլա-ՓՈՅ ուլլայիշիւ յուրաքանչօն և Ածարւ,
 Ա՞Ր սարքեամ սօճիւն շում յօնար ԵՐ Միլե ո-Ն Յհաճիւն.

Ի տօր և Շնոր եւծ' ծօմի, Յան և՛ ՚ Ո-Աւոր և յտսանուն
 Ալիր Յիրսայրան ունմի-Եհեսյրան, ունմի-Անրան,
 ունմի-Ասինին,
 Յան յիսիւնլու, Յան տիրեյիշիւ, Յան քիւլե Յան շաօնուն,
 Աւտ և՛ բարձրան տո շեյլե ՚ Յայ ծ' Ա հ-Ենյառո ևր
 շօնլլւին :
 ’Յ մե և Ծիւսանիւն ՚ Ե ՚ Ե Ռենե ՚ Ե և Ծ-ԵՐ,
 ’Յ մե Քիօյրար և Օյզ-Եհեան Այս Տօքրակի ՚ Ի Լին,
 ’Յ ՚ Թօյրար և Դոնու-ԵՐ ՚ Ե և Տարյու Ծհօնիւն,
 Ան Օյզ Միլիւ, Շիւն, Եւր տար և Խաճիւնեար և՛
 Լօնյառան,
 Այս քօյրած տո շակիւն լե Եաթաօն Յան Հօնիրեար ?

“ Her vallies but echo the voice of her woe,
In the fears of her people I hear her upbraid,
How long shall I bleed to a merciless foe ?
How long shall my heart’s secret wish be delayed ?
But Saint Peter will sanction the welcome divorce,
From him who would ne’er be our maiden’s desire ;
A monster whose bonds are the fetters of force,
Ne’er by heaven designed for our *Sheela na Guire*.

“ My heart, how it pines when I think of the wretch,
Without honour or principle, virtue, or truth ;
Whose guilt could design, and whose power could
reach
To assail our beloved in the hills of her youth.
I’m the oldest—the last of her sages confess,
And she, dearest maid, can alone still inspire
A joy and content o’er the gloom of my breast,
When Charles shall espouse her, my *Sheela na Guire* !

'T é Cúthlaír do b'feargáil liom & thriúcht liom 't an nídh
ún,

Abúat rídh zéil nár Tírinnne &'t & záhárdas bheith &m
thímchioll,

'T é bhuailidhfealr záin duailzair le h-uairíbh nár síre,
Abúat tinne, lá dúbhach é! &z báiribh d'ári z-coimhealr-
zair :

Croisigh-tí an mhéadleach nach féidir do chláróidh,
Zo d-toiscealbh an Tírinnseach 't & bhláinnseachd tháir
cónn,

'Té d'fáigír záin amhárlaír iad zo fáinn-láír záin bhrídh,
'Ní uairí & thioiscealbh an driealb úd zo teallan le n-a
chéile

Seidh aitchealann cainteáileacht & d-tealmháill nár
h-Óigeán.

“ Speak only to me of the days when ere long,
Proud Spain and his guards in transplendent array,
Shall environ our cause—when our chiefs shall be strong,
And no tribute or fealty to tyranny pay.

When France and his hosts shall horse the broad main,
And the Despot shall crumble—while nations in choir
Awake the glad heavens with liberty’s strain,
And light up the churches of *Sheela na Gaire*.”

ՅԱԽՎԱԳԵ ՄԻԱՅԻ.

የኢትዮጵያን ሰነድዎች ንዑስ ይለን.

Եթիծ թուլլր և այս տենտ զեմ ողջում է Հայոցիւ,
Ա՞՛ բնուած ծ' ո հօյզած ար ընկը լե լուլը,
Եթի առինուած և յ' մտնու ար ծհայում, և յ' ըլու,
Ա՞ շանձիւ լեյ ո բնի օւդու դ' լե Յունու Միհու.

Τά Ιεράτες οι οποίοι διαδέχονται την πατρική θέση
και συντηρούν την αρχαία πατρική γλώσσα.
Οι ιεραρχοί είναι οι μεγαλύτεροι άρχοντες της Εκκλησίας,
και συντηρούν την αρχαία πατρική γλώσσα.

G R A N A W E A L.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

O thou that art sprung from the flow'r of the land,
Whose virtues endear and whose talents command ;
When our foemen are banished, how then wilt thou feel,
That the king of the right shall espouse *Grana Weal*.

O'er the high hills of Erin what bonfires shall blaze,
What libations be pour'd forth !—what festival days !—
While minstrels and monks with one heart-pulse of zeal,
Sing and pray for the king and his own *Grana Weal* !

The monarch of millions is riding the sea,
His revenge cannot sleep, and his guards will not flee ;³
No cloud shall the pride of our nobles conceal,
When the foes are dispersed that benight *Grana Weal*.

Chíodhfealr ná mílte ó'n Tírinn zo tréan,
 Fíor-Tíreit ná tíre do crádhlaibh le pléid,
 Fíllfid záin mháill chúzlinn tairi r'ail' záin bhréig,
 Áfach coimhdeascht an Tírgh cheirte a'f Tírinnne Mháil.

Tírreagz d'inctinn, b'iodh meadhlaipr oire zo lánáir, lénar;
 Zálc cloisdeann sí chúzlaibh a'f earráidh, a' fírinnibh mo
 chléibh!
 Tírinnfid ó híghlaonbh laochd bláth-bhóimeátt,
 Áfach fíllfid an Tírgh ceairte le Tírinnne Mháil.

Tá an t-imprise agus agus agus phára dé,
 Áfach tícheasach chúzghlinn zo buaidheannmháir 'f an
 Tírinnneach réimh;
 Beidhfid fícheasach feadáin, maointealrídha, páirteasach réidh,
 Leit an Tíobháirt-cho airi fíagh chúzlinn 'f le Tírinnne
 Mháil.

Beidh fíor-áthair a'f earráidh záirte a'f záirte cléibh,
 Áfach fíor-bhodlach chosadhche, 'zair ní earr liom é;
 Tírnoepráid zo h-íriol, zo cláith 'f zo pháon,
 Do'n Tíobháirt do bithreallibh 'f do Tírinnne Mháil.

The mighty in thousands are pouring from Spain,
The Scots—the true Scots ‘shall come back again ;
To far distant exile no more shall they steal,
But waft the right king to his fond *Grana Weal*.

Raise your hearts and exult, my beloved ! at my words,
Your eyes to your king, and your hands to your swords !—
The Highlands shall send forth the bonnetted Gael,
To grace the glad nuptials of *Grana Weal*.

And Louis, and Charles, and the heaven-guided Pope,
And the king of the Spaniards shall strengthen our hope ;
One religion—one kindred—one soul shall they feel,
For our heart enthroned Exile and *Grana Weal*.

With weeping and wailing, and sorrow and shame—
And anguish of heart that no pity dare claim ;
The craven English churls shall all powerless kneel
To the home-restor’d Stuart and *Grana Weal*!

Bealadhmeasidh-ne zo fiontach a' t zo fáilteach, rúor,
 A' t ari tuainteir zo li-aisibhinn záin chéim, 'ráin e-árasóisial;
 Beidhidh záosidhil bhocht zo h-íntinneach lán de tseipear,
 'T ari Táinínig clath báisiochtach ó Zhearráinne Mháol.

A sháilead óhil, chalma, zhearrádhmeasidh, théimh,
 Mo chealgair ari mháilzúileach bhláith, záin bhéim,
 Ós ghráeasdh le teaglaibh agus náimhuid zo cláon,
 Tá tseamailí agus agallamh Zhearráinne Mháol.

Beidh cealtraí, beidh aiteag, beidh dán, beidh tseipear,
 Agus fíleachaidh agus gráeagairdai do'n n-árd-árd chléan,
 Beidhidh Zálláin 'n a z-cealtraíbh d'á leagáidh le pilleir,
 A' t beidh teaglaibh agus Cúlolaig ari Zhearráinne Mháol.

Our halls will rejoice with friendship and cheer,
And our hearts be as free from reproach—as from fear;
The hungry adventurer shall pine for the meal,
He long lapped from the life stream of *Grana Weal*.*

Ah ! know'st thou the maiden all beauteous and fair,
Whom her merciless foes have left plunder'd and bare?—
The force of my emblem too well canst thou feel,
For that suffering lorn one is our *Grana Weal* !

But the nobles shall bring back the true king again,
And justice long slighted will come in his train ;
The bullets shall fly—and the cannons shall peal—
And our Charles victorious espouse *Grana Weal* !

ԱԱԽԻ - ԾՀԱՄԻ ԱԽԾԻ ԴԻԵԱՅԻ ԱԽԻ
ԾՀԼԱԽԻ ԱԽԾԻ.

Ենթիմ-յե եսան ձիր եսաւիդիրտ զաշ լօ,
Այ ըլունի յօ ըրսաւիծ 'Դ հյ տաքր ու ո-ծեօր,
Մար ծիեւեածի սաւու ևո եսաւիկի եօծի,
'Դ ուշի բնոմիցիկր տաւրիլյ սաւիծ, տօ եկրոն !

'Դ է տօ լաօչ, տօ զհիլե տեգր,
'Դ է տօ Շհերկր տօզիկի ու եհ-բեգր ;
Գի եհ-բսարկդ բեմ և տ-յսան ձիր յեսն
Օ ծ'մտիցի և յ-սեմ տօ զհիլե տեգր.

Գի հ-հօնինն սաւու եսծի յիսաւու ձիր ուուն,
Եկած բիր-շինն սաւու ձիր սաւիցի ևո յրօւրտ,
Եկած յասութե յսածի և ո-եսաւիդիրտ 'Դ և ո-երոն
Օ ծիեւեածի սաւու ևո եսաւիկի եօծի.

'Դ է տօ լաօչ, &c.

C L A R A G H ' S L A M E N T .¹**BY JOHN D'ALTON.**

The tears are ever in my wasted eye,
My heart is crushed and my thoughts are sad ;
For the son of chivalry was forced to fly,
And no tidings come from the soldier lad.

Chorus—My heart—it danced when he was near,
My hero ! my Cæsar !—my Chevalier !
But while he wanders o'er the sea,
Joy can never be joy to me.

Silent and sad pines the lone cuckoo,
Our chieftains hang o'er the grave of joy ;
Their tears fall heavy as the summer's dew,
For the Lord of their hearts—the banished boy.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

‘Hí'l féig go rualipe lir chriuadh-chriuit ceoil,
 Tá'n éigse a ngruailit 't' gáin uilim ná m-beal,
 Táid béisithe buan lir buailidhírt gáel ló
 O díbhriecdh uilim an buaileasill beoibh.

‘T é mo lúoch, &c.

‘Hí'r éigseadh Ithoébus rfein tairi i gcoiri,
 ‘T lir a chlárach-chneallt rfeidh t' a dleáil-bhriac bhoim,
 Tá gáebh lir tréir a' t' tréirilteach t' hóir,
 Fáisí choslaite a g-céin tairi d' ealaioigh an leághán.

‘T é mo lúoch, &c.

‘An tairiseach uafail, uabhdhriecdh, óz,
 Criosdhe gáin gáiliuait i gcuairce gáodh
 Criosdhe lusáintpeach, lusach a ngleasadh
 Ag tréallfriadh tuisceach 't ag riualúadh tréón.

‘T é mo lúoch, &c.

‘Bhá gáileag a gháinil mhéar, mháirpeach, mhódh'ail,
 Mairi leasúlann dhúchadh lir chiuimhaidh an róir;
 Mairi a' t' Ciúinid go bláith a g-cómhaer,
 Ag b-peallfriúlann níri 't ag n-ruainig mo tsoir.

‘T é mo lúoch, &c.

Mute are the minstrels that sang of him,
The harp forgets its thrilling tone ;
The brightest eyes of the land are dim,
For the pride of their aching sight is gone !

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

The sun refused to lend his light,
And clouds obscured the face of day ;
The tiger's whelps prey'd day and night,
For the lion of the forest was far away.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

The gallant—graceful—young Chevalier,
Whose look is bonny as his heart is gay ;
His sword in battle flashes death and fear,
While he hews through falling foes his way.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

O'er his blushing cheeks his blue eyes shine,
Like dew drops glitt'ring on the rose's leaf ;
Mars and Cupid all in him combine,
The blooming lover and the godlike chief.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Ír ealr a chúl 't iŋ cártaidh cónir,
 Ír dílairidheach, díntach, 't iŋ báclach bóir,
 Ír pheasach, rionn, airí lónnraidiú a n-dír,
 O bháisteacht úr zo cùm mo gaoth,
 'T é mo lúoch, &c.

Ír coitímhail é le Ulenzur ó,
 Le língíleach mheic Céin ná m-béimeann móir,
 Le curaibhéalibh Árdra mheic Dáire a n-dír,
 Táinigeach Círeán tíméan air tóir,
 'T é mo lúoch, &c.

Le Connall Ceannraich do bheannraibh pór,
 Le Féarzat fíúdháiltach, rionn mheic Flóirigh,
 Le conchubhair cásidh mheic Aillir ná nór,
 Táinigeach aoisbhínn chraobhach a n-cheoil,
 'T é mo lúoch, &c.

Aillír lúbháilri a n-chuileach zo tuairic um nór,
 'T ní b'inn zuth zádharí a z-coillteach cnódir,
 Airí mairidin gáimhíraidiú a ngeleannraibh ceoilidh,
 O d'iomchadh uamh a n-buachaill beódh.
 'T é mo lúoch, &c.

His curling locks in wavy grace,
Like beams on youthful Phœbus' brow ;
Flit wild and golden o'er his speaking face,
And down his ivory shoulders flow.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Like *Engus'* is he in his youthful days,
Or *Mac Cein* whose deeds all Erin knows ;
Mac Dary's chiefs of deathless praise,
Who hung like fate on their routed foes.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

Like *Connall* the beseiger, pride of his race !
Or *Fergus* son of a glorious sire ;
Or blameless *Connor* son of courteous *Nais*,
The chief of the Red Branch—Lord of the Lyre.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

The cuckoo's voice is not heard on the gale,
Nor the cry of the hounds in the nutty grove ;
Nor the hunter's cheering through the dewy vale,
Since far—far away is the Youth of our love.

Chorus—My heart—it danced, &c.

71 innéadair déin cír h-é mo rðóir,
 Beidh inniúin rceáil tair éig zo leóri ;
 Acht gáidhim-ri lén-mhacs Dé ná g-cómhaccht
 Zo bh-áillidh mo lcoch gán bhféigil. beádh,
 'T é mo lcoch mo ghlile meári !
 'T é curt mo lén mo ghlile meári !
 Mo nuári zo h-éu3 'tmo riachtári lén,
 Mair do riachtálaí a g-céin mo ghlile meári !

The name of my darling none must declare,
Though his fame be like sunshine from shore to shore ;
But, oh, may Heaven—Heaven hear my prayer,
And waft the Hero to my arms once more !

Chorus—My heart—it danced when he was near,
Ah ! now my woe is the young Chevalier ;
'Tis a pang that solace ne'er can know,
That he should be banish'd by a rightless foe.

ԵԱՊ-ԾԻԳՈՒՅ ՇԻՐԵՑՎԱ ՕՏԻ.

Ալիք շհուհ “ Անեստին ծիւիթ Օ ! ”

I fhuillimín 't i fhuilteach agus do bheith a 'n-Éirinn;

Uileasán dubh Ó !

Μηδεὶς οὐδὲ τοιχοπόλεις θάνατον πάσχει, οὐδὲ τοιχοπόλεις θάνατον πάσχει.

Uileacán dubh O !

՚Դ ո՛ք դրսէհանի ո՛ւ Հռ Ե-Եկամիրա Հռո և Յ-Եւստիհայ Յռէհ
Խօն,

ბიძელის არც 'n ა უჩანა ან ა'რ ბრუნებ ამ იონ,

Ալիք Եհվան-Չհոօւց Ելություն օշի.

Ἵ γε καὶ πάλιν, οὐδὲ τότε, δημόσιος,

Uileacán dubh ḡ!

Uileasán dubh ♀ !

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Erin's the land of hospitable cheer,
The day I left her was a day of woe;
There golden plenty crowns the labourer's year,²
And shadowy glens with balmy honey flow.
Fair are her wood-land paths and murmuring rills,
Sweet is the stream that from each rock distils,
Bright are the dew-drops glistening on her hills,
Land of my heart ! *O Uileacan Dubh O !*

Mark her throng'd exiles lingering on their decks,
Their eyes still kindling with the hero's glow;
The glossy ringlets curling down their necks,
Have wrung reluctant praises from the foe.³

Πλατηράδ-τα λιπεισιρδ, τα' τι διαδοθήσει σχειδηστ,
Ζητιζεισική απεισιρειτ πάρι αρ διαδ θοδησιλ
σχειδη,

Ծօ ԵՌԵՆՔԻ ԼՍՄ 'ՆՀ ԵԽԱՐ Ո-ԾԱԽՆՅԱՐ ՀԱՅԻ ԹՈՒ ԼԵ ՄԱՅԻ-
ԵԿՄԻ, ԵԽԵԻ

Ալր bh>-chnoic Երեւն օշի.

Ἔτ ταῖρικηελχ 'ἢ ἢ τόπι ιαδ εριασχεινή ης ή-Ειρελη,

Uileacán dubh ♪ !

Եթեևն և տ-ամ և' և տ-սրբածքը այ լուսութեածի ՚ո՞ն և
յէօծն ևն,

Uileasán Óubh !

Եթեևն և տոլլար կը և ծ-տօնն ևն և՛ր դամիւծի Յօշ
յօժի՞ւլ,

Ա՞ր ո՛ւ շահեա ՀՅ Լաբեկիտ Հռն օ լո յո լո,

‘Táin i mmóilín uaireas i gcuadair-bhinne ceol,

Այս բհքն-chnoic Բրեկն օշի.

Land of Gadelians ! Region of delight !
Years shall not hold me from thy genial sight ;
Though rich and great the country of my flight,
I sigh for Erin, *Uileacan Dubh O !*

Sweetly her new-mown meadows scent the gales,
Large are the corn-ricks her full bawns can show ;
Happy the herds that through her dewy vales,
And clover pastures linger blithe and slow.
Sorrel and cresses each fond stream delay,
Cuckoos their notes of love speak all the day,
While thrushes pour forth from each quivering spray,
Their warbling songs, *O Uileacan Dubh O !*

10Պարեածի բհեալիքաւուն եկածին.

Eibhlín ní Chaoilte níos eile.

Σεργκιδ ηλ Σέλιντιτ, λε φεριτσιβή ήπ Σέν-μηεις,
 ήτ ταδαιζή ζο ή-έωτζα, θηυη η-άρδ-εχδοιδή ;
 Ζίδη φαδα ζο φαον γιβή, ήζ ταρητινζ ηλ ολείθε,
 ήτ θηυη μ-βαιτε ήζ μέιρλιχ, ζαν φάζηλιλ δλίζη,
 Φή'η τριελλιλιρε ερλογάχ, λε'η τριελράδη ήπ τ-έιθελαχ,
 Φλαχ ζ-ελιτηρεάτ δε λέιμ, δυλ ή μ-βάρη πι ελάδη,
 ήτ ή-ελζιλ Σηευηλιτ, ήπ φαριλιρε τηέιθελαχ,
 Δο ζηλινράτ ή'η Ειρινν δο Σηελζηλ θηυίδη.

THE EXPULSION OF SHANE BUI!

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Ye daughters of loveliness ! dim not your eyes,
By sorrow unclouded too seldom ;
The days are at hand when your heroes shall rise,
And your foes be in trouble and thraldom.

No *Sassanach* band
Shall fling o'er the land
All the sufferings and sorrows that can be ;
The chains of a slave
Shall not fetter the brave,—
With a blessing we'll fit them on *Shane Bui* !

Though spoiled of the land where our fathers have reigned ;
Though bound to the plough and the harrow ;
Though goaded to life we feebly sustained
The tasks of a hard-hearted Pharaoh ;

Beidh gairid agus gáilteachas, go fáiltear 'n a dhéirighim,

Azur gáileachas d'án d-éigíochas, maraí an t-áthasóй

Beidh phearráilte gáilteachas, 'n a gáilteachas mearra.

'G an chéachairi pásin réim, a'g ní cás linn;

Beidh aithíbhionn náomhachas a g-eacailleachas ná h-Eireann,

'G beidh ealaithean agus Eiríbh, go h-árd-bhínn

A'g airi mh'fáilleachas go m-béidh eadhar a'g céad aonadháir

maraí aon lúom,

Az marzachas gáilteachas maraí ghearr gáilteachas.

Yet when Charles shall come,
At the beat of his drum
No Williamite more shall a man be !
When the Stuarts draw nigh,
The long pampered shall fly,
And Erin be lightened of *Shane Bui* !

Gadelians my boys ! shall then rule o'er the land,
And the churls shall be slaves as you now are ;
Our armies will thrive under native command,
And our cities exult in their power.
The mass shall be sung,
And the bells shall be rung,
And bards to each Tanist and Clan be ;
Fear and shame shall unite
To drive from our sight
Our heaven-cursed oppressors, and—*Shane Bui* !

Ալր ո՞ւղիղիծ ծհամի ևր տևծոն,
Յրու և բ-դամիր էջ տերեռէծ,
Շաւկած մե և սալլ ծ' օքածի
Այսդ օվ ենն ու ո-եռո,
Մրու և' ուուր շերրա,
Ծրեւիկը ու ո-յօն եհ-բածէ,
Բաւու էջ և տաւուա,
Ալ' կամհաշ յառածի տրես;
Ան յոռուաշ բաւծի ևր և զ-օքրալաց,
Միւ ենչ էջ տարօւիչ,
Ալ' եւռ յօ ծնիկաշ 'Ե և մ-եւկաշ
Այ հուրեմի և սուծ յեծի;
Պուր է՛ և շօսլ ծ' զերրածի,
Երաւերած յնծ ւար էւկածի
Դ հ Իհեշիւն մի ծհամիր և Յիւեռն
Է՛ ւ յառ յամե.

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.¹**BY THOMAS FURLONG.**

Blithe the bright dawn found me,
Rest with strength had crown'd me,
Sweet the birds sung round me,
Sport was all their toil.

The horn its clang was keeping,
Forth the fox was creeping,
Round each dame stood weeping,
O'er that prowler's spoil.

Hark, the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling,
Scenes and sights appalling
Mark the wasted soil.

'T é riu m'usáignealr fáða,
 Téach mo chluairt d'án ghealgrádh,
 Án ghaloch a d-cuairt a'm leathládh,
 Aigur an báir ainn rian gréig,
 Mo ghabháilíon tuisiúis d'án cheanúas,
 Gáin cead líthe 'ná aigéid ghealacht',
 Do bhláinfeadh gumiúim de'n leabnáh,
 A meádhan ghlíl an láé;—
 Crobáidhe ná h-uairle air an g-ealaíd,
 Go ceanncheartach, buascach beannach,
 Do chiocearadh tuisiú air aiteann,
 Go lá dhéiré air t-riúgħáil,
 'T dán bh-fraġħáinno-ri tuisimhnealr támall,
 O dhánsimibh uairle air bħáile,
 Do Ċħariell-ix-Xini kieni air Ħażżekkib,
 A' tgħid d'fhaġġi kieni air tgħléip.

Táid felearinn għilekkinx air t-riutħ,
 Gáin ceann ná teekin air l-uchċedħib,
 A tħalli dán a g-evalch ná h-olteir,
 A tgħid luu kieni a tgħoġħal,

War and confiscation

Curse the fallen nation;

Gloom and desolation

Shade the lost land o'er.

Chill the winds are blowing,

Death aloft is going;

Peace or hope seems growing

For our race no more.

Hark the foe is calling,

Fast the woods are falling,

Scenes and sights appalling

Throng our blood-stained shore.

Where's my goat to cheer me,

Now it plays not near me;

Friends no more can hear me;

Strangers round me stand.

Mo lomá luáin ! Zára píleálae
 O Chluáin zo tsaic-pe-3-Coleam,
 'T aon zéarriphíadha air bhealaich an nofá,
 An le pán le ná rásé,
 Céad í aon riadair ro air Zhealláinibh,
 Buaileadh, buailt a'rt earrachadh,
 An tmóilín bhínn 't aon ion,
 Zára rír-zhuth air zchéis ;
 'T zára móri aon taibh chum coigilidh,
 Cleirig zo buaidhealritha a'rt poball.
 Óg teónlaetha a' 3-ealantaibh lomá,
 Annn lári zhleannna aon c-tleibh'.

'T é mo chleasch tihlidne !
 Phálae bh-fuairi mén bárt zára pheallseadh,
 Túl a bh-fuairi mén tzaonnáill
 Pá mo chuid féin !
 'T a liathlácht lá bheanáth píde,
 Ó-tíz úbhla-cúmhíal air chrialláinibh,
 Ósailleabhair air aon n-ðair,
 Aizur ðiúchád air aon bh-féar ;

Nobles once high-hearted,
From their homes have parted,
Scatter'd, scar'd, and started
By a base-born band.

Hark the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling ;
Scenes and sights appalling
Thicken round the land.

Oh ! that death had found me
And in darkness bound me,
Ere each object round me
Grew so sweet, so dear.

Spots that once were cheering,
Girls beloved endearing,
Friends from whom I'm steering,
Take this parting tear.

'Móir tionsim-ri iusáidcthe ó'm fhéadfáinn,
 U 'n aúisneair bh-fád ó'm chláiríad,
 Úm láidhe go dhuairic fáid i gcaillteibh,
 U'g a g-ealairíibh an t-pleibh,
 'G munas bh-fáidh me rúsáimhneair feirce,
 O dhéanamh uairle an bháile,
 Tréigfiadh me mo fheallbh,
 Anúar fáisgeadh me an rúisí.

Hark, the foe is calling,
Fast the woods are falling ;
Scenes and sights appalling
Plague and haunt me here.

le h-ailig a'g tuisce.

Coimhleann puairdhe O'Finnillioibhán ná chéas.

Máidin dhrúchdaí le h-ailig ná Túiré, 't mé támhlaich, lás,
rás,

Do bheanraí Cúil-fhionn mhadraileach, mhúinte, zípriadomhára
rheimh,

Ail a gairbh aon uile agus túsgrádh tóis leuitne ionnráach, táir
Táiní ná 3-easpar,

Zárao timpe a n-agnáit záil aon leinbh ionnráic, do b'fálann
rheimh.

Iar b'fáradh, b'fáidhieach, bealacht do bheanndaithe dúnne, 't at
rásairteach, rheimh,

Iar earráidh d'úmhaisízhearr le'm h-ecleá cártaíseach, a'm
láimh zo fáeap;

Seir aonháigis zíonáire a'f phearsantán chumhaí ná b'fáibe iñ
léir,

Súri cheaslaí Cúirid le b'fáitáibh túsgha mé, tóis lári mo
chláibh.

BESIDE THE SUIR.¹

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.

Despondent and sad by the Suir as I strayed,
I met a fair nymph in bright beauty arrayed ;
Fair flowing her tresses and radiant her cheek
As the berries ripe bloom, and her looks mild and meek.

Benignant she hailed me, with rev'rence profound,
My bonnet I vailed, and bowed low to the ground ;
Emotions of wonder and joy filled my breast,
And, with rapture inspired, thus the nymph I address'd.

Ó' riogairíthearf-rah zo milig, mánnteachrídha, de zíorpádha mo chléibh,

Ári bh'íri an aonach-chneair le'ri tuzaodha Níonnruth, a'g éri nár Tírleodha?

Ajó an Mhiocháir, mhín, mháilteach chuaigh nár mílce, le fán an t-árasóidíil,

Áit zálláinibh eóimhídhcheasach nár'ri cheannasúigh Iorcas, 'n a rásait fáidí píeim?

Freagairí tuinn, a zíhearn mo chorpádha, an tú an bháib do chorpéig,

Áin feairí do bhíodh aici a z-ceanúgal sínte, le zíorpádha do'n bh-féinn;—

Ajó an Zíalláin zíorpáinn do bháilisúigh Aillóna, tairi gáile a z-céim,

Thug freagairítear lárích a z-céith nár círleibhe, a'g éri nár z-céim?

Ajó an bhearn do líng tairi cheagruid órúidhthe, fáisigh a'g éigí,

Le h-áir an flior thug tseata lárích, tairi fáil do'n n-zíréig?

Ajó an tú do bláthearfha le cumainn bhoigrí, páirtear a'g zéill,

Le Connail míosghádha a z-cumair míosgháchtar, zíabhláil 'n a dhéirí?

“ Oh ! art thou that fair one whose dear fatal charms,
To the walls of old Troy led the Greeks in bright
arms ?

Or she who our princes has exiled afar,
And brought in the aliens, with rapine and war ?

“ Or that dame, most unhappy, whose love passing
fond,

For the *Finians*, dissolved the dear conjugal bond ?
Or she who afar o'er the seas sped her flight
With *Naoise* renowned in the Red-Branes' fight ?

“ Or she that of old with the heroes of Greece,
Theme of many a song, brought the rich golden fleece ?
Or the queen of king Connor deemed worthy alone,
When he lay in the tomb, to be placed on his throne ? ”

Ó fheireannar tuí go bclárda tinn, agus í tál ná n-deáir,
 Tá sé aonachdair thíosbh d'áir ainnmíochair, agus gáidhctibh mé;
 Acht beagn do bhíodh fáilteoirí aonair mioshálaibh, trácht dhe'm
 ríosadhail,
 An t-aoisínait cíche teaghlach agus ríteaghlach, Aibid-geoith
 Cáthair.

An t-aoisínait feadairbh línn, eis agus aon bheagn do bhíodh liom, trácht
 agus pléidh,
 Do ghlacailt béalair, airiú mhaicinteachaí níonnate, dánra agus ríseil,
 Táirí leabhairí tuí, go bclárda, línn, gáin teaghlach agus gáidhctail; “Teachtaíon cásáidh, agus gálaibh intinn, Áibid agus ríeim.

“Iaránasair agus mhaill, go bhrítearbh báisdean, táirí ríile
 agus téacach,
 Go leannach, líonmhaí, agus mairiceáibh sídheannamhaí, gáin
 tuisceadh riomh philleáil,
 Agus gálaibh cíoch chláinní Cáthairídean, le h-Áibid-mhaic
 tréimh,
 Oíche aistíneach náírí gálaibh annaíoch Cíosacht, ’fearaidh agus
 lá agus mo leach.”

Aibid aistíneach tuisceadh, gálaibh aistíneach gealbhealgar, do'n m-báin-

chneair t-tréimh,
 Buidh cneadair Cáthairíde, buidh bclárda leabhairí, agus do b'fáilte
 tuisceadh;

Then she answered me sweet, with a tear and a smile,
“ None of these greets thee now—but the Queen of the
Isle,
That once reigned thrice happy o'er mountain and vale,
The genius of Erin, the pride of the *Gael*.”

To see Erin's genius what joy thrilled my frame !
But grief for her wrongs soon my spirit o'ercame ;
Till she cried in sweet accents allaying my smart,
“ My son cease to grieve, and with strength arm thy heart.

“ For swift o'er the seas come armed ranks in their might,
Well trapped are their horses, their swords gleaming
bright ;
Led on by a hero, to sweep from the coast
The ruthless, false-hearted, heretical host.”

Is tairisigh i gCóir, chum neachas ariú, a'g d'fáidh mé a
b-péim,

Án tairisigh aonair aonair, a'g d'fáidh bheanach,
a'g d'fáidh béal.

Abhainn níos, do cheannasadh Finn, a'g fuailear ránig a'g
péim,

Go dtí gáidh an níos a dhéagóireacht chum eisiche, a'g d-éirítear 3an
bhlátháin,

Go bh-freiceadán díbhit, gcuairpeadh a'g tseimhle, a'g ari le
fáebháir,

Ámair aicme ag fheill, tar éis n-áit a riú, tón eisioch mo
tseil.

In her own native strains, and with looks passing fair,
She accosted me thus, and then vanished in air.—
I grieved lest my vision too soon I might deem
The work of enchantment—a flattering dream.

Thou, who man hast redeemed by dire suffering and toil,
This redemption, oh ! grant to my dear native soil ;
May the woes that o'er Erin her foemen would spread,
With vengeance alight on their own guilty head !

2111 C H E I M Y I O Y A U A - 3 A O D H A L.

Fealraílaetha O'Gnímh 'n' chán.

Mo thimseach ! mairi taidh Záloidhe !

Ainnamh intinn fhoibhreannasoidh,
Airi a'n-uailri-ri a'g duine dhioibh ;—
A n-uairle aile airi neamhainidh !

Báraimhail do bheirtear dónibh ;

Fáidheall tair éig a n-bíosadhais,
A'g a gníomhach ó 'eolais ghe a g-cneadh ;
Ais n' eis ion toirceadh airi dtilleadh :—

Ais n' eis luchd báirice fán'ri bhrúcht tuairi ;

Ais n' eis diong rualair riott a g-céadail ;
Ais n' eis zéill a n-zéibhealannaisi Zéill,
Círeannaisi fán fheáinn eacmháin !

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THE GAEL.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Weep ! weep ! for agony and shame
With deepening gloom the Gael invest ;
Fall'n is each proud and patriot name,
On which a nation's hope might rest.

What are they now ?—a remnant spared,
Writhing from desolation's tread—
Pale pilgrims, who the deep have dared,
And traced the sterile waste outspread.

A shattered bark's disheartened crew
O'er-gazing from the crowded deck ;
The sheeted wave that flashes through,
Or bursts above the labouring wreck.

Ταζτράδ ά δ-τρέινε λιρι τηλίγε ;—

Ταζτράδ παλίγε λιρι μήι-μηλίγε ;—

Ταζτράδ πελπιτάλ λιρι μηλοιτ-μηειριτνε ;—

Ιλσίνχ ρηελρδήλ παλι λιθελπτάρ !

Τά ληλετ-εικινή οτ ή ζ-ειονν,

Μηύχλαρ γλόηρ γλέιδηελ Ειρελην ;—

Μαρι πέυλ ζ-εελτ γληπιλη-βηλιτηελ γοιλ,

Δο λεκτ δ' αργηντηελ ορητά.

Τάρικιζη ο θήονν γο ληλακή λέιν,

Ωλίζη ιτ φιύ ληλίζηελδή ;—

Ζαρι ληλελτ ρηλέρ λε γιληππαλιθη γάιλ,

Αλι πιλζηλιλ ειλέν δο ελονζβηλ.

Τήι βηίδη άζ παλε μίζηε ο'η πιλζηλιλ,

Λιρε λιρι λίτη ειχ οιη-τηηηλαλιθ,

Τήρ λιρι ρηειζ οίζηε φά εικιοχ ενοις,

Τήρ λιρι γληπιομη τοίζηε νο γεληθιις.

Ο-ρεληλιθη γόδιλ ιτ φάτη ορηηρά,

Δο τηηελθηλάδ δάιτ δληλρδήλ,

Ω η-λιτ γραλιψνε ά πηρούδηελδή τεληζ,

Ζαλι φατηθε ιμ οιηελρι Ειρελην.

Victims of every changing fate,
These shadows of the Gael of yore,
Whose bonds with worse corrosion eat,
Through breasts that panted free before.

Their power is feebleness—their worth,
Their manly worth, a rankling stain ;
Once heroes ! now, disastrous dearth,
Their hearts have shriveled to the chain.

Dark shadows round the Gael arise,
Veiling the light of other days ;
Like clouds that gathering in the skies,
Obscure the sun's meridian blaze.

The word went forth³—from *Boyne* to *Lein*
Echoed the impious sounds away ;
But *Fians* yet in *Fail* disdain
To bend or brook an alien sway.

The scions of a race of kings
No more the glittering barb may grace ;
Bid the swift hawk unfurl his wings,
Or wake the mountain with the chase.

Τηρεοίδ ζευλ και τζ-εικαντιβή και τζ-σεληνη,
 Τύπη λέλτελ ληνη ήτε και βή-φοιρζουελδή ;
 Μαρζάνδηε ωλδητελ ληνη ζαχ οιρελρη ;
 Σριακελ ληρη ήρθαντιβή λένλάζηελδή.

Ώζι λιτηνίζηεληνη ίνιτ λόζηκ,
 Ώζιδη δ'άκ φατηχχιβή φονη μηόρη ;
 Σποις διλού-ηέρδηε και η-διλιζή λη ήτη ;
 Βιλιδη γλέη-Ειρε 'ν και Γλεγκιν !

Ώζι λιτηνίδ λιεμε ζλέιδηελ,
 Βλαντεκ, βυτηε και πλελονη ;
 'Γ ηί λιτηνίδηεληνη Ειρε ιλδ-τηη
 Τέρδηδη με χέιλε λη και τζ-εριυτηλιβή.

Ιτ ήι λη δηροζ δηλίζηελη δ'λιχνε,
 Δ' ίνιτ Χοίνη ιγ σόμητηλιχηνζηθε ;
 Ώζι ζευλ ιτ λούδηεληλ λελ,
 Ζλούδηηιλ 'ν και η-δηροτζ η-δεσηλτε !

Δο λέιζ Ειρε λη τονη τηίτη,
 Δ'ιομχηηη φοιηηε εορζερήηε,
 Αητηλελ θηάτηη δο τολλαδη,
 Ιτ ήι λη-εριυτη δ'ρέλδαηηηη !

But, while our hearts indignant bleed,
An hour may come,' o'er Erin's plain,
To bid the inert and drooping steed
Bound with a warrior's weight again.

Our halls the stranger's tread resound,
Or glare white towers upon their site ;
The plough hath past each hallowed mound,
Where sages weighed a nation's right.'

Proud *Logha's* isle no longer now—
'Tis England all'—each taint and blot,
Her plains, her own free mountain's brow,
All blighted, sullied, and forgot.

The *Gael* no more their native place
Discern, in this degraded land ;
Banba no more her sons can trace,
In failing heart and feeble hand.

An alien race o'erruns her breast,
Endenized by strange controul ;
The stranger is no more her guest,
While exile wrings her children's soul.

Μάρι θίμχεκλλάτ τονν Απράιδη
 Λε γτοιριμ Ιασί λυχδ ελσί Αριθλιχ ;
 Τύλιθε Ζάλλ λη Σί Λε Α τίμχιλλ,
 Μυνά δ-τί Κη δ' Ειρεκόννχλιβ.

Θρυσθ Θιλεληρι σονδ βηράιτηριβή,
 Τυλέθα δέ δο δλίοθιλλιτηριζή
 Δλη Ιελτ ιγ νειμηθηρειγε, Λ η-διυμή
 Φίκι βειθηρ-η, μεις Μηλελδή.

Μάρι λυχδ ήλ τρούδηε ληρ ηλ τοζηλι,
 Δ' Κ η-δίθ-χλειθ Λ η-δίοθηρληλιβή ;
 Φίλην Τεληθηράχ τλιδ ο Τχαλτελην,
 Λ βη-ράιδ τελιθηλ γεληθλιτελη !

Κόμητηρηληλ με ελιμη Ιγράειλ
 Σ-τοιρ 'Τ λη Ειριπε ληρ έττρέιν',
 Μις Μηλελδή υμ βόινν Λ βηγ,
 Άζ γίνελδη δησιβή ο Λ η-δύτηθηλτ.

Μάρι δο βλίδη Μάζη Ταιρελδη Λ δ-ευλιδη,
 Λ η-ζελλ Μηεις Σέλιν λη χέλεθ υληρ,
 Ιά Λ γεληρληληλ με τέιδημ τίνη,
 Φείδημ Λ η-λαχλόζηλ ληρ Ειρινη.

See how the spoilers' stem the surge !
O'er *Dath's* bark the winds prevail,
She hangs upon the billow's verge,
With groaning plank and shivered sail.

The tempest howls—the writhing wave
Surrounds her, yawning to devour ;
Will not her sons unite to save ?
Oh ! shield her in this perilous hour !

Why, tame ones ! can ye not resign
The blood of kings, that through you runs ?
Who broke the rule of Balar's line ?
Say—are not ye Milesius' sons ?

Like those redeemed from *Ilium's* fall,
To wander o'er the pathless main ;
Proud *Temor, Tailltean*, we recall,
But ne'er shall see their pomp again.

As rose the voice of Israel's wail,
From Egypt breathing to her God ;
By dark *Bovinda's* wave the Gael,
Weep for the fields their fathers' trod.

Այ թլջի Երեան և քեօնի զիկն
 Երսայի ! Յառ տողդամհալ հ-Եւշտոր
 Միշ քրիմ յե բօել Դարձու,
 Ըցած ծիթի յո ո-ծուոչմհածի-յան !

Երսայի ! Յօ Ալյի յաշէա ումիե,
 Ի՞ն ծ-տէշ-ծնոս ծ'յ ո-ծանիր-ու
 Ան շ-Աշ-Միհօնի ո՞յ քեայի յասո
 Երես և շաշ-շիրօնի Շրտոմիհանն.

Ա Շրնօնօթ ՚Յ Հ Ռ և և սմիհշէ
 Ան տ-եւծի և ծրեամ-դւ շօնծիշէ և լր ծօրմի-
 ծիշէ ?
 Վի լր Ռ օ շաշհւր-լոյ Շօնն
 Վյ և տ-եւծի և շ-էւլ-և օնիհուը լընո ?

Վյ և ծ-տօքրւի պշտէշ և' յ ժարովալր
 Յօ յիսայի ծռուր ո-ծնր-և ուզնի
 Վկըմհ-քիրէռ յառ Ֆնի Օ'Յ-Շօնն,
 Ան քրիմ-Երիկմի ընի Շօնն !

Մհ ժայ և ծօննչի ծի,
 Դարձ ուսի ծ'յ եհ'կոմ Երե ;
 Եհետ յե և նոն-դ և լամի եօծիիհա,
 Ծո'ն ո-նոյ լր ընի շելեանի ծի !

Maytuire her wakening might arrayed,
And crushed the power of fierce *M'Kein* ;
And he who blessed her reeking blade,
May rend the links of Erin's chain.

Oh for the arm of Priam's son !
Oh for a Hector's patriot ire !
To wave the Gael to glory on,
To wake their hearts to freedom's fire.

Or would the eternal to our aid
Vouchsafe a Moses' guiding hand,
To liberty our steps to lead,
And marshal *Criffan's* warrior band.

Dread sov'reign hear, oh hear our cries !
The land thou gav'st—this bright domain
Is ours—those shining walls that rise,
When shall they be our home again ?

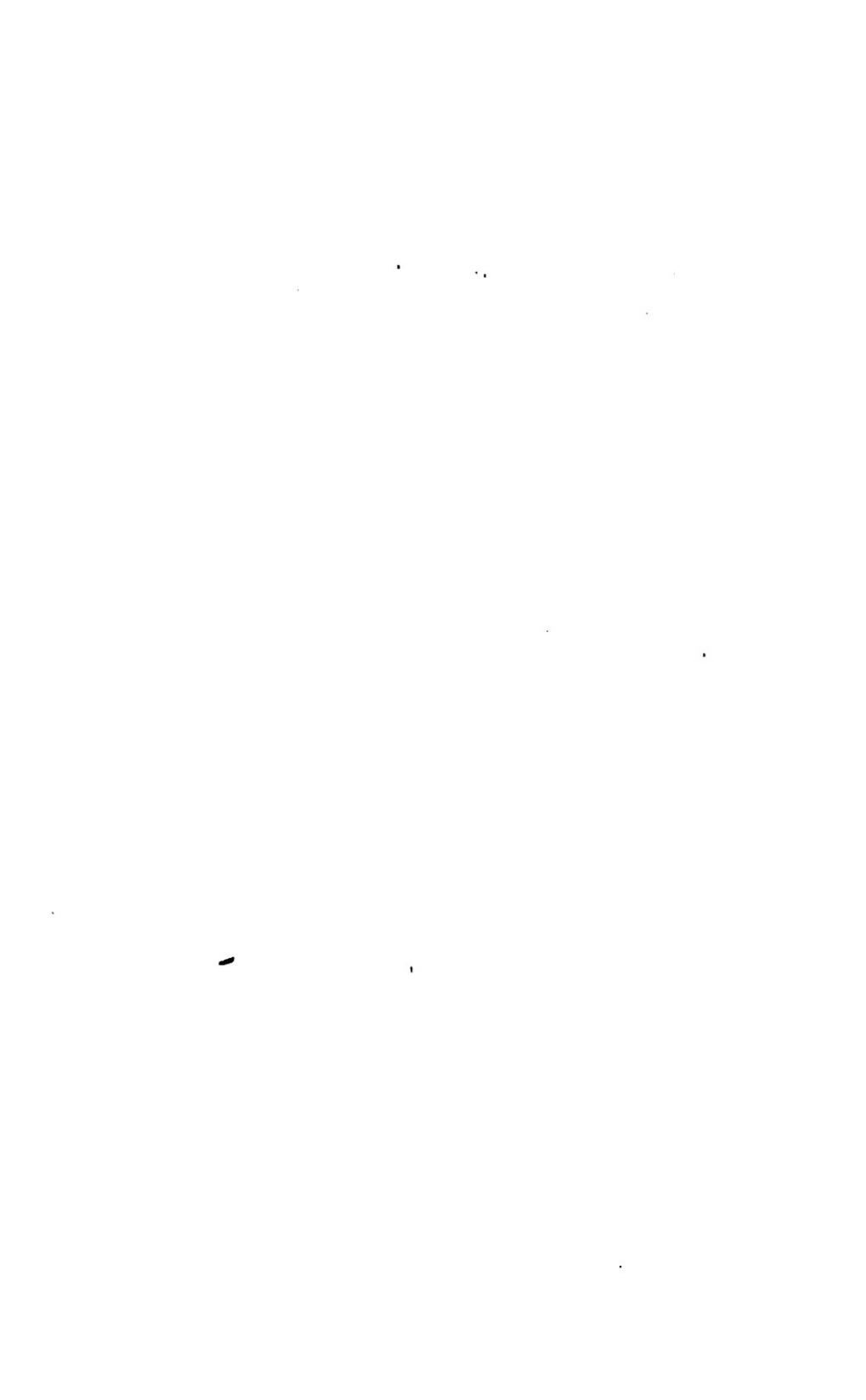
Or wilt thou in thy wrath fulfil,
The fate *O'Cuin's* pure prophet spoke ;
When through the shades of coming ill,
Columba saw the stranger's yoke ?

Muncaí 3-cúiridh dónaigh a n-Óisá
Tíol Eibhlír-Úscuit o'n Téacháin
U 3-clárí róipne '3 & tannadh a tho
Afi clárí d'úrghaire d'3 & biaoránas.

If God has willed it—and the land
That gave us Irish name and heart,
The Saxon now can bind and brand,
Oh! let us from the shore depart !

But still, oh still one hope remains !
Let's bend before the throne of grace ;
The blood that burned in *Heber's* veins,
May yet approve his *Scythian* race.

NOTES
TO THE
JACOBITE RELICS.



N O T E S.

¹ IRELAND AND KING JAMES.

This poem opens in an awful manner. The ruler of a great empire appears in a state of utter destitution. Driven from his throne for proclaiming liberty of conscience throughout his dominions, he flies for shelter and succour to a part of those dominions, from which he rather deserved “curses loud and deep,” than any assistance; to a land, over which his grandfather, father, and brother, ruled more like scourges of God than paternal kings. But the brave and generous, though persecuted people, “whose foible was loyalty,” forgot all their wrongs in the contemplation of the sufferings of their monarch. They immediately flew to arms, rallied round his standard, fought his battles, and but for the dastard himself, would have conquered in his cause. Well would it have been for their posterity, if they had bartered him, as the Scotch did his father; but Irish honour forbade the deed. Of the national sentiments towards James and his descendants, no better proofs can be adduced, than the poems and songs in which these sentiments are so forcibly expressed. History has recorded the struggles of this devoted people, and the chivalrous loyalty and patriotism by which they were actuated, are described in these Jacobite productions, with all the characteristic warmth of national feeling.

* *Uicht ðλορλðh nλ γcoit—*

This expression should have been in the plural, *λchc ðλορλðh nλ γcoit*. Every reader is now aware that the ancient inhabitants of Ireland were called Scots, and the island Scotia. In succeeding ages, the term was exclusively applied to the Albanian Colonists from Ireland. Hence originated the name of Scotland.

³ “ *Lofty spirits of Milesian line.*”

The ancient Milesian families of Ireland, after braving the storms of thousands of years, began to yield in the sixteenth century. The disastrous warfare of the succeeding age, and the perfidy of the Milesian Stuart, hastened their political downfall, which was finally completed by their ill-fated endeavours to restore the second James. A Milesian of the present day looking back on his long line of ancestry and subdued country, may justly exclaim with the Trojan hero :—

———— Fuimus Troes : fuit Ilium, et ingens
 Gloria Teucrorum, ferus omnia Juppiter Argos
 Transtulit : incensâ Danai dominantur in urbe.

But, though the inheritances of Ireland were seized by the adventurer and soldier, the Milesian families retained, even in their decline, a high sense of the dignity of their descent. On this subject, it seems, our English neighbours have been much amused by the following anecdote, which Dr. Johnson was fond of relating as a curious sample of Milesian pride :— “ The few ancient Irish gentlemen yet remaining, have the highest pride of family : Mr. Sandford, a friend of the Doctor’s, whose mother was Irish, told him, that O’Hara, who was true Irish both by father and mother, and he, and Mr. Ponsonby, son to the earl of Besborough, *the greatest man of the three*, but of an English family, went to see *one of those ancient Irish*, and that he distinguished them thus, O’Hara, you are welcome !

Mr. Sandford, your mother's son is welcome ! Mr. Ponsonby, you may sit down." Doubtless, this story might have afforded merriment to the Doctor and his literary friends, at a time when it was fashionable, as well with the rich vulgar, as the low ignorant in England, to deride every thing Irish, even their misfortunes. But that time is now gone by. America has since triumphed, and Ireland, at the present crisis, seems destined to take her place among the nations, or English policy towards her must speedily change. But to our anecdote. The "one of those ancient Irish" alluded to, was the Mac Dermott, usually stiled Prince of Coolavin, (a district in the county of Sligo,) whose direct ancestor invited over Bruce, to rescue Ireland from English tyranny, at the beginning of the fourteenth century. For the meaning of Johnson's words, "the greatest man of the three," I am wholly at a loss, though well aware that the son of the earl of Besborough, whom he mentions as that personage, was descended from one of those rapacious revolutionary adventurers of Cromwell's training; who on 29th May, 21st Charles II. obtained a grant of lands, iniquitously declared forfeited, in the county of Kilkenny. This man's descendants, with those of an obscure London trader, Tristram Beresford, (whose *original* proposal to the fishmongers of that city, in the reign of James I. for a lease of their escheat of Ballykelly, in Ulster, I have read,) became the Protestant ascendancy rulers of Ireland, where, during the last baleful century, they literally exercised the powers of king, lords, and commons. In this sense, undoubtedly the individual alluded to, was "the greatest man of the three," and perhaps therefore, was honored with leave to sit down in the presence of Mac Dermott.

"*And o'er the deep the festering boars shall flee.*"

The contempt and hatred which the Irish entertained for the English in former times, are expressed without reserve throughout these poems and songs. In the present, they are scornfully

called “ festering boars,” ήμέλης τοιρε, and in others they are designated fetid goats, wolves, churls, &c. Similar feelings, have given birth to similar expressions amongst the modern Greeks, towards their Turkish oppressors. Accordingly, in their popular songs, we find the Turks called wild rams, wolves, and other opprobrious names. From among many bitter and sarcastic stanzas, current in Ireland, the following epigram is selected, as a striking proof of the national hatred here alluded to. One of our bards seeing an Englishman hanging on a tree, exclaimed extempore :—

Ír mórach do thóiríodh a chriúin,
 Ílach do thóiríodh lár záach aen 'craobh,
 Mo léan záan coille le h-éile
 Lán de'd thóiríodh záach aen lá.

Pass on—’tis cheering from yon stately tree,
 A foe’s vile form suspended thus to see ;
 Oh ! may each tree that shades our soil, appear
 Thick with such fruit throughout the lengthen’d year.

James the Second, has been accused, not only of overlooking, but even of encouraging the excesses of his soldiery, against the protestants in Ireland; but, whatever were his faults, and they were not few, this was not among the number. The following letter, which I transcribe from the original, is of itself, sufficient to acquit him of that opprobrious charge.—

“ James R.

“ Our will and pleasure is that you forthwith repaire to our Towne of Cavan where you are during our pleasure to command in chiefe all our fforces in the said Towne and in our County of Cavan. You are likewise to take care that noe disorder be committed by any of our Army within the said Towne or County of Cavan. And that you from time to time informe

us of all accidents that shall happen there or thereabouts relating to our affaires And herein you are not to faile. Given at our Court at Dublin Castle the 30th day of April 1690 and in the Sixth yeare of our Reign.

“ By his Majesty’s Command

“ To our Trusty and well beloved

“ R. NAGLE.

“ Coll. Denis Mc. Gillecuddy.”

With respect to this period of Irish history, whoever would be misled, may consult Archbishop King’s “ State of the Protestants in Ireland,” an appalling monument of a christian bishop’s breach of the commandment, “ Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.” If truth, however, be sought after, it will be found in the Answer to that book, by Leslie, a protestant gentleman, which proves, that when a divine descends to misrepresentation, he generally deals by wholesale. Yet King’s production has been quoted by Harris, Leland, et hoc genus omne, as authority, in their “ Histories” of Irish affairs !

‘ LAMENT FOR THE QUEEN OF KING
JAMES II.

While the Irish soldiery spilled their blood in the field, the bards exerted their genius in the closet, to forward the interest of the royal fugitives, and by their songs and poems, proved no mean auxiliaries to the cause in which the nation had embarked. They roused the people to arms, in defence of the legitimate monarch, and excited the utmost enthusiasm for the professor of the ancient faith, and the descendant of the renowned Milesian race of Ireland. But the present beautiful elegy, was produced under very different circumstances ; and, is therefore, entitled to particular consideration. It was com-

posed at a time, when all hopes of the royal restoration were at an end; and may, therefore, be taken as a proof of the unfeigned sympathy and sorrow of the Irish nation, for the exiled family of England.

Mary D'Este, who survived her royal consort many years, appears to have been every way worthy, as a wife, a mother, and a queen, of the praises so lavishly bestowed on her by the Irish poet. Though a long time in England, even before her accession to the throne, she was never popular, in consequence of her being a catholic, and warmly attached to her religion; but, for the same reasons, she was an especial favorite with the Irish. She died at St. Germaine, April 26th, 1718. Her son, James Francis Edward, called by his followers James the Third, and, by others, the Chevalier de St. George, is frequently alluded to in these Jacobite Relics.

* John O'Neachtan, the author of this poem, (and of *Maggie Laider*, printed in the first volume,) lived in the early part of the last century, in the county of Meath. He was a learned man, and an ingenious poet, and enriched his native language with many original compositions and translations. Several of these are in the possession of the writer; and among others, a copious Treatise, in Irish, on General Geography, extending to nearly five hundred closely written pages, and containing many interesting particulars concerning this country; also, curious annals of Ireland, from A. D. 1167, to the beginning of the last century. These works, if they belonged to any other nation of Europe, even to the island of Iceland, would long since have been deemed worthy of publication; but alas! the literature, language, and native genius of unhappy Ireland, have hitherto experienced unmerited neglect. As a poet and miscellaneous writer, O'Neachtan holds the same rank in Irish literature, that Doctor Young, the author of the Night Thoughts, occupies in English. With equal genius and learning, the Irish bard's compositions are more equal and

correct, and his style less diffuse than those of the favored English author. Yet, what a different fate has attended these men. The works of the one, are read and admired wherever the language in which they are written extends, the name and writings of the other are wholly unknown, except to the solitary Irish scholar, who may happen to pore over the mouldering manuscripts in which these *disjecta membra* are preserved. But such has been the fate of Ireland. Its native genius, learning, and talents, have been doomed to languish in obscurity. Truly have they “wasted their sweetness on the desert air.”—For with us, since England established its dominion here, it could never be said:—

Ingeniis patuit campus : certusque merenti
Stat favor : ornatur propriis industria donis.

³ “ *Than Cæsar of Hosts.*”—

That James II. (even though somewhat addicted to swearing,) was a more devoted catholic than any of the Cæsars, has never been doubted, and this I take to be the poet’s meaning in this passage; but, that he was greater, as a statesman or general, even with all his naval character, is rather questionable. While William, who deserved the crown he bravely won, was crossing the ensanguined Boyne, amidst the thickest fire of his foes, James, from the church-yard on the hill of Donore, stood a tame spectator of the battle, which decided the fate of his kingdoms. Thence he fled panic-struck towards Dublin, where he was sarcastically complimented by the Lady Tyrconnell, on his superior speed from the field of battle. So dastardly was his conduct on this momentous occasion, that old Sir Teige O’Regan cried out to King William’s officers, “Let us change commanders, and we will fight the battle over again.” But the fatal blow was struck, and James, of whom some one tauntingly said, that he lost three kingdoms for a mass, fled to France to count over his “*Paidereen*” for the remainder of his days, after entailing upon Ireland a century of

worse than Egyptian bondage. With respect to the memories of James and William, remove the penal code, and it may be fearlessly predicted, that the Irish catholics will unhesitatingly, join their protestant friends in commemorating the latter. In Ireland, bravery covers a multitude of sins.

' CLIONA OF THE ROCK.

Cliona is one of those fabled beings of the fairy tribe, called *Benshees*, so celebrated in Ireland. With these "pale aerial demons," "Le Deamnuib odhra aieor," the *bards* and *seanchaidheas* enriched their poems and tales. The rock, "*Carraig Cliodkna*," lies within five miles of Mallow, on the right to the Cross of Donochmore, in a wild mountainous tract, supposed to be the head quarters of all the Munster fairies. It is a large grey stone, surrounded by a number of smaller ones, and is supposed to be the principal residence of *Cliona*, their queen.

Owen O'Rahally, a well known Irish bard, (who resided at Sliabh Luachra, in Kerry, about the beginning of the last century,) in a spirited poem on the misfortunes of Ireland, addressed to one of the Mac Carthy family, enumerates some of these "shadowy forms," in the following lines, beginning with *Cliona*.—

Do zhuiil Cliodhna creib nár tseuláibh,
Do zhuiil Uzigna & n-dúrlaig Eile,
Do zhuiil Uoife & roghaibhrois Úheidhlim,
An' do zhuiil Uoibhil síghbhéan leith-chréibh!

Do zhuiil, go tairneadh, an lúláchtach ealaille,
Do zhuiil Uine & náráig ghléime,
Do zhurleádair Ocht nochtair airson loch,
Do zhurleádair linnre an chlairinn rán t-tléibhe.

Cliona appears to have had another establishment on the mountain of Carrigalea, in the county of Clare. She was, however, but a provincial ruler, for "the paramount fairy queen of Ireland, was Maidib, that is, mortifying the d, Maib, pronounced Meiv, by a common metathesis of v for b in Irish. From this country the appellation was conveyed to Scotland, and thence to the north of England. There Shakspeare found our Maib, and espoused her, Mab, to Oberon, as his Fairy Queen." This has escaped the poet's *learned* commentators.

* William dall (or the blind) O'Heffernan, the author of this allegorical poem, was a native of the county of Tipperary, and appears to have been living, an old man, within the last fifty years. He composed many poetical pieces which are deservedly popular, but, if he had left no other than the present, it would in itself, be sufficient to rescue his memory from oblivion, and stamp him with the name of poet. The original is adapted and sung to the Irish air, "Staca an Mhargaidh," or the "Market Stake," (which may be seen in Bunting's collection of Irish Music, p. 69,) but, in the translation, it was found impracticable to retain the air without falling short of the beauty of the original.

The machinery (if the term be allowable,) of this ode, or the vision introduced by the poet, has been a favorite form of composition with our later bards. They delighted in decorating these visionary beings with all the charms of celestial beauty; and in this respect, our author appears to have been no mean proficient. His description is heightened with all the glow and warmth of the richest oriental colouring, and the sentiments and language are every way worthy of the subject. "Nothing," observes the ingenious and learned Arthur Browne, formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, "marks more strongly the apathy of some musicians, than their perfect indifference about the words that accompany music. We have had all the polite world lately singing infantine words to the finest music.—To me, sublimity of words adds infinitely to

sublimity of music, by infinite associations of idea ; so in the pathetic ; can it be otherwise where there is any soul."—*Sketches, vol. ii. London, 1798.*—That a similar opinion was entertained and acted upon by our bards, all their compositions afford abundant evidence.

*"The virtue—the emprise—in days of yore
That Banba nurtured."*—

Banba—one of the early names of Ireland—*Ínir Bánba n̄a m-bán*—Banba, isle of beauteous women.—The book of *Drom-sneachta*, followed by the *Leabharlín Trábhála* or Chronicle of Invasions, two ancient historical works in Irish, give the particulars of these primitive names. These venerable volumes lie, however, unheeded among the mass of our unknown unpublished manuscripts.

*"Or Ceirnit—who
—bade the crystal current of the stream
Heave into life the mill's mechanic frame."*

Ceirnit, one of the mistresses of Cormac, monarch of Ireland, about the beginning of the third century, induced that prince to send to Scotland for a skilful mechanic, by whom she caused to be built the first mill erected in Ireland. The circumstance is fully detailed in Keating; and it calls to our recollection, that the old Irish manuscripts contain many creditable notices of the early state and history of Scotland, not elsewhere to be found. With one in particular, I shall take the liberty of troubling the reader. In the "sealed" MS. library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is a copy, (written on vellum, at least six hundred years,) of a yet more ancient tract, entitled "*Uigillamh an dA Thuaidh*,"—*The Dialogue of the Two Sages*, a correct transcript of which, (formerly the property of my lamented friend John Mac Namara, of the county of Clare, an excellent Irish antiquary and linguist,) is now in my possession. It is written in a language or dialect as old as that used in our Brehon laws, with an interlined gloss; and

records a contest which took place, about the time of the birth of our Redeemer, between *Neide* the son of *Adhra*, and *Ferceirtne*, *file*, or the poet, for the *Ollamh*'s (or chief professor's) chair of Ireland. In the *Reimseagail*, or Preface, we are informed that the former went to *Aibhsa* (Scotland) to learn wisdom,—“*Do luidh iarrathn an mheic yin do phoghlaim eisge i n-Albain* ;” but the word *eisge*, may be also rendered, knowledge, philosophy, or poetry. Here then are two Irish fragments of early date, which shew that Scotland was anciently, as it is at the present day, distinguished for poetry and philosophy; but it is feared that this notable discovery will be lost on the present professors of the “modern Athens,” who, with philosophic pride, proclaim the barbarity of their own Gaelic ancestors, and reject the authority of our Celtic manuscripts.

“ *My name is Cliosna, the beetling side
Of the tall rock my home.*”

“ *Ír me-yr Cliodhna ó tharlaibh nár oifigeach.*”

Cliosna had two habitations, but which of them she alludes to here is doubtful. In this respect, her answers somewhat resembled those of the famous pagan oracles of olden time, and indeed, the whole of her revelation seems cast in the same mould. Even to this day, England's fiat for Irish freedom seems as hopeless as ever.

“ *Martin's followers rave.*”

“ *Tlochd Mhártacán mhéallunaghthe.*”

The Devil and Doctor Martin are generally associated in our native proverbs. Henry the 8th, is sometimes added to make a trio. Indeed, it would be difficult to say which of the three is most generally detested in Ireland, but some are of opinion, that Henry and his immediate descendants, having inflicted more evils on the country than both the others, he seems entitled by way of pre-eminence to the distinguished association which has been rather gratuitously conferred on the great reformer.

CANTICLE OF DELIVERANCE.

¹ This spirited Jacobite song was composed by Andrew Magrath, the witty and eccentric *Mangaire Sugach*, as were also the drinking stanzas, p. 192, first vol. of this work. He was a native of Limerick, and author of numerous poems and songs of a jovial, amatory, and political nature, which are current and popular, chiefly in the Province of Munster. As a poet, he not only excelled the mob of English gentlemen who formerly wrote with ease, but also many of those whom Doctor Johnson has designated English poets. He led a wandering sort of life, and was much dreaded for the caustic severity of his wit. His habits and writings closely resembled those of Prior. Like him, the *Mangaire* " delighted in mean company. His life was irregular, negligent, and sensual. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace."—*Johnson*. Our bard was living within the last 40 years, and died at an advanced age.

² " *Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me.*"

We have already noticed p. 119, the expressions of derision used by the Irish towards their unwelcome visitors, the English invaders, whom they contemptuously called the impure refuse of the ocean, " *Impurum maris ejectamentum*"—*Rutgeri Herman, Brit. Mag.* p. 379.—" *Bos ubi Scotus erat*," was likewise a common phrase among them. Some curious instances of the use of the term " Churl," are recorded. When Athenry, in the County of Galway, was burned in 1596, by *Hugh ruadh O'Donnell*, one of the Irish leaders who was requested to spare the church as it contained the bones of his mother, replied, " I care not even were she alive in it, I would sooner burn them both together, than that any *English churl* should fortify there." O'Nial, Earl of Tyrone, when marching by Castlemore in the County of Cork, in the year 1600, on his way to Kinsale

to support the Spaniards, enquired who lived in a certain Castle? Being told that it belonged to Barrett, a good Catholic, whose family had been possessed of the Estate for above 400 years; O'Nial exclaimed, "No matter, I hate the *English churl* as if he landed only yesterday."—No one can be surprised at these strong expressions of National animosity, who is at all acquainted with our history since the arrival of the English.

³ "Save Donn and his kindred."—

Donn, one of the sons of Mile, or Milesius, according to *Eochy ua Floinn*, a poet and historian, who died A.D. 984, (and of whose compositions there are several still remaining of great value,) was cast away with his companions on the *Duchains*, to this day called *Teach Duaín*, or Donn's Mansion, in the West of Munster. In succeeding ages, Donn was exalted by our bards to the rulership of the Fairies of that district, and in that capacity he appears to have taken a particular interest in the subsequent affairs of Ireland. As he defied the vigilance of the priest and bard hunters, several prophetic-political songs have been attributed to him, or rather to his inspiration or revelation communicated to our poets. The present song is one of this character.

⁴ "But Phelim and Heber whose children betrayed it."

This alludes to the renegade Irish who joined the common foe, and of that class, from the days of the infamous Mac Morrough, who invited over the Anglo-Norman auxiliaries to his aid, our Annals have damned many to everlasting fame. Indeed, so effectually did the settlers pursue the Machiavelian policy, "divide and govern," that it gave rise to the disgraceful adage, "put an Irishman on the spit and you will find another to turn him;" but, be it remembered, that the son of the settler was generally the turnspit. Espionage and deceit were the invariable rule of English conduct towards the unfor-

tunate Irish. The last, and it is hoped it will be the last, signal act of treachery in Ireland was committed by the descendant of a settler, Colonel Henry Luttrell, who “sold the pass” at Limerick to King William’s forces. Lord Westmeath afterwards endeavoured, but ineffectually, to acquit this unhappy man of the charge; see Ferrar’s History of Limerick, 364. He survived, an object of general execration, until the year 1717, when he was shot in a sedan chair in Stafford-street, Dublin. The following Epigram was composed on his death—

If heaven be pleased when mortals cease to sin,
And hell be pleased when villains enter in,
If earth be pleased when it entombs a knave,
All must be pleased, now Luttrell’s in his grave.

* *Samhain*, the 1st of November. “The festival of *Samen*, or *Baal-samen* is called the *Oiche-samhain* by the ancient Irish. Pliny remarks, that the Druids counted their years not by days, but nights. The Irish word *Coigtighois*, meaning a fortnight in modern acceptation, means really *Coig-deagoiche*, or fifteen nights, shewing that the Pagan Irish counted lunations of thirty days, and divided them into two periods of fifteen nights each.”—*O’Conor Cat. Stow MSS. p. 25.*

“ ‘ *The treaty they broke.*’ ”

This alludes to the treaty of Limerick. So much has been said and written about this celebrated breach of military honor and political faith, that it only remains here to observe, that no single circumstance connected with the affairs of these Islands tended so much as this to estrange the minds of the Irish people from the English government, particularly during the last century. Even the massacres at Mullamast, the carnage at Drogheda, and the murders of the Scotch at Glenco have been forgotten, but this unparalleled dereliction of all principle is still remembered with horror.

" Shall the gorged Goat."

This is one of the contemptuous epithets before alluded to. The following Epigrammatic stanza is expressive of the feelings conveyed in the text.—

Óthírt a'gur dílentzíos ñip a'gur ñip,
 Ríonta zán ice ñip fheich a'gur a chnáimh,
 Ñip an té úd le'ri mhiann lucht beagla bheich ríán,
 Do dhíbhrí tlocht ñip a'gur Círeálmháin.

May banishment and desolation light on him, may the plague
 and pains without remedy seize his veins and bones,
 Who would wish well to the English race,
 They who exiled the offspring of Ir and Heremon.

THE EXPECTED OF IRELAND.

¹ Ben-Edar. The ancient name of the hill of Howth.—The English, although as a Nation they might truly say with reference to Ireland,

" Nec tecum possum vivere nec sine te."
 I cannot with thee live nor yet without thee.

have ever been more ready to censure than to praise both ourselves and our country. This is a deplorable national failing, and one which a high minded and “thinking” people should be ashamed of, for to say the least, it is somewhat ungrateful. But it is hoped, that time may, in its own good season, overcome this rather ungenerous propensity. Our “Bulls” and “Brogue” have always proved inexhaustible sources of merriment to our English friends, and even the simple sounds of our old language have been particularly obnoxious to their “ears polite.” Of

this a memorable instance remains on record.—“ His Majestie (Charles II.) taking notice of the *barbarous* and *uncouth* names by which most of the townes and places in his Kingdom of Ireland are called, which hath occasioned much damage to divers of his good subjects, and are very troublesome in the use thereof, and *much* retards the reformacion of that Kingdome. For remedy thereof is pleased that it be enacted that the Ld. Lt. and Councell shall and may, advise of settle and direct, in the passing of all letters pattents in that Kingdome for the future, have *new* and *proper* names more suitable to the English tongue may be inserted with an alias for all Townes, Lands, and places, in that Kingdome, that shall be granted by letters pattents, which new names shall thenceforth bee the only names to be used.”—This notable plan, however, failed, and the patentee regicides objected not to the Irish lands, because of their “ *barbarous* and *uncouth names*.” On the contrary, they resorted to every species of force, fraud, and perjury, to wrest them from the ancient possessors. On this subject the strange and unexpected avowals of the late Earl of Clare,* who was Chancellor of Ireland when he made them, deserve particular attention.

His lordship was descended from the old sept of the *Clan-Gibbons*, and was the best friend to the English interest in Ireland, that these latter times have produced. Against this clan our Irish bards have been bitterly invective. The following stanza is taken from a satirical poem written by Angus O’Daly, called *Amhrán na nUisce*, or the *Úrás Íúilach*, about the year 1600.

“Í fhuil feárig nách ó-teid lirí g-eul,
Seacht feárig Chriost le clóinn Íobúin ;
Seáig an díth a m-beith mairí tár,
A fáig lirí oile gáelch aonla.

The sternest pulse that heaves the heart to hate,
Will sink o’erlaboured or with time abate ;
But on the clan Fitz-Gibbon Christ looks down
For ever with unmitigated frown—
Did mercy shine ! their hearts envenomed slime,
Even in *her* beam, would quicken to new crime.

"It is impossible," says he, "to defend the acts of settlement and explanation. Seven millions, eight hundred thousand acres of land were set out under the authority of this Act, to a motley crew of English adventurers, civil and military, nearly to the total exclusion of the old inhabitants of the Island; many of whom, *who were innocent of the rebellion*, lost their inheritance. A new colony of new settlers, composed of all the various sects which then infested England, Independents, Anabaptists, Seceders, Brownists, Socinians, Millenarians, and Dissenters of every description, many of them infected with the leaven of democracy, poured into Ireland, and were put into possession of the ancient inheritance of its inhabitants: and I speak with great personal respect of the men, when I state that a very considerable portion of the opulence and power of the Kingdom of Ireland, centers at this day in the descendants of this motley collection of English adventurers. The whole island has been confiscated, with the exception of the estates of five or six old families of English blood. No inconsiderable portion has been confiscated twice, or perhaps thrice, in the course of a century. The situation therefore of the Irish nation at the Revolution stands unparalleled in the history of the inhabited world." Such were the novel statements made by this noble Earl, in the Irish House of Lords, on the 10th Feb. 1800, to induce a Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland. They are here introduced as forming a tolerable comment on our Jacobite Relics. After

The following well known epigram is added, to enable the classical reader to judge between it and the foregoing production of the Irish bard :

Vipera Cappadocem nocitura momordit, at illa
Gustato perit sanguine Cappadocia.

A viper bit a Cappadocian—fain
Her curdling poison through him to distil,
But the foiled reptile died—her victim's vein
Had poison subtler than her own to kill.

their perusal, the most prejudiced must hesitate, and, perhaps, even excuse the feelings so warmly expressed throughout these National effusions by our indignant bards.

² “ *O'er bright Sliev-na-mon and Knock Greny will wake.*”
Two well known hills in Tipperary and Limerick.

³ “ *When with Una her Donald's united again.*”
By Una (Winifred) and Donald, were meant Ireland and the exiled Prince.

⁴ But the four great septs mentioned here, the bard intended to represent the whole body of the ancient Irish, who were ready to espouse the cause of “The King.”—Māc-con-Mārā in the original, should be Māc Māchȝhāmhna. The particular acts of delinquency of the other personages named in this stanza, have not been ascertained.

⁵ “ *Then shall Sabia rejoice.*”
By Sabia is meant Ireland. Our patriotic monarch Brian Boroiimhe, had a daughter of that name.

⁶ “ *The magical pillar where Garret lies sleeping.*”
Garret Fitzgerald, the great Earl of Desmond, killed in 1582. He is supposed by the country people, even to this day, to be bound to an enchanted pillar in Lough Gur, a lake nine miles south of Limerick. They report, that at the end of every seven years he may be seen riding on the lake, mounted on an enchanted charger, and that when his horse's shoes, which are made of silver, shall be worn out, he will return to life, and destroy the enemies of Ireland. The story of this powerful Earl and his tragical end may be seen at large in our History. It may here be added, that Daniel Kelly, Queen Elizabeth's “well beloved subject and soldier,” who cut off his head, was rewarded with a pension of £20. a year for that

service; but he was soon after hanged at Tyburn. For such or the like services as those of Kelly, some few of the bribed and renegade Irish were graciously called the Queen's "loving subjects," but such or the like fate as that which he deservedly met with, generally terminated their labours and their lives.

LAMENT OF THE GAEL.

¹ The Gael—the ancient Irish.—In this fine ode the Bard has, with a master hand, introduced the most signal interventions of the Divine Power and Mercy, as examples to support his countrymen in their afflictions, and to inspire them with a hope of future deliverance. With these views he points out the preservation of *Noah* in the deluge; and of the Prophet *Jonah* in the deep; the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea; the patience and Divine approval of holy *Job*; the penitence and pardon of *Longinus*; the great atonement of our Divine Redeemer, and the miraculous raising of *Lazarus* from the dead. This is one of the noblest purposes to which poetry can be applied, and is in perfect accordance with the inspired effusions of holy writ. It is much to be regretted that the name of the bard has not survived, if it were only to lead to the recovery of any more of his compositions.

² “ *The Land of Con.*”

This may either allude to the whole of Ireland, from the Monarch *Con*, who ruled early in the second century; or to the northern half, called *Leath Cuinn*, from the division of the island between that Monarch and *Eugenius* king of Munster, which will be found fully detailed in our Histories.

THE PROPHETIC OF DONN FIRINNEACH.

Donn has already been introduced to the reader, p. 129. Here he again appears in the character of a Prophet, with the title of *Firinneach*, or the truth teller, annexed to his name; but if his claim to that character may be judged of from the result of his predictions in the present ode, it rests on very slender foundations. Not one of them has been fulfilled, although it must be confessed, that they have been conceived in a lofty and poetic strain, and delivered with a tone and decision not unworthy of one inspired. Of a far different nature was the following Prophecy of Brecan, one of our ancient saints, a venerable body of men, whom in this age of philosophy and refinement it is unfashionable to mention, except to deride their virtue and piety under the names of weakness and superstition. This prediction has been fulfilled in every point, centuries after it was delivered.

Цізрліð зеінти таір туйір мечлі,
Мечлізрліð лірі ғедрлібіх Еірекінн,
бұдіх ақчалібіх қаір ғаліх сіллі,
бұдіх ақчалібіх Ілі ғор Еірінн.

Erin's white crested billow shall sleep on the shore,
And it's voice shall be mute, while the spoilers glide o'er;
And the stranger shall give a new priest to each shrine,
And the sceptre shall wrest from her own regal line.

² Owen O'Rahally the author of this ode has been already noticed in page, 124.

³ “—these wolves perfidious, forsworn.”

Here again are meant the English adventurers. A bard

describing one of them, who seems to have been a scourge in the country, has the following stanza.—

Ան ոճիւր և և զծի տօք և նկիլ,
Գի եծի հիշե հշտ և են շւան ;
Գի շիշ հշտ և են բիլտ հիր և ծրոյ,
Անշիր սկմ ծօ լուշտ և հոնիր.

The wolf howls savagely, but seek his lair,
One cub and one alone is nurtured there;
The choaking bramble one lone blossom bears,
Tell it abroad and let him hope who hears.

The meaning is, that the individual in question, whom the bard has designated as a wolf, from his rapacity and cruelty, had but one son. Hence a hope is held out that the future ravages of the family would not be so great as if there was a numerous brood.

* By the "Brickler" was meant Prince James Francis Edward, son of James II. He was so called by the Irish bards, from the many reports industriously spread throughout England at the time of his birth, that he was a supposititious child, and amongst others that he was the son of a *Brick-layer*.

⁵ " *And the false ones that knelt not where God's own priests adored.*"

With every respect for the Protestant Church of Ireland and its ministers, it has been doubted, whether the latter, as a body, really believed the doctrine which they professed. The best proof of conviction in religious opinions is an earnest endeavour to disseminate those opinions in order to bring people over to the truth. This has never been attempted by the Protestant divines in Ireland. On the contrary, every measure which could

render their doctrine odious, seems to have been studiously resorted to. Hence the words of our text. It may therefore be concluded, that as England is now a Protestant, and Scotland a Presbyterian, country, so Ireland is, and ever will continue to be, pre-eminently Catholic. If space permit, some curious illustrations of the facts here stated may be given.

SHANE BUI.

The air of this song is more generally known than the origin of its name. Shane Bui, means, literally, Yellow or Orange Jack, (the John Bull of former days,) there being no other word in Irish to express the latter colour. It was an appellation given by the Irish to the English followers of William III. in Ireland. Hence the term Orangemen.

SHEELA NA GUIRE.

By the rhetorical figure Metonymy, this name is here put for Ireland. It has before appeared that *Grana Uile*, *Roisin Dubh*, and several others have been similarly used by the Irish Bards. The orthography, Sheela na Guire, is retained because it is better known than the literal translation of the original name, viz. Sheela (or Cecilia) O'Gara, and the poetical reader will immediately perceive the necessity in this instance for adopting the common orthography and general mode of pronunciation. Sheela has been always esteemed one of our best political songs, and may be pronounced at least equal to Colonel Mac Gillarry, which Mr. Hogg, no bad authority, considered as the best Jacobite song of Scotland. It seems to have been a favorite with the exiled Irish. The printed copy has been taken from one transcribed in France in the last century. The tune is lively and popular.

² “ *On the height of Lisgreny, cried Daniel O'More.*” ³

Lisgreny is a well-known hill in the South of Ireland. Of the individual O'More, here named, I have not been able to trace any particulars. This distinguished Irish family has been already alluded to.—*Vol. I., p. 114.*

⁴ “ *O'Brien of Ara—* ”

A branch of the great family of that name, descended from *Brian Ruadh O'Brien* prince of Thomond, who was expelled from his Territory in the early part of the fourteenth century, and settled in the district of Ara, in the N. W. part of the present County of Tipperary. This circumstance is fully detailed in the *Cáithreamh Toirbhealbháigh*, or “ Catalogue of the battles of Turlough, being valuable annals compiled in Irish by John Mac Craith, in 1459, containing an account of the wars of Thomond, from the landing of Henry II. to the year 1319. A fine copy of this scarce and curious work in the possession of the writer, will, he hopes, be published by a patriotic member of the O'Brien family, as an honorable record of the bravery of his countrymen and ancestors.

⁵ “ *The laugh of her heart.*”

This is literal, and according to the usual meaning of the word *gáip*; but it might also be rendered, a shout, rejoicing, burst of joy.

⁶ “ *When the Major, the gallant, the graceful, the brave.*”

The person here alluded to, and so highly extolled, is supposed to have been a member of the O'More family.

⁷ *Λοίμηρειγ*, more correctly *Λημήρειγ*.

⁸ “ ————— when I think of the wretch.”

Either Cromwell, or William III. The original, *ζημιέζλεχ*, however, seems to indicate the latter, as bearing on his per-

sonal deformity. The affair of Glenco in Scotland, and the subsequent violation of the articles of Limerick, rendered him an object of aversion to the Irish.

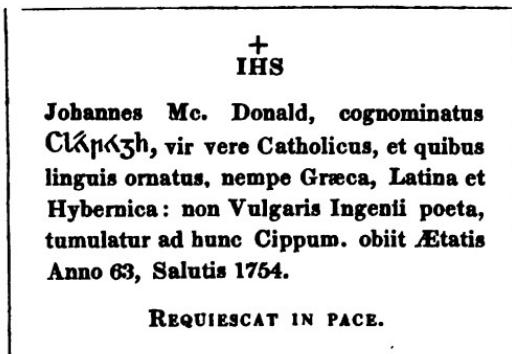
1 GRANA WEAL.

Or more correctly *Graine Uile*. Grace O'Maley, mother of Theobald, the first Viscount Mayo. Lodge, in his Irish peerage, informs us, that "Mac William" (whom Sir Henry Sidney, on 28 April, 1576, informed Queen Elizabeth he "found verie sensible, though wanting the *Englishe* tongue, yet understanding the *Lattin*,") married *Grana-na-Male* daughter of *Owen O'Maley* of the *Oules*, an ancient Irish Chief, and widow of *O'Flaherty*. A lady much renowned among the natives of Connaught, who relate many adventures and remarkable actions of her courage and undaunted spirit, which she frequently performed on the sea."—vol. iv. p. 235.—For a curious account of this famous Heroine, and her visit to Queen Elizabeth, see the *Anthologia Hibernica*, vol. ii. p. 1, and iii. p. 340. —Her name has been frequently used by our Bards, to designate Ireland. Hence our Countrymen have been often called "Sons of old Grana Weal."

* This fine Jacobite relic was composed by John Mac Donnell, one of the most eminent of our modern Bards. He was born in the year 1691, in O'Keefe's Country, near Charleville, in the County of Cork, and was known by the name of "Claragh," from the residence of his family, which was situate at the foot of a mountain of that name, between Charleville and Mallow. The following account of this Bard is taken from O'Halloran's introduction to his History of Ireland.—"Mr. Mac Donnell, a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet, whose death I sensibly feel, and

from whom, when a boy, I learned the rudiments of our language, constantly kept up this custom, (*i. e.* public sessions of the poets, at stated times, to exercise their genius.) He had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a history of Ireland; but a long sickness prevented his finishing this work. He proposed to some gentlemen in the County of Clare, to translate Homer into Irish; and, from the specimen he gave, it would seem, that this prince of poets would appear as respectable in a Gathelian as a Greek dress. But the death of the late Mac Namara put a stop to this attempt. This learned and worthy man died in the year 1751, near Charleville, and I have never since been able to find how his papers were disposed of, though I am told he left them to me." —Though grateful to Mr. O'Halloran for preserving even these few particulars, yet the feeling would be greater, had he saved the papers to which he has alluded. They could not have been confided to better hands, and there can be no doubt, but they were well worthy of preservation.

The Bard was interred at the old church yard of Ballyslough, near Charleville, where the following inscription may be read on the humble flag that covers his remains.—



In a subsequent part of this volume will be found an Elegy written on his death. Many excellent productions of his, are

extant, composed in his native language, which prove him to have been a man of genius and a poet. Although it may be considered presumptuous to compare an unknown Irish Bard, with the celebrated English poet of Twickenham, yet the comparison might be hazarded without much apprehension for the result. In point of learning Mac Donnell was equal, and neither in genius, judgment, nor power of exquisite versification, was he inferior to Pope. If the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine, which would be entitled to the prize. But fortunately for his genius and his fame, Pope was born at the right side of the channel. Here, he would have been doomed, like our neglected Bard, to languish in obscurity, and perhaps never be heard of. That a translation of Homer into Irish was a bold undertaking, must be confessed, particularly when we consider the then political and literary state of the country. Such a work would have considerably enriched our national poetry, but the attempt proved, as might be expected, abortive; while the English poet happily succeeded, even beyond his most sanguine expectations. If any part of the Irish version could now be recovered, it would at once enable us to judge of the merits of the translators, and the powers of their respective languages. The following description of a hero, taken from one of the political poems of our Bard, beginning — “*Círtígh lem' glórtháibh & mhór-tháibh Míleann,*” is not inferior, in the original, to any passage of the Iliad.—

Τά Conn Ón meári mórdhá, zo torcháchtach, zo tréan-mhári,

zo ionmhaí, zo ionnmhaí, zo leózhaonmhaí, lágráí,
le teintíbh, le tóirneach, le tóiméach, le tréine,
le táscaíbh, le glóisíbh, le ceoltáibh cásca.

To crush the strong—the resolute to quell,
*Daun** sweeps the battle-field, a deadly spell;
Begirt with hosts, a terrible array;
Blood paints his track—and havock strews his way—
The Lion's courage, and the Light'ning's speed,
His might combines—from each adventurous deed,
With haughtier swell dilates the Conqueror's soul;
Like volum'd thunders deep'ning as they roll—
Bards from his prowess learn a loftier song—
And glory lights him through the ranks along.

In politics, Mac Donnell was a “rank” Jacobite, and on more occasions than one he saved his life by hasty retreats from his enemies, the Bard-hunters. He moreover inherited all the hatred of his race for the “Saxon Churls.” The treatment of the brave Irish General, Mac Donnell, better known by the name of *Mac Allistrum*, (whose *march* is yet remembered in Munster,) of our poet’s name and family, who was basely murdered in 1647, at Knockrinoss, near Mallow, by the troops of the brutal renegade, Inchiquin, helped to embitter the poet’s mind against the English. His muse never seemed so delighted as when holding them up to the scorn and derision of his Countrymen. His poem on James Dawson is a *chef d’œuvre* in the bitter and sarcastic style. Among other productions, the present verses to the air of *Grana Uile*, and the “Lament,” which follows, have been always admired. It may be necessary here to observe, that a custom prevailed among our modern bards, to supply stanzas, particularly of a political nature, for the finest national tunes; and these compositions, in general, supplanted the older words, which fell into disuse and were soon forgotten. This was the case with respect to *Grana Uile*. The original words of this far-famed song I have, however, recovered, and here present them to the Irish reader.

* Leopold Count Daun, Field Marshal. This was written before he was appointed to the command of the Austrian Armies.

Յ Ա Ր Ա Գ Վ Ե Մ Ի Ա Ո Ւ .

Եր եւածիւնիթհա և' ո՛ բնաւունիունիքի եւեւի Յրմանն
Մհամէլ,

Մար ծօ շաւակածի յի բառեալրա և բայրծ քեն ;—
'Ե շաւակածի տե և Յրմաննի ու հ-աւուն և րաւուր,
Յսր բառեալրա և բնաւ-շօրով և Յրմանն Մհամէլ.

Ա'յ տօնքրիօ ! ծօնքրիօ ! Յրմանն Մհամէլ !
Տօնքրիօ ! ծօնքրիօ ! և Յրմանն շլեւին !
Տօնքրիօ ! ծօնքրիօ ! Յրմանն Մհամէլ !
Ա'յ տուն եհ-քնչի տե լե եզածի ի տն մե յունի !

Շար մե ևռ յցօնօն ի, Յրմանն Մհամէլ ;—
Մհամէլ տե ո՞ն յցսունքրածի Յրմանն տօ շլեւին :—
Զիր քհօյզաւու և ծօնքրի լե քնուն և լաւ,
Եկիծ սուլած ՚ր և տուլած և յր Յրմանն Մհամէլ.

Ա'յ տօնքրիօ ! ծօնքրիօ և Յրմանն Մհամէլ !
Տօնքրիօ ! ծօնքրիօ և Յրմանն շլեւին !
Տօնքրիօ ! ծօնքրիօ ! Յրմանն Մհամէլ !
Ա'յ տուն եհ-քնչի մե լե եզածի ի տն մե յունի !

Another relic of early Jacobite song, the *Drimin dubh, O!* may not improperly accompany the foregoing. Under that name, by rather a forced allegory, was meant James Charles Edward.—

ஓ ଧରୋମିଣୀ ଦୁଃଖ ଓ !

ଆ ଧରୋମିଣ ଧୁନିବ୍ହ ଧକ୍ଷିଳିତ, ଏ ଚୌତିଥ ଯାଇଲା ନା ମୋନ',
କାହା ପାଇଁ ଦୁଃଖ ଦୁଃଖିତିର, ନୋ ଅନ ପାଇଲେକଣ ଯାଇ ବେଦିଲ ?
ତାହା ଯାଇ ଅନ ଯାଇ ଧିଜିବ୍ହ ଫିନ୍ଟେ ଫଳୀ ଅନ ବାହା ଫଳ
ଅଜ ଫିଲ ଲେ କିଞ୍ଚିତ ଯେଶୁମାର ଦେ ଧିଜିଲେଲେଟ ଅନ ଯା' ଝାରିନନ.

ଦା ବାହା ଫଳିଲିନନ-ଯି ଦେବ ଲୋଭିତି ପା ଯାଦିଲେରେ ଲିପି ଅନ
ଝାରିନନ.
ଚରିଲିଲିବାନନ ଯେ ଯୁଗର ଦେ ନିଧିତେ ଏ'ର ଦେ ଲୋ,
ଅଜ ଯୁବହାଲ ବେଜା ଏ'ର ଯୁଗରିଜିତେ ଏଜୁଗ ଯେବିଲେ ଦୁବହା
ଦେବିଲୁ,
ଯୋ ଯେ ଯୁଗରେଲି ଲିପି ଧରିଲାବିଲା ଅନ ଧରୋମିଣ ଧୁନିବ୍ହ ଓ !

ଦିଲ ଦେ ବହେଲିତା ଦେ'ନ ମ-ବାଲେ ଏ ଧରୋମିଣ ଧୁନିବ୍ହ ଓ !
ବାଦି ମହାତିର ଦେ ଚାହିଦ ବାଲିନେ ଏ'ର ବା ମହିଲିତ ଲେ ହ-ବୁ,
ଦୋ ଚାଲୁନିପିନ ଦେ ଲେବାଲ ଏ'ର ଦେ ଚାମ ଦେଲିଲେ ମାରି ଯୋର,
ଏ'ର ଦେ ମହାଲିକିତ ନି ଧାଇଲାପାଦ ଏ ଧରୋମିଣ ଧୁନିବ୍ହ ଓ !

In Connaught, the following inferior fragment is sometimes heard. We cannot add, cætera deflenda sunt.

ଦେଇତିର ମେ ଫେରି ଲିପି ପାଇଦିଲି ଦେ ଦୋମିନିଲିଚ,
ଏ'ର ଫୁଲିର ମେ ମୋ ଧରୁଲିମିଣ ଦୁବହ ବାନିଧିତେ ଏ ବ-ପାଲ ମୋନ,
ଜିହେଲଦ ମେ ନା ବାରା ଏ'ର ଚାହିର ମେ ନା ଝାରିତା,
ଫଳୀ ମୋ ଧରୁଲିମିଣ ଦୁବହ ଧକ୍ଷିଳିତ, ଝାନ ଏ ଲେଙ୍ଗାନିତ ଯାନ ଦାମ,
ଓପ୍ପା ଏ ଧରୁଲିମିଣ ଦୁବହ, ଓପ୍ପା,
ଏ'ର ଏ ଧରୁଲିମିଣ ଦୁବହ ଧକ୍ଷିଳିତ ଯେ ମ-କି ତୁ ଯାନ.

³ “ *His revenge cannot sleep and his guards will not flee.*”

The original does not, perhaps, warrant the above expression, which might be considered an invidious allusion to the desertion of General Hamilton’s infantry, at the Boyne.

⁴ “ *The Scots, the true Scots*”—

This may allude to the ancient name of the Irish, or more likely to their fidelity to James, in opposition to the treachery of the Scots to his father.

⁵ “ *The Irish scholar who thinks this version over wrought, may be better satisfied with—*

“ *The long-gorg’d adventurer shall pine for a meal,
Driven hungry and houseless from Grana Weal.*”—T.

CLARACH’S LAMENT.

This excellent Jacobite song has been alluded to in the notes to the last. It was written to the popular air of “The white Cockade,” but the reader, or rather the singer, will easily perceive that the time must be slow, and the expression, almost throughout, pathetic. The Scotch claim the air, as “My gallant braw John Highlandman.”

⁶ This was an epithet of opprobrium in frequent use with the Jacobites, and applied by them to the House of Hanover, by a mal-pronunciation of the family name of that Royal stock.

⁷ This comparison of the youthful chevalier to the renowned heroes of Irish lore, from whom he was descended, is peculiarly happy, and was well calculated to excite feelings of sympathy in his favour. A French writer, describing the prince and his sister, after alluding to the opinion of Plato, that “the soul

frames its own habitation, and that beautiful souls make to themselves beautiful bodies," says, "on both their countenances were divinely mingled the noble features and lineaments of the Stuart's and the D'Este's, and beauty triumphed over both, with this only difference, that in him it was more strong and masculine, as becoming his sex; in her more soft and tender, as suiting with hers; in both excellent and alike." Our bard's description of the young Prince has been much admired.

' THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

"Sure," says Spenser, "it is a most beautiful and sweet Country as any under Heaven." "Once," adds Johnson, "the seat of sanctity and learning." "A land," says our illustrious Grattan, "for which God has done so much, and man so little."

* "This indeed is a Country worth fighting for," exclaimed William III. when the beauties of the Golden Vale, in Kilkenny, burst on his astonished view; "and worth defending," replied one of his veteran opposers, who happened to be present. Yet, with a pusillanimity wholly incompatible with the character of the brave, William poured down his weightiest vengeance on the heroic defenders of that very Country, for no other crime than acting on the principle, that it was worth fighting for. This was the grand political error which intailed incalculable evils on these Islands for more than half a century after. It strengthened Catholic France, and enervated Protestant England, the latter expending millions to uphold a tribe of reformed ascendancy men in Ireland to *oppress* the defenceless Catholics. With reference to William, I will not stain my page by noticing the *secret services* for the profligate grants of this land "worth fighting for," made by him to his Dutch favourites, although on that *dark* subject, some documents

might be adduced, as curious as any that Burnet had recourse to, when he wrote the suppressed passages of his history.—
See Routh's genuine Edition, Oxf. 1823.

³ “ *Have wrung reluctant praises from the foe.*”

“ Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects,” cried George II. when he heard of the bravery of the Irish Catholic exiles at Fontenoy. This and a few other indications of humane feeling in that Monarch for the political degradation of the Catholics of Ireland, induced one of their bards to attempt his praise in English, as follows.—

Órádh mo chpoirdhe my own King George,
I'll toss off his health in a bumper at large,
By the Cross of Saint Patrick he's so very civil,
That the French and the Spaniards may go to the Devil.

However ludicrous this Irish attempt at English versification may appear, yet the sentiment which it endeavours to convey is one that deserves the serious attention of our rulers.

¹ THE EXPULSION OF SHANE BUI.

A sensible Scotch writer used to say, that if the composition of the songs of a country were left to him, he cared not who made its laws. Hence Lord Wharton boasted, that he rhymed King James out of Ireland by the old Williamite ballad Lilliburlero: and Bishop Percy noticing that song in his Reliques of ancient English poetry, (where, by the bye, within the compass of a few lines, this Christian Divine found room for the hacknied terms “ furious papist, bigotted master, violence of his administration,” &c.) quotes his brother prelate, Bishop King, to shew that it “ contributed not a little to the great revolution of 1688!” The effects, real or fancied, thus

ascribed to these droggrel rhymes, (which were written by the author of the “ Irish Hudibras,”) may enable the reader to form an idea of the influence which our Jacobite songs must have had on the people of Ireland. Clothed in the language of the Country, which was always regarded and still is cherished with national enthusiasm, and addressed to the religious and political feelings of the multitude, these songs helped, in no small degree, to counteract the effects even of the penal laws. They were transmitted from sire to son, and imprinted on the memory with nearly the same degree of reverence as the doctrines of Christianity. Hence the Catholics and Protestants were as much separated and prejudiced against each other in Ireland, as were the Israelites and Egyptians in Egypt, under the rule of Pharaoh.

The present song, which promised the expulsion of the sasanagh Shane Bui, was, for that reason, a general favourite. It is said to have been composed by Ellen Quilty, a fair Munster Lady, but this was probably a nom-de-guerre, assumed by some bard to avoid detection.

¹ JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

Josephus, in the seventh book of the Jewish war, relates, that after the profanation of the Temple of Jerusalem by the Romans, the voices of Guardian Angels were heard in the dead of the night, crying out through its inmost recesses, Μίταςανημα, Ερτισθ, “ let us depart hence.”—So, in the seventeenth century, when Ireland was subdued, more by clerical cabal and treachery, than by the arms of Cromwell, a similar cry was heard throughout the devoted land, from the brave, betrayed, and deserted Irish leaders, who until then had been the guardian spirits of the country. One of these was Colonel John O'Dwyer, a distinguished officer who commanded in the Counties of Waterford and Tipperary, in 1651, and soon after

embarked at the former port with 500 of his faithful followers for Spain.—*Original Irish Privy Council Book*, 1651—4. On the occasion of his departure the present fine ode was composed, and it has ever since continued a general favourite, being well known in every part of Ireland. The air is an excellent specimen of our plaintive music. The opening of the first stanza describes the peaceable state of the country before the troubles, when a portentous calm prevailed, like the silence of death, or the awful stillness which generally precedes a hurricane, or the bursting of a volcano. The remainder of the stanza alludes to the ravages of the war. By the woman mourning over her geese, was meant Ireland lamenting her exiles, who were called *Seidh pi**ñ**dhñn* “ wild geese,” because, like these birds “they flocked together in concert,” and made their annual emigration for foreign shores. The cutting down of the woods indicated the downfall of the ancient families. By the playful goat, mentioned in the second stanza, I should suppose was meant some Irish nobleman or leader, or probably, the lascivious exiled King himself, Charles II.

The description of the havoc by the enemy, and the desolation of the country, is throughout conceived in a high strain of poetical feeling.

At the period to which this poem relates, the animosity of the English against their Irish fellow subjects had reached its greatest height. Before this time horrible acts of atrocity are, no doubt, recorded, but they were in general local, or confined for the most part to individual tyranny; but never until now was the whole population of England simultaneously arrayed in deadly enmity against the Irish. A plan was proposed in the English Cabinet, dooming “the entire Irish race to exile or death, and Colonizing the Country with Jews. It was not humanity which checked this plan, but an apprehension that the chosen people of God would rival in commerce their Christian colleagues.”—*Russell's Letters by Duhigg*. This national frenzy was gradually and artfully excited by a few

designing men, who afterwards richly profited by this madness of the many. Amongst other matters they represented the Irish as not entitled to the common rights of humanity; that, in fact, like Nebuchodonozor, they partook of the nature of the beasts of the field, having natural hoofs and horns like their master, the devil; and that a tail was no uncommon appendage to an Irishman's breech. The present generation will hardly believe, that stories like these were then received with implicit credit in England. In the poem of Hudibras we are told that

—tails by nature sure were meant
As well as beards, for ornament.

To this passage there occurs, in Nash's edition of that poem, the following note. "At Cashel, in the County of Tipperary, in Carrick Patrick church, (the cathedral on the rock of Cashel,) stormed by Lord Inchiquin in the civil wars, there were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the Mayor's wife and his son. Among the slain of the Irish were found, when stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. Forty soldiers, who were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon their oaths."—It is to be regretted that the names of these forty eye-witnesses were not given, as it is not unlikely but some of them might be traced among the famous ghost depositions of 1641, now carefully preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. Their evidence, however, with respect to the tails had all the effect that was proposed. It was as firmly believed by the vulgar English of that day, as Johanna Southcot's Shiloh is expected by many of the same class at the present. Accordingly in the very year (1647) in which Cashel was stormed, a book was published in London, which ran through several editions, recommending the indiscriminate murder of the Irish, without mercy. The following extract from this horrid book has few parallels among the most sanguinary records of mankind.—"These Irish, anciently called *Anthropophagi*,

man-eaters: have a tradition among them, that when the Devill shewed our Saviour all the Kingdomes of the Earth and their glory, that he would not shew him *Ireland*, but reserved it for himself: it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox foresaw that it would eclipse the glory of all the rest: he thought it wisdom to keep it for a Boggards for himself, and all his unclean spirits employed in this Hemisphere, and the people, to doe his son and heire, I mean the Pope, that service for which *Lewis* the eleventh kept his barber *Oliver*, which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are the very offall of men, Dregges of mankind, reproache of Christendome, the Bots that crawle on the Beasts taile. I wonder *Rome* itself is not ashamed of them.

"I begge upon my hands and knees, that the expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our soul-diery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us: and cursed be he that shall doe that work of the Lord negligently! *Cursed be he that holdeth back his sword from blood!!!* yea, *Cursed be he that maketh not his sword starke drunk with Irish blood!!!* that doth not recompense them double for their hellish treachery to the English! *that maketh them not heaps upon heaps!! and their Country a dwelling-place for Dragons, an astonishment to Nations!* Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them! and *let him be accursed, that curseth them not bitterly!!!*"

Within less than two years after this worse than Turkish manifesto, Cromwell landed in Ireland, with 10,000 men, all breathing slaughter. They soon made their swords "starke drunk with Irish blood," and the awful results have been well described by our Bards.

As a relief from this appalling subject, I turn to our poem, of which I present the Irish reader with an additional stanza. There are many inferior verses current as part of it, but the following are, perhaps, among the best.—

Ó'sleáinn-ri zeinidhe, le mnáibh brieáigh 'ná fínne,
 'T ní feárrí 'ná tairi do thinniúinn, le bárrairibh mo téairi,
 Córóinn ariamh ná tseallinn, ní dhealaindibh me dhe chruinn-
 neáir,

Acht léigearann do gilleadh tarri dhúchadh air an bh-féar.—
 'Fhoig ó tá mé ag imtheaccht, 't zan n-dán dalmhára gilleadh,
 Mo dhá zílachairisín oimich, fáifeadh me a'm dheáigh,
 Táid mnáibh agus leinbh ag éad agus ann iomadh,
 Fáifeadh me-ri an t-áeilz air an lit aodh féin.

¹ BESIDE THE SUIR.

This fine River has been the theme of many a song. In the present allegorical poem the genius of Ireland appears on its banks, predicting “in sweet accents” the coming of the

—“hero, to sweep from the coast
 The ruthless, false-hearted heretical host.”

No liberal, or well informed Protestant of the present day can be surprised at these strong expressions of the past, if he call to his recollection the cruel persecutions which the Irish suffered, and the sweeping confiscations of their estates since the days of Elizabeth. Until a recent period, arms and penal laws were the principal instruments of the Reformation in Ireland. With us it literally became the “holy faith of Pike and Gun.” Is it then to be wondered at that this faith made no progress in Ireland, or that the people have expressed themselves of it and its professors in the language of our poem? Respect for the sacred name of religion and its ministers, of whatever denomination, here prevents serious developments,

from original documents, on this subject, which would fully justify these expressions, and shew that they were not the result of bigotry, but were wrung from an oppressed and persecuted people. No such feeling, however, exists towards the unprincipled legislature that left these defenceless victims bound and prostrate at the mercy of their fanatical foes. The “ferocious” laws against the Catholics of Ireland, so strikingly resemble those imposed by the Mahomedan Caliph Omar, on the Christians of Jerusalem, when he captured that city in 637, that, if the spirit of persecution were not always the same, it might be supposed that the Irish Parliament had the Moslem restrictions in view, when framing those laws.—See the History of the Turks for the following Articles, and the History of the Irish penal laws for more copious comments.

1st. “That the *Christians* (Hibernicè *Catholics*) shall build no new churches, and that *Moslems* (Hib. *Protestants*) shall be admitted into them at all times.”

[See the Irish Statute Book for similar restrictions.—The writer has frequently conversed with old people who attended the celebration of Divine Service, amid the ruins of monasteries and in lonely vallies and subterraneous caverns; and during its performance, it was usual to place a watch on the next adjoining eminence, to give warning of the approach of the Priest and Mass-hunters.]

2nd. “They shall not prevent their children or friends from professing *Islamism* (Hib. *Protestantism*) or read the *Koran* (Hib. *Bible*) themselves.”

[Even in the present year, 1827, a hot persecution is being carried on by high church landlords in many parts of Ireland, against the poor tenants, for not sending their children to Protestant schools.—As to reading in any shape, the Catholics were effectually deprived of that advantage, for all education was denied them.—See the several Acts against Popish schoolmasters.]

3rd. "They shall erect no crosses on their *churches* (Hib. *chapels*) and only toll, not ring their bells."

[See the Irish Statute Book.—Crosses erected on Catholic chapels in Ireland have been repeatedly prostrated according to law.—As to *ringing* or *tolling* bells, either was early prohibited, and wholly unknown until of late years.]

4th. "They shall not wear the Arab-dress, ride upon saddles, &c."

[The *dress* (Hib. *rags*) of the lower orders, (or according to their own phrase "the poor slaves") in Ireland, has become proverbial for its wretchedness. Their motly, and miserable appearance in this respect, once induced a witty foreigner to ask, if the English had not sent over all their old clothes to be worn by the Irish.—No Catholic dare ride a horse worth £5., and as for a *saddle*, that luxury was so rarely enjoyed, that its prohibition was considered altogether useless.]

5th. "They shall pay the highest deference to the *Mussulmans* (Hib. *Protestants*) and entertain all travellers for three days gratis."

[As for Catholic *deference* to Protestants generally, from a single example *dico omnia*.—In the town of Galway, the great majority of the Inhabitants was always Catholic, yet not one of them durst enter an open public building there, called the Exchange, with his hat on; nay more, while in it, he should remain uncovered, in the presence of his bonneted Protestant neighbour, as an acknowledgement of his *deference* to him, and of his respect for the "glorious" constitution. This degrading observance was strictly enforced, until James Daly (the grandfather of the present member of the name for that county, and who was himself a Protestant gentleman of considerable influence in the town,) put an end to it, about the commencement of the last reign. He walked arm in arm,

through the forbidden building, with a Catholic, who he insisted should be covered, at the same time declaring his determination to punish any insolent bigot, who, for the future, should attempt to enforce the above humiliating mark of distinction. The spirited conduct of that gentleman, on this occasion, secured for him and his descendants the corporate influence in the town, and the parliamentary representation of the county; and even to this day it is remembered by the Catholics with feelings of gratitude.—The remainder of the Moslem article is inapplicable, for it was never necessary to enforce *hospitality* in Ireland, where even the poorest of the poor willingly share their little store with the travelling stranger and the distressed. But the tyranny exercised in this respect over such Catholics as were *suffered* to reside in corporate towns, is worthy of remark. They were almost exclusively forced, under the *bilitting* regulations, to *entertain* the military, and it may be added *gratis*, for the pretended remuneration allowed them, generally proved nominal.]

- 6th. "They shall not sell wine or any intoxicating liquor."—
7th. "They shall pay a capitation tax, of two dinars each, submit to an annual tribute, and become subjects of the caliph."

Comment on these last, and only remaining articles, is omitted, to introduce the concessions made by the Mahomedan Chief, in return for the above restrictions.—"The Christians shall be protected and secured both in their laws and fortunes; and their churches shall neither be pulled down or made use of by any but themselves."—In vain do we seek for concessions like these to the unfortunate Irish Catholics. Such lenity was too much for them even to expect at the hands of their fellow Christians, and they were content, if barely suffered to exist. May it not therefore be asserted, that the Moslem rulers of the seventh century, have been more observant of the

dictates of justice and humanity, and approached nearer in their practice to the divine maxims of the Christian faith, than the Irish Parliament of the eighteenth. The remainder of this appalling picture is left to the imagination of the reader :—but it should never be forgotten that the Christian of Jerusalem, in imitation of his Divine Master, freely forgave his enemies and prayed for them. To the Irish Catholic we would say, “ Go thou and do likewise.”—The day of persecution has gone by, and a hope remains (notwithstanding some *chimerical* reformation endeavours now in progress,) that the mild spirit of the gospel may at length revisit this island, and that the people of all religious denominations, without distinction of sect or party, may finally forget their differences, and cordially unite in promoting the prosperity of the Country, and upholding the glory of the Empire.

To return to our poem, I find it was composed by Owen O’Sullivan, a Munster bard, who died at Knockanure, in the County of Kerry, about the year 1784. He has indulged much in compound epithets of which the Irish language is so capable, but of which it was found impossible to convey any idea in an English version. This may account to the reader for the apparent disproportion in length between the translation and the original.

ON THE DOWNFALL OF THE GAEL.

¹ Fearflatha O’Gnive, the author of this ode, was family *Ollamh*, or poet laureat of the O’Nials of Claneboy, and he formed one of the train of the celebrated Shane a Diomas, (or the proud) O’Nial, prince of Ulster, who visited the court of Elizabeth, in 1562. Camden describes O’Nial’s appearance on that occasion, and tells us, “ the Londoners marvelled much at the strange sight.” He was attended by Mac Sweeny the

Captain of his guard, Mac Caffry his hereditary standard bearer, O'Gallagher his Marshal, O'Gnive his poet, and several other officers. The O'Gnives continued hereditary poets of Tyrone for a long period. In 1679, Lhuyd mentions the then bard of the name, from whom he informs us, he acquired an ancient Irish writing.—*Stowe Cat. Vol. 1, p. 39.*—In O'Conor's Dissertations will be found an English prose translation of part of the present poem. The original was addressed principally to the Native Chieftains, whose tottering and degraded state, and horrible persecutions during the reign of Elizabeth, are so powerfully portrayed. O'Gnive may be considered as the Tyrtæus not only of Ulster, but of Ireland. His poems, particularly the present, had no small influence in exciting O'Nial to carry fire and sword through the North, and rousing the ancient Irish nobility to arms against their oppressors in the other parts of the kingdom.

* “ *The word went forth.*”——

The proclamations of the Lord Justice Sussex, in 1563, against the Catholic Clergy, and to compel the people, under heavy fines, to frequent the new reformation service, are here alluded to. Of all the measures ever adopted, and there were many, to alienate the minds of the Irish from the English government, this pious solicitude for the safety of their souls, always proved the most effectual. Our ancestors, it seems, wished to go to heaven their own way, but that would not be permitted. The queen declared herself paramount over the souls of the Irish as well as their bodies, and this prerogative has been since stiffly maintained, formerly by the sword, and afterwards by penal laws, even to the present day. In the commencement of the reign of James the first, the principal charge brought against a refractory Irishman in Cork was, that “ he swore an othe not to be governed by any Kinge, but such as should give him the libertie of his conscience.”—*Orig. MS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.*

“An hour may come.”—

So odious did the settlers render themselves on every occasion to the Irish, that, in process of time, all distinction was lost between an Englishman and an enemy. In fact the terms became synonymous. The people exulted in the misfortunes of England, and its destruction, or downfall, was always looked forward to with a hope which consoled them under every affliction. This forced, but justifiable feeling, was carefully kept alive by the bards. The following stanza, is one out of thousands which might be produced to that effect.—

Do chreastairim an gáéidil i fthíobh an gáelach mór gusal,
Ailghearrann, Téadair, ’t an mhéid éin a bhíodh nár b-peirte;
Tá an ceanncheadair nár feir, agus feuch an tróidhe mór tár,
A’r nár Tácaílánach fén do b-peirdír zo fuainghdóir bárt.

The world subdued—like chaff before the blast
The host of Cæsar—Alexander—past,—
Proud Tarah’s site is green—and Troy’s in dust,
And England’s hour may come—remembering, trust.

*“The plough hath passed each hallowed mound,
Where sages weighed a nation’s right.”*

This passage is explained by the following extract, taken from an Irish Privy Council Book of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in Dublin Castle.—“ Articles betwixt the Counsell of Ireland and Sir John O’Reyley, knt. of the co. of Cavan, commonly called the Breney, alias O’Reilie’s countrie, the 28th of Aug. in the 25th year of the Queen’s reign.—Item, he shall not assemble the Queen’s people upon hills, or use any Iraghtes or parles upon hills.—He shall not keepe any Irish Brahons, or suffer the Irish Brahon’s lawes to be used within his countrie.—He shall not take Earyckes or recompences for murther or killinge, or suffer any other under him to take the like.—He

shall not give comberick to any gent. or Lordes' men, children or brethern that shall happen to offend against the Queen's lawes.—He shall not levy any black rent.—He shall not use, ne keepe within his house, any Irishe Barde, Carroghe or Rymor, but to the uttermost of his power help to remove them from his countrie.”—*From the orig. MS. A. D. 1584.*

5 “ *Tis England all.*”——

A century after this period, Lawrence boasted, that Ireland might be called west England. The statement was, however, fallacious. It is not so yet, and unless the policy materially change, ages may roll round before it can be so. Ireland has been rendered a paralyzed limb on the empire, but sufficient nerve remains, by which, in some frenzied or convulsive moment, it may inflict a sudden and deadly wound on the body which it ought to protect, support, and adorn. May this awful truth sink deep in the minds of those who have it yet in their power to avert so dreadful a retribution.

“ *Banba no more her sons can trace
In failing heart and feeble hand.*”

The atrocities committed by the English in Ireland, in the reign of Elizabeth, are frequently alluded to by our bards and historians, but the descriptions in most are too general, because the acts were too numerous to admit of particular detail. “ When,” says our distinguished countryman, Curran, (whose talented Son’s translations enrich these volumes,) “ you endeavour to convey an idea of a great number of barbarians, practising a great variety of cruelties upon an incalculable multitude of sufferers, nothing defined or specific finds its way to the heart, nor is any sentiment excited save that of a general erratic unappropriated commiseration.” For the purpose therefore of conveying a definite idea of the actions, described in general terms in our poem, a single instance out of many which might be collected, may suffice.—

Francis Cosby, a person of slender fortune in England, betook himself to Ireland as an adventurer, in the reign of Queen Mary. He directed his course to the territory of Leix, recently converted into Shire-ground by the name of the Queen's County, and the scene of the horrid massacre of Mullamast. Having recommended himself to the attention of the chief governor, he was, by patent dated 10 Sept. 1558, appointed "general" of the "Kerne," as the then police was called, after the ancient Irish foot-soldiers. Of these, "General" Cosby had 32 under his immediate command, and with their assistance, he performed prodigies of valour against the defenceless natives, on whom he was authorized to exercise Martial law, and inflict capital punishment, at pleasure. The gallows became his favourite implement of death, as the cheapest mode of despatching the surrounding proprietary, and he, accordingly, had one erected near his house in the neighbourhood of Stradbally Abbey, upon a spot, to this day called Gallows-hill. Here he kept up a continual scene of execution for many years, hanging the people in numbers, and not unfrequently suspending them alive in chains, with loaves of bread placed before them, in order to render their death more painful. These necessary severities, as they were called, became a sure passport to the further favourable notice of government; and Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy, in his State papers, reported, that it was needless to make Leix Shire-ground, so great and successful was the care of Francis Cosby and some others, in preserving the public tranquillity; but the Deputy might have added, in the quaint pedantry of his day, *ubi solitudinem faciunt tranquillitatem appellant*. The tranquillizer, however, was richly rewarded for his "zeal and services against the Irish," by several grants of lands in the new Shire-ground, made to him and his wife, Elizabeth Palmes, by the Queen. Having reached the age of 70 years, he was at length slain by the natives, in a battle of which Camden gives the following account, in his life of Queen Elizabeth.—"When Arthur,

Lord Grey, landed in Ireland to take possession of the lieutenancy, before he received the sword and other insignia of his office, hearing that some rebels, under the command of Fitz-Eustace and Phelim Mac Hugh, prince of the numerous family of the O'Birnes, were committing great outrages and had their retreat at Glandillough, 25 miles south of Dublin, to strike greater terror by a vigorous beginning, he commanded the leaders of the band, who came from every quarter to salute him on his arrival, to collect a body of troops, and go along with him against the rebels, who immediately retreated into Glandillough. Glandillough is a grassy valley, fit for feeding sheep, but a great part of it marshy, with many rocky precipices and surrounded with thick shrubby woods, so that the paths and passes are scarce known even to the inhabitants. When the army came to this place, Cosby, general of the light Irish foot, which are called Kernes, who was thoroughly acquainted with the place, apprised the rest of the leaders how very dangerous it would be to attack them in that valley, so fit for ambuscades; nevertheless he expected them with the most manly courage to dare the danger, and immediately, although he was above 70 years old, rushed forward with the rest of them. The instant they entered the valley they were overwhelmed with a shower of arrows like hail, from the rebels, who were hid in every side among the thickets, so that they could not even see them. The greater part fell, and the remainder struggling through the most difficult paths on the precipices, with difficulty escaped to the Lord-lieutenant, who waited for the event on the top of the hill, together with the Earl of Kildare, and Wingfield, engineer general, who, well knowing the danger, kept one of his nephews, George Carew with him, against his will, reserving him for still greater honors. There were lost in this attack, Peter Carew the younger, George Moore, Audley, and Cosby himself, a man flourishing in military glory."

Francis Cosby left three sons, Henry who died in England,

Arnold who was executed in 1590, for killing Lord Bourke of Castleconnell, and Alexander* who succeeded his father and trod in his footsteps, but particularly in his mode of tranquillizing the Irish. Tradition relates, that he used to hang them in groups, on a large willow tree, near the Abbey of Stradbally; and he is said to have had a common expression, that his Sallow appeared melancholy and unfurnished, whenever it was without one or more of the Irish hanging on its boughs. This circumstance gave rise to the surname *Soileoge*, or, of the Sallow, which the country, through reproach, bestowed on him and his descendants. For these and other acts of "necessary severity," he was at length obliged to sue out a pardon, or patent of Indemnity, which is dated the 6th of Dec. 1593. This was one of the legal indulgences for crime, which were readily obtained, at small pecuniary fines, for the most atrocious acts against the Irish; but for offences, even of a trivial nature against the English, it was both difficult and expensive to procure them. Not long after, however, Alexander Cosby fell in battle, and like his father was suddenly summoned to account before another tribunal. In the year 1596, Owny Mac Rory O'More, Chieftain of Leix, demanded a passage for his men over Stradbally bridge, and the request, being considered as a formal challenge to fight, was refused. On the 19th of May, Cosby hearing that the O'Mores were on the march, headed his kerne, and proceeded to defend the bridge, taking with him his eldest son Francis, who was married a year before to Helena Harpole of Shrude, by whom he had a son, William, born but nine weeks before this fatal battle of the bridge. Dorcas Sydney, (for she would never allow herself to be called Cosby,) and her daughter-in-law, placed themselves at a

* He married Dorcas Sydney, a relation of the Lord Deputy, and so numerous were the grants of land obtained by him and his Father, from the 28th of Feb. 1562, when the latter got the suppressed religious house of Stradballye, that they at one time possessed half the Queen's County and a Township over.—*This narrative is taken from an orig. M.S. of the late Admiral Cosby.*

window of the abbey to see the fight, and for some time beheld their husbands bravely maintaining their ground. At length Alexander Cosby, as he was pressing forward, was shot, and dropped down dead. Upon this his kerne with melancholy and mournful outcries began to give way; and Francis Cosby the son, apprehensive of being abandoned, endeavoured to save himself by leaping over the bridge, but the moment he cleared the battlements he was also shot, and fell dead into the river. This, as might be supposed, must have been a shocking scene to the widowed ladies, who beheld the entire from the Abbey; yet it is recorded, that Helena Cosby, with the coolest presence of mind, addressed herself to Dorcas Sydney, saying, "Remember, mother, that my father was shot before my husband, and therefore the latter was the legal possessor of the estate, and consequently I am entitled to my thirds or dowry." The Cosby party being entirely routed, O'More ransacked the Abbey, but conveyed the infant and widows to a place of safety. Queen Elizabeth granted pensions to the latter in consequence of their husband's laudable services, and the O'Mores having been declared traitors, their estates were confiscated. The feuds, however, between them and the Cosbys still raged with violence. The infant having died, Richard Cosby succeeded to the Estate, and became leader of the kerne. Eager to revenge the deaths of his father and brother, he challenged the O'Mores to fight a pitched battle. They met in 1606, in the glen of Aghnahely, under the rock of Dunamase, and the engagement was the most bloody ever fought between these rivals. After a long and doubtful conflict, fortune declared in favor of Cosby. The O'Mores were defeated with considerable loss, and seventeen of the principal of the clan lay dead on the field. The revolutions of the seventeenth century completed the destruction of the O'Mores, but confirmed the Cosby family in its possessions.

The foregoing is a single picture, intended to convey an idea of the general practices of the English in Ireland, and of the

sanguinary struggles which subsisted between them and the natives, in every part of the Island, for centuries. The Cosbies fought bravely in defence of the possessions they acquired, and, so far, they deserved them; but other settlers resorted to very different modes of aggrandizement, in this ill-fated land of adventure. Amongst these, Richard Boyle, better known by the name of the "great earl of Cork," stands eminently conspicuous. From an obscure adventurer, this man gradually became the most powerful individual in Ireland, and it is related, that Cromwell, a kindred spirit, when he visited Munster, declared that if there had been an earl of Cork in each of the provinces, there would have been no rebellion; perhaps, it might be added, because there would have been but few or none left to complain. The world is already acquainted with Boyle's story, or with such parts of it as his partial biographers, or eulogists rather, thought proper to communicate; but his true character has been studiously concealed. The following extract from a letter* written by him from his mansion at Youghal, to the Earl of Warwick, on 25th Feb. 1641, may serve, for so much, to shew him in his true colours.—"But to return to Ireland wherein my fortune lyes, *and wherein I have eaten the most parte of my bread for these last 54 years*, and have made it a great parte of my study to understand this kingdome and people, in their owne true essence and natures; I doe beseech your lordshipp, beleieve this great truth from me, that there is not many, (nay I may more truely say,) very few or none, that is a native of Ireland, and of the Romish religion, but he is either publicquely in this action, or privately in his heart, an assistant or welwisher unto it, for this rebellion hath infected all of them, and the contagion, thereof, is dispersed throughout the kingdome, and as the poyson is generall, soe hath his majesty and the parliament a fitt opportunitie offered them, for these their treasons *to roote the popish partie of the natives out*

* Preserved in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

of the kingdome, and to plant it with English protestants, for soe long as English and Irish Protestants and Papists live heer, intermingled together, wee can never have firme and assured peace, and his Majestie may now justly interest himselfe in all their lands and confiscations, and have roome enough to plant this kingdome with new English, which will raise him a great revenue, and secure the kingdome to the crowne of England, which it will never be so long as these Irish papists have any land here, or are suffered to live therex. For admitt, there be but now 200,000 Irish papists in actual rebellion, which I conceive to be the least number that they are, it must not be the worke of a second conquest, to proceed slowly and sparingly, but roundly and really with plentiful provisions of all kynde to support a warre, I assure your lordship it infinitely comforts all us good subjects, that his Majesty hath been graciously pleased, now at the last, to issue proclamations from thence, whereby the rebels, with their abbettors, adherents and releivers, are proclaimed Traytors; and yf it would please his Majesty, with assent of parliament, to cause an Act presently to be passed there, to attainte them all of high treason and to confiscate their lands and estates, to the Crowne, it would utterly dishearten them, and encourage the English to serve couragiously agaist them, in hope to be settled in the lands of them they shall kill or otherwise destroy. Yf your lordshipp thiake it fitt to communicate this, my undigested proposition, to Mr. Pym, Mr. Hambden, Mr. Strowde, and such other prime and active men of the house of Commons as you shall thinke fittest, and that your lordshipp and they doe relish it, I would gladly upon notice thereof, yf soe required, reduce my conceipts herein, to a more perfect declaration and exacter method."—Such was the horrible proposition of this hoary monster, not the destruction of a single clan or district, as was afterwards carried into execution in Scotland, but the indiscriminate extirpation of an entire people, among whom he "had eaten the most part of his

bread for 54 years!" Oh! calumniated Prince of Orange, comparatively pusillanimous exterminator, who, after this, will think thee worth noticing as the pigmy murderer of Glenco? It is time that posterity should do justice, and that the memory of this infamous earl should, at length, be consigned to the eternal immittigable execration of mankind. It avails but little as to his exculpation, that the hideous project was not then realized. In England it was unattended to, because there they were otherwise employed. In Ireland, however, he pressed it on the Lord's justices, and they, particularly, the notorious Parsons, proceeded far towards carrying it into execution. This appears from a letter of the latter to the execrable proposer, dated, Dublin, 20th June, 1643, wherein he tells him, "*I am of your mind that a thorow destruction must be made, before we can settle upon a safe peace. I pray you spare none, but indict all of quality or estate. We have done so hereabouts to many thousands, and have already executed some.*"*—I shall add no more. The soul sickens at these dreadful recitals, which not even the sanguinary archives of the Turk can equal. Sufficient, however, has been given to shew, that there was abundant cause for the feelings and expressions of the Minstrels, who mourned over the afflictions of their native land.

The Reformation, and its offspring, the Gunpowder Plot, were sources of innumerable evils to Ireland. The latter, particularly, arrayed the people against each other, and originated those violent feelings of hatred and animosity in the Protestant mind, against the Catholics, which, even yet, are not entirely allayed. But that this was a Protestant and not a Popish plot, few well informed persons of the present day entertain the slightest doubt. From a careful inspection of *all the original documents* connected with this dark transaction, preserved in the State Paper Office, London, and without reference to any

* This Letter is also preserved in the same Library.

other source or circumstance whatever, I do declare it to be my solemn conviction that the entire was planned and conducted, from beginning to end, by Cecil, Secretary of State to James the first. I do not intend here to enter into the particulars which led me to this conclusion, nor, indeed, is this the place for so doing. One only document, therefore, I shall notice, and that is the official report drawn up by Levinus Moncke, and throughout corrected by his master the Secretary, in his own hand-writing.* When perusing this elaborate statement, it appeared to me, that certain passages could not have been expunged, or particular interlined amendments made by Cecil, if he had not been well acquainted with the plot before the delivery of the letter to Lord Monteagle. If Doctor Lingard, perhaps the ablest of England's Historians, had personally inspected these papers, he probably would have been more decided in his account of this horrid Anti-Catholic conspiracy.

In concluding the few desultory observations, which have been considered necessary to explain some passages in the present part of this collection, I may be permitted to add, that they were undertaken with reluctance, and are ended without regret. Ungrateful, indeed, must have been the task, to turn over the crimsoned annals of a people, whose calamities have classed them amongst the most persecuted of mankind. One great consolation, however, was afforded, by the reflection that the day of persecution has passed away; that the children of the tyrant and the slave, the oppressor and the oppressed, now mingle, without distinction, in the great mass of society; and

* Another paper, in the hand-writing of the King, (directing certain queries to be put to John Johnson, alias Guy Fawkes,) deserves attention, as a curious record of the cruelty and pedantry of that weak and worthless Monarch. It thus concludes, "If he will not otherwise confess, the gentler tortures are to be first applied unto him, et sic, per gradus, ad ima tenditur, and so God speed your good work!"—*From the orig. MS.*

that the angry passions which formerly raged with violence, are generally and rapidly declining. May no untoward circumstance occur to interrupt this happy procedure; and, in the language of one of our modern bards,—

“ **May Erin’s sons, of every caste,
Be Irishmen, from first to last,
Nor name or creed divide them.”**

PART IV.

ODES, ELEGIES, &c.

The Bards of Ireland have displayed a genius worthy of
any age or nation.

James Macpherson.
Dissertation concerning the Poems of Ossian.

ODES, ELEGIES, &c.

— “ paulò majora canamus.”

None of the Northern Nations of Europe can produce such ancient, authentic and valuable poetic remains, as Ireland. The influence which this divine art has ever exercised over the human mind, hath been early felt and long acknowledged in this Island, and even at the present day its force is far from being extinguished. Though the preceding parts of our collection have been chiefly confined to lyric song, particularly of the class usually adapted to music, yet it will be found that the Irish language abounds with productions of native genius, and is rich in every department of poetry, from the pointed epigram, to the majestic epic. That the ancient Irish possessed several heroic poems, before the incursions of the Danes, is manifest from many fragments yet remaining; and, that they had Homer's works, or at least the Books of the Iliad, translated, there is

reason to conclude from extracts, still extant.* This class, however, does not fall within the scope of these few preliminary remarks, as no specimen of that higher order of national poetry is given; but having been incidentally mentioned, it may be permitted to observe, that the best informed and most liberal Scottish writers, seem at length inclined to admit, that Macpherson's long contested "Poems of Ossian," are principally founded on Irish metrical remains, which, like our music, had long been common to both countries, until exclusively claimed by Scotland in the last century. The names of the persons and places contained in these elegant productions, and the scenery which they throughout describe, clearly indicate the country of their origin. In Ireland they have been recited and sung for centuries, under the general name of *Finian* poems, *Fin*, (father of the bard *Oisin*, the *Fingal* of Macpherson's *Ossian*,) being the principal hero; and not only are they repeated, from memory,

* Our countryman, Scotus, translated Dionysius the Areopagite from Greek, in the eighth century.—*Usher, Sylloge*.—In a large Irish Medical treatise, written on vellum, and bearing the date, 1303, in the writer's collection of Irish MSS. Homer's beautiful description of the rising morn, "Ημος δ'ηργηται Φωτη 'ρεδοδακτυλος Ηνιε, is thus translated—Ար շելծ-բհլոյչածի ու շոմհևորձի տնշեռն իօր-մհեմընձի ու տևիծու—I have somewhere found the well known line, Βῃ δ' ακινη ταξι Ծիւ տուսիլուս-Յու Ձալասուց, not inadequately rendered—Մինհակի թէ Յու շնոր Հիր շինմիհայ ու բհրիզե տորդոնձի քրոմ.—There is also in the same collection an old mutilated copy of a translation of the works of Theocritus, with the exception of a few of the latter Idylliums, into Irish verse. The curious medical volume alluded to, was purchased by Garret earl of Kildare, in 1500, he being then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for 20 live cows.—*Memorand. in librō*.

by the people in various parts of the country, but they are also found in numerous manuscripts of considerable antiquity.

But the honorable task of illustrating these national poems, and of developing their beauties, seems reserved for some favoured individual in whom the genius of the Poet shall be combined with a knowledge of the antiquities and languages of these islands. From one possessing those requisites much may be anticipated. He will be enabled to dispel the mist in which these relics have been so long enveloped, and point out the native country of the Bard of the West, to the satisfaction of the world. It is not improbable but he may also discover, that the narrative pieces, which resemble so many separate episodes, are but scattered fragments of a regular Epic, which at some remote period was perfect and entire.—In any event, it must be conceded that these heroic remains, stamp a high poetic character on the ancient muse of Ireland.

Her claim, however, to that character does not depend on these alone, nor on any single class of poetical composition. In that, for example, of Historical poetry, which I rank next to the Epic, there are several valuable specimens,* on the more ancient of

* Mr. Pinkerton, in his History of Scotland, Vol. ii. p. 92, bears ample testimony to their high authority. In a letter written by him to the late Bishop Percy, in 1786, (the original now lies before me,) after alluding to the Irish poem, afterwards mentioned in his work, he says, “of all our (i. e. the Scotch,) historical monuments, this is the most ancient, and of the first importance to our early history; and it would be a high favour to the whole Scottish nation, if any

which, our early history mainly depends. With this fact before us, what opinion must we form of those writers of the last century, *Harris, Beauford, Campbell, Ledwick*, and others, to whom the language of these poems was unknown, and yet who dogmatized so magisterially on our national history? It is remarkable that the last of these, in his sceptical volume, never even alludes to Irish poetry. Many fine historical poems have been composed since the Anglo-Norman Invasion, but they are mostly descriptive of the disasters and oppressions of the country, or contain constant allusions to the manifold afflictions, with which it has been visited, since that memorable period. Hence they are generally of a melancholy cast, and present a mixture of Historic truth and elegiac woe, perhaps peculiar to the poetry of this ill-treated land. Several of these poems, which might,

copy of that chronicle," (i. e. the poem,) "could be procured, for O'Flaherty speaks as if different copies were extant. I cannot too earnestly entreat your lordship to use every application to procure so valuable a national record, which all our antiquaries so earnestly wish to see."—These were the " antiquaries," who after impugning every point of Irish History, were at length obliged to resort to Ireland, for documents to support their own.—Pinkerton proceeds. " Depend on it, my Lord, that I am a stranger to that little invidious spirit, which animates most Scottish antiquaries against the antiquities of that noble island, and worthy sister of Britain, in which you now dwell."—*Orig. Letter.*—It were to be wished that this creditable feeling had been more general; but our countrymen may be assured that their early history, poetry and antiquities, have suffered no injury from that " little invidious spirit which animated," not only Scottish but also English writers of almost every class, during the last century, even from the elegant but unfaithful historian, Hume, down to the wretched tourist, Twiss. They were too firmly fixed on the immutable basis of truth to be shaken by assailants whose works are now almost entirely forgotten; while the vestigia veritatis which they assailed, will remain to the end of time, imperishable monuments of the character, genius and learning of ancient Ireland.

with propriety, be termed Political or Historical elegies, are extant. One of the most popular concludes this volume.

Allied to the heroic poem is the *Rosg Catha* or ancient War ode, and of this species of Bardic composition, there are several remnants of uncommon spirit and beauty interspersed throughout our mouldering manuscripts. The sublime, and also what may be termed the lesser, ode, frequently occur; and the names of *Amergin*, *Ferceirtne*, *Torna*, *Dallan*, *Maoilmore* and other bards, who flourished long anterior to the tenth century, are found in our neglected volumes, prefixed to lyrical pieces which would do honor to the literary character of any country. In the department of divine poetry, there are numerous authors, but the sacred odes and hymns of *Donogh O'Daly*, abbot of Boyle in the thirteenth century, merit especial notice. He was the most distinguished Irish poet from the arrival of the English to his own time, and was called the Ovid of Ireland, from the sweetly flowing melody of his verse. Like Prudentius, to whom, however, he was much superior, he confined his muse to sacred subjects, and conveyed the sublime truths and moral maxims of Religion in the fascinating language of poetry.—Many of his hymns, are, to this day, repeated from memory, in several parts of Ireland. Were a comparison to be instituted between him and any English poet, it should be with the celebrated author of the "Night Thoughts," whom, in piety, genius and learning, he appears to have resembled. The publication of the poems of our venerable abbot, would prove an acceptable and valuable present to the Irish people.

In the rich, but imperfectly explored, mine of Irish poetry, which teems with brilliant gems of national genius, the elegiac vein is that most likely to attract and reward attention. The mildly chastened and exquisitely tender specimens of this captivating species of poetry are innumerable. The feelings of a people, broken down by long ages of oppression, and the sweetly expressive language of the land, were alike favourable to the elegiac muse. Hence the manifold compositions of this class, which are met with, in every variety of form, and on every subject, from the melting strains of disappointed love, to the mournful plaint of the patriot bard, lamenting, like Jeremiah, over the fallen fortunes of his country. In tender expression of natural feeling, Irish elegy stands unrivalled. The soliloquy of *Duibhseach*, over the grave of his brother, *Argmhac*, beginning—

‘Teann seipice mo chroíidhe fáidh liag thu Aibhinnhóir !
Ceó glearbhách mo riag thu, a bheanrbhírlachair.

conveys to my mind an idea of desolating grief, which I never felt from any composition, in any other language with which I am acquainted. The exquisite touches of nature in these elegies forcibly display the poetic genius of those noble old bards, whose names are now wrapped up in eternal oblivion. Their language was favourable to their conceptions. It enabled them to pour forth the feelings of their souls, with all the delicacy of pathetic expression, which so peculiarly marks these compositions. Among the elegies contained in the present collection, those of the bard *Mac Liag*, after the fall of his Royal Master,

will be read, with some degree of interest, at least in Ireland. Many of the others will be found to contain no small share of poetic excellence. The soliloquy of *Collins* amid the ruins of Timoleague abbey, has been deservedly admired. It is one of the most pathetic pieces in our language, on the solemn subject which it so feelingly describes; and, in the opinion of some competent judges, is not unworthy of a place near Gray's well known Elegy. The genius of Collins bears a strong resemblance to that of his celebrated English namesake. The Historical elegy, also, with which this volume terminates, contains many beauties, but the author I have not been able to discover. It is entitled "The Vision," and is supposed to have been delivered over the graves of the celebrated O'Nial of Tyrone, and O'Donnell of Tyrconnell, who rendered themselves so formidable to the English Government in the reign of Elizabeth. After a short view of the oppressions which the Irish suffered from the commencement of the Reformation, in the time of Henry the eighth, to the breaking out of the civil commotions in 1641, the poet proceeds more minutely to detail the gallant exploits of his countrymen, and the disastrous occurrences which took place in Ireland after that eventful period. A production so curious and so interesting cannot but command the attention, and awaken the sympathies of the descendants of those whose actions are so well described, and whose fall is so eloquently mourned. The translation of this poem by my gifted young friend Mr. Curran,* will be found true to the spirit and

* The readiness with which this gentleman has contributed his talents to forward

meaning of the original. It is pervaded by the same fervency of national feeling which animated and distinguished the patriot bard.

In the pastoral walk, the remains of our ancient rural poets have been already noticed. In these compositions nature alone was studied, and in her simple and unaffected language they spoke directly to the heart. Some sweet passages of this description will be found throughout these volumes. Here it may be observed that in general these poems abound more in the districts where pastoral life lingered longest, than in the other parts of the Island. With respect to the satiric muse, it is, on the other hand, remarkable that it prevailed chiefly in those parts, which were most exposed to the visitations of the English, or which lay contiguous to the places where they originally settled. *Angus na naor*, or the satirist, and *Teige dall*, cotemporary bards, in the time of Elizabeth, have acquired much celebrity among their countrymen for their talents in this line; and their works,

this work, is entitled to my most grateful acknowledgments. As far as these unassuming pages shall reach, they may connect his name with our native literature, but that name requires not their feeble aid to extend or perpetuate its honors. It is already interwoven with the brightest recollections of Ireland—with those memorable scenes in which his illustrious parent, surrounded by the other bright spirits of the age, contended in the glorious struggle for National independence, and succeeded in restoring their native country to that rank among Nations, from which it had been so long, and so unjustly degraded. The simple expression, therefore, of thanks is the best return in my power to make to Mr. Curran for his generous co-operation, and it may be the most acceptable, when he is assured, that my only inducement for undertaking this work was to rescue even a few of the remnants of our neglected poetry from oblivion.

yet remaining, contain ample proof of their abilities. So bitter were the invectives of the latter bard, that they cost him his life; and the former is said to have been employed by the Queen's agents here, to satirize the principal Irish families, and sow dissensions among them, an unworthy task, to which he prostituted his genius, in an able poem still extant. And here, in conclusion, I cannot but regret, that want of room, and other circumstances, have obliged me to omit not only this, but other excellent poems, originally intended for this publication. Yet I venture to hope, that even the few specimens given, may meet or deserve a favourable reception from the admirer of simple, unaffected nature, and genuine poetical feeling. They will, at least, serve to shew that our neglected bards deserved a better fate than that which they have hitherto experienced; and may, also, perchance, have the effect of stimulating others, to collect and publish their venerable remains, which, if adequately performed, cannot fail to shed a lustre on the literary character of Ireland.

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Mo dhá dháiltéan nír fád níúin
Aíall Theanmhírl, Coirte Chláril eisín,
Ua Éoghdain mhóri mór a rath,
Ua Chunn mairi Chonn cheasadh-chlaethach.
Íabhrac Eirinn, mór a m-brígh,
Fá clomhchoirmhail a c-comh-ghníomh,
Zéir rás tenn Aíall neart n-geille,
Aíor fhlacmh Coirte a ionnugróighe.
Ze do chuaidh zo h-Ullán Ím,
Aíall mairc Ealcháin Muíghimheasdháin ;
Do rachadh Coirte gealach roimh
Munca bheith Aíall ne a gzháidh.
Aosca bh-rascia feadri amháin Aíell,
Aiz ionnugróighe ealcháirann a c-céin ;
Aosca n' rasca feadri mairi Coirte
Ógur lusket ariam tanaid tlaobh-nocht.

TORNA'S LAMENT FOR CORC AND NIAL,**A. D. 423.¹****BY JOHN D'ALTON.**

Oh ! let me think in age
Of years rolled by,
When in the peace of infancy,
Mid all the ties of holy fosterage,²
The future lords of Erin's doom,
With smiles of innocence and unambitious play,
Passed the rapid hours away :
The royal children of my heart and home,
Nial, the heir of hundred-battled Con,
And Corc, of Eogan-more, the not less glorious son.

Years passed, my plumpy eaglets grew,
Their deeds were blazoned far :
O'er many a land with Nial victory flew,
But Corc he never met in war.—

Ψοχής ο' φάσει διαγ το β' φεύρη
 Ή τ-τηρ δο τήπινθ Ειρίον,
 ή κα ζείρε ζάλιζε ζονα
 Cleannasίγη λιγή ελγνομήλ.

Ιγ με Τόρπα ή παριδηιογ μαίνν,
 Μο δά δηλέσαι αν διαγ παριδηιμ,
 Δομ πείρ θηγδιγ ζαλι ία
 Μο δηλα μηλε μο δηλα δηλέσαι.
 Ωο β' λοιβηιν δηληι δο βηειχ γελ
 Ιδιρ Τεληικηιρ ιγ Χλιγιολ,
 Ο Τεληικηιριγ ζο Σλιγιολ εάιν,
 Ο άτη Χλιγιολ ζο Τεληικηιρ.
 Τλη δο βηινν μάρι άον ιγ Φιάιλ
 Μέ δο βηιοδη ήζ γηαριδηι μα η-ζιάιλ,
 Τλη δο βηινν μάρι άον ιγ Σορε,
 ήλα μέ ή chomháileach comhnóirt.
 Ιγ ωιμε δο chuirpinn Φιάιλ
 Δομ' leith δηειρ ήλα chlaoimh αν chikil,
 Ηληρ υλιγιε αν leithe δηειρ, δηιλ,
 Ωο μηλε ήιζη Ειρίον ελχτελιγ.
 Ιγ ωιμε δο chuirpinn Σορε
 Δομ' leith clé πίοη chlaoimhchekl δοχτ,

Albania bowed to Nial's bands,³
His sword has waved o'er foreign lands ;
Yet great as all his glories were,
They had been Corc's—had he been there :—
The eye of heaven ne'er looked on one
 So godlike in the field as Tara's lord,
Save him, the comrade of his youth, alone—
Brave Corc, terrific wielder of the sword.

Twin children of my love ! my memory dwells
 On Erin's proudest deeds and days ;
On all that history tells
And senachies have wove ;
 Yet meet I none who boast your meed of praise,
Twin children of my love.

It is your Torna speaks, how blest was he,
When babes you lisped affection at his knee ;
How yet more blest when in your noon of power,
He shared the splendors of your social hour ;
When fain would Cashel's Corc his steps detain,
And Tarah's Nial wooed him back again.

Yes, it was mine, 'twas Torna's envied lot,
To share the inmost secrets of their thought,

Anár fhoisír! A chuaíp dom' chlarsúidhe
 Do bheith Chuirc 'n A chomhnuáizhe.
 Uch! Zán Coirce uil Eóghainn Áin,
 Uch! Zán Phíall uil Cúinn cónaillín,
 Uch! Zán Phíall Theasúilír a chóir,
 Uch! Zán Coirce ceann-áird Chláiril!
 Do bheirig mo chonra, iñ mo chíall,
 O náclach tairip a n rídh iñ Phíall;
 Do bheirig mo chlarsúidhe iñ mo choirp,
 O náclach tairip a n rídh iñ Coirce.
 Leitch Chuinn rí a chíor iñ rí a chéin,
 Dénig mhic Ealcháin Mhuídhimhealláin;
 Dénig mhic Iarlaítheallach nári Iarlaídh zó,
 Do chuaidh leitch Mózha a mór.

To sit between them.—At one side,
My right, was Nial throned, the seat of pride ;
Nor less my left by Cashel's king was graced,
Pulse of my heart ! well wert thou next it placed.

Sons of the brave our day is gone,
Our destiny is spoken,
A stranger rules on Cashel's rock,
Another sits on Tara's throne ;
Leath Cuin—Leath Mogha pour the funeral strain,
And I a weary hour of woe remain.
In Nial's fall my reason felt the shock,
But oh ! when Corc expired—my heart was broken.

ΔΟ ΑΘΩΗ ΜΑΣ ΔΙΑΣΤΗ.

Δικιλην Τορζαλιλ πό εχαν.

Διοδή γυντσελην τελι τέιζη,
Con τελζα λ τειλε ;
Πεκβηθονν λ πελη πεκβεελ
Διρ δ-πεκβη 'γ λη ππιλε ;

Βειράμυνε λ εχμυτε δειν
Ταρι ζάλη γριονν-γριυτε βη-γιαλ ;
Μο χελη, τηύη ζάλη τηιλιτη,
Μο τζιλη τζεό τειλε.

Τζιλη βημελε, βημερηλ, βημεόν ;
Ζειρελδη βιοδηβηλ λ βημαλη ;
Τειλη εχόμηδειζηε εχλοίμη
Δελη λε Διοδη μας διαλε.

Βέλριτη ληρ Μηλε διαλε
Πε n-δολ ποη εχλοί,
Τειλη εχόμηδειζηε εχλοίμη,
Σεοιν ληρ μαζη Διοδη.

DALLAN FORGAILL'S ODE TO AODH,
SON OF DUACH.

A. D. 580.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Bounteous and mighty Aodh ! whose potent shield
Glares like a fatal star upon the field—
Fierce as the stooping hawk or following hound,
Resistless as the ocean billows bound—
Thy shield I sing—the warrior's best relief—
Avenger of the fall of sept and chief ;
Brighter than foam that shrouds the bursting wave,
That glorious shield, that heroes, monarchs crave,
Renowned o'er all that warlike arm may wield
Amid the failing ranks ! dread, speckled shield ;
That guardian shield where Duach's son uprears,
Awe struck, the daring heart no longer dares.
Oh, would the prince our bardic spell requite
With that proud shield—dread portent of the fight;
Aodh's glorious name through Erin's plains should ring,
While Dallan's hand could wake the trembling string.

ծ ծ ծ ս ւ թ ի շ ի օ լ լ ա, ր շ ւ ա ւ հ ա օ ծ ա.

Dalán Fionnail ní chän.

Ծանհցիոլլա ծո տհարյե էօ բրարյե,
Ան թօւշե դռարյե ;
Ծո ծիւն ծաւոն ծ'թօրհ հըւսնուն,
Ծ'Ասծի ծո շիւոն Կամհե զկարյե.

Ան ուժի տոնուած է ծանրիւագծի,
Ան եօր շւկան ծայր շրկածիւնի ;
Եթե սու քո և լաւագուածի,
Մրկաց և Յ-օմա քո բաօծիւած.

Եթե շնորհ այս և շօլոր, ո՞ւ շհանին,
Մնակած ոչ բնակի գրու,
Տեղի տաք ժամանել այս խօսի եղան,
Այս ոչ բնակ այս ոչ բնակի.

徂 କଣ କାଳିମ & ଜ-ସେଲ୍ ଦୋ ଫିଝେ,
କଣ ଚଲୋଧେରମ୍ କଣ ରୁପିନ୍ନେ,
ଓର୍ତ୍ତ କାହିଁଥେ ଜୋ ନ-ଦୁଇବ୍ ବ୍ରାହ୍ମିନ୍ନେ,
ଦୁଇବ୍ ବ୍ରାହ୍ମି ରୋଚିଜ଼ହାର୍ ଲୋଦ୍ଧ ଦୁଇବ୍ ଦୁଇବ୍.

DALLAN'S ODE TO DUBH-GHIOLLA, THE
SHIELD OF AODH.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

Bright as the speckled salmon of the wave !
Dubh-Ghiolla ! panic of the banded brave ;
With thee would I combine in deathless praise,
Proud Aodh, whose arm of might thy burthen sways.
Fenced with its thorny mail the holly stands—
So round the prince the guardian shield expands :
The bull's strong hide the needle's point defies—
Thus vainly round him baffled ranks arise :
That shield at once his panoply and blade,
He scorns the spear, the falchion's feebler aid.
As chafing storms too long in durance pent
Sweep through the forest, finding sudden vent ;
Such is the voice of Aodh, when with his shield
Compassed, he stands bright terror of the field.

ԵՐԱՄԻՍԻՎ ՂԻԵԱՊԻՉԻԱՎԻ ՕՐ ԸԼՈՒՎԻ
ԾԻՇԻՐ ՄԻԱԼԻՆԻ ԾԻԱԼԱՎԻ.

Խոնմհամ և շօրք տորեհձիր Հոռ ;
Յե՞ր բեմ ըրու, եսծի բեմ նամուրու ;
Ելծրու սոյր, եսծի ըրու բեմծիու,
Մօր շիևար ծճ'յ եխծի տիշելրու.

Եր շաջա ծհասո տմր ևո բրուր,
Ծ'եւլշրի բեմծիու, բոյթ բրու ;
Ծ'Ճ մ-եմնի լոն եսծի նա,
Բոշիւմ ուշծի-ծհաւու շաշ նա.

Ակում ծիւոն, ու յուշիչ յլուզի ;
Եսուն Ելյա բաւծի յո տհուր ;
Եւու տմր յո տհուր բաւոս
Դամհձիլ նուլքհշտա Ծիւլլան.

SEANCHAN'S LAMENT OVER THE DEAD
BODY OF DALLAN.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

The soul is fled, but still that brow, tho' cold, its
transcript wears ;
And the hearts that loved him ache above each record
that it bears.
Of mighty mould, yet courteous—henceforth who the
bards shall lead,
That honoured him, their gifted chief, for whom our
bosoms bleed ?

Thrice fifty bards of passing skill attended in his train—
But the fleetest hand that swept the harp would pause
amid the strain ;
And slumber on the silent chord beneath the wakening
swell
Of Dallan's harp—a thousand more had owned the
potent spell !

Go mhartea ri tairi an n-árasa n-áil,
 Do dhaealbhuitigh dia ór a ná dánlibh,
 Áfí piocfaidh file tuaitigh no cheala
 Tairi Eochaidh meara húisigh ealaighí.

Ba h-eascaid, a Dhé nimhe,
 Ba h-uairíl, ba h-árd-fhile,
 Go ctealgumhádha conn d'á bhárt buil,
 Och ! ba h-áluinn, ba h-ionmhuin.

As wintry torrents when along their channelled depths
they rave,

Was Dallan's song—'twas as the strength of Easroe's
bounding wave :

His wit was as the winged shaft as rapid—and as deep
As ocean where, beneath the tide, the silent waters sleep.

From chaos as the sun appeared through clouds asunder
riven,

When the mighty one's behest had marked his path-way
in the heaven ;

The stars grew feeble in his light, transcendent as he
shone—

So Dallan, mid surrounding bards, stood glorious and
alone.

His glowing lip, oh king supreme ! thy power with
wisdom blessed,

And the minstrels hailed him for their chief—the brightest
and the best ;

Our reverence, our love were his—but death the arrow
sped,

And wounded through his comely side each heart that
mourns him dead.

C 1 0 9 1 9 - C h o p p u l d h .

Mae liagz nō chán.

Ul Chinn-choppaídh ! cailéidh Úriúin ?

Njó cailéidh an tsealainn do bhíodh ort ?

Cailidhe mairche nár mae ríogha

Féar ne n-ibhealmaisír fíon a' d phoirt ?

Cailidhe aile an Iachair a lonn ?

Ul Chinn-choppaídh nár bhí-foinn !

Cailidhe Ógil-ccairt nár ecolz n-áir ?

Cailidhe nár tlóigh bhíodh um Úriúin ?

Cailidhe Muircháidh mae an rízhe,

Fearr nách d-tiubhriúadh bpríogh a réad ?

Cailidhe ghnáthaidhe nár grieabh ?

Cailidhe fearr an chomhlaíonn séud ?

KINCORA, OR MAC LIAG'S LAMENT.¹

A. D. 1015.

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Kincora, where is thy lord ?
Ah where is thy verdure of spring ?
Where the nobles, and minstrels, and sons of the sword,
With whom we have feasted and drank at thy board ?
Kincora ! where is thy king ?

Where are thy heroed bands,
Thou queen of the Emerald plain ?
Where are the golden-hilted brands,
That gleam'd in the gallant Dalcassian's hands,²
And Brian's kingly train ?

Where is the son of Boru,³
Who ne'er valued the presents he gave ?
A hundred in battle victorious he slew,
And the rivers of Erin exultingly knew
When he breasted their foamy wave.

Cáidhe Donnchadh d'eaigh-mhac bhrílin?

Cáidhe 'n a dhíordh Conlúin agamh?

O nách mairseann Cián ná Coic!

Ciáidh a nocht pe d-tíubhlírach mo thábhach?

Cáidhe mae Caimhín an láigh?

Cáidhi a lán d'án gairid ag bhrílin?

Cáidhi láigh eozgáinleachtas will?

Cáidhe báisfeionn o'n d-tóinn tigair?

Cáidhe Dúibhláinn ná n-each n-dían?

Ájó cáidhe Cián mae Maelmhuaidh?

Ájó Conn Lonn, Aigéadha, Lán,

Fearr do chuireadh láir fách ríseaghs?

Cáidhe gialla do b'fearr ri meid,

Mae líláthe Alba ná 'n chriéig rinn?

Tídhí záir mháithí a záil a'í a záinimh,

Do bheireadh dháimh cíor, a Chinn!

Do chuidhealdaí ríod leath láir leath,

Ájá meic míosha ná 'n chreath cill,

Ájí bhiadha láir domhain d'án nónig,

Tearraí rí de'm cheill, a Chinn!

And Donogh the good is gone,
And Conaing of the comely brow !
I feel—oh !—I feel as I stood alone,
Neither Cian, nor Corc, can hear my moan,
Where—where, is my refuge now ?

The fortune that Eavin crown'd,
Alas, to his son was denied !
And where is the king of Eugenia, renown'd,
And the myriads that rose at the gathering sound,
And the chief of the western tide ?

Dulaing, shall I never enjoy
The sight of his swift-footed steeds ;
Nor my Cian, the invincible son of Molloy,
Nor Con, who his foes by a look could destroy ?
But who can record their deeds ?

Where is he of gigantic mien,
Who ne'er from our standard would flee ?
All great as his prowess and actions have been,
Yet thou my Kincora ! wert ever the queen,
And he but a vassal to thee.*

Where is their silent abode,
Who once were the flower of Temora,
Fearless and fierce through the battle they strode,
But their hands never rifled the altars of God—
Oh, their loss has derang'd me—Kincora !

Meic riúgh do leacraíodh a loirz,
 Isochraic dánail-easaitr nár ecolz e-rlím,
 Ío bh-fáithleann-tí ríorí nár thíorí,
 Och ! do b' ole an chíall, a Chinn !

Briainn Órlaithé binn je pásdh,
 Ionmhuin lámh do bheireadh rinn ;
 Túr a chuirín 'g a chorpnn m-briec,
 Iñ tairis dánmh do chleacht, a Chinn !

Iñ tairis tár beódh záraí Briainn !
 Iñ mé Macc Íarz ó'n línn,
 Do'm thosairim zo tizh nár réud
 Do thuzaladh xó chéud, a Chinn !

Sons of a royal race,
Dalgais of the far gleaming sword !
Who could emulate deeds that the bard cannot trace ?
Ah, could I on earth find your dwelling place !—
Alas, 'tis a senseless word !

But sweet is the theme to our souls,
And welcome the praise of Borù !
With silent enjoyment my memory rolls,
To the times when he gave me the first of the bowls—
Alas, that such honours I knew !

But all my hopes deceived me,
Yet I love thee for sorrow's sake ;
In thy palace of jewels how oft he received me,
But, Kincora ! the fate that of Brian bereav'd thee,
Hath orphan'd Mac Liag of the lake.

ՕԳԻՅ-ՇԽԱՄԻԳՈՍՅԻԱԾԻ Միւլ ԼԱՎՅ
ԱՐ ԵՒՐՈՎԻ ՁՎԱՐ Ա ՄԻԱՆՉԻԼԻ.

Առանուած և օճիղ և ոչտ,
Ա շատեւած եհուտ, զան երեւ !
Ծրոծ ու յակա ծինի ևր ծիսն
Ար և ուսուածի ժաման ծօն ո-Յըւեւ .

Ա յե ԾԱ քն ծեւրա ծիսնոն
Զան ձր յն ու ծաւր ոն յռոն ;—
Ու տհոր բաւրեւտուր ծ'ն շեւոն,
Եւօշիլ ևոմ և կիշբիր ժալլ.

Ալշեւած ծիւրու-յւ ծ բիոյ Եհրուն,
Լր է ազ բլեւծիւսի ազ ԾԱՆ,
Մաս Մաւունիւսի քն բած ևր
Ար ու-բեւի աշեւած ոն և եւզուր.

MAC LIAG MOURNFULLY REMEMBERS
BRIAN AND HIS NOBLES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

In a far foreign land, on a pilgrimage wending,
A bard of green Erin passed cheerless along ;
On the dark barren heath gloomy night was descending,
He thought on past pleasures, and thus grieved in song :
“ Sad and gloomy the night that now gathers around ;
No door opens friendly with sweet welcome sound ;
For poesy here no calm shelter is found ;
No repose for the bard these wild regions among.

“ Since heaven so wills, be its ordinance blest,
That verse in this land no reward shall enjoy :
Once with gifts it was honoured—the bard was caress'd
With a love that hereafter his peace may annoy.
Ah ! well I remember—to Brian, of old,
When foamed the red wine in the goblet of gold,
As with Cian he feasted, the hours slowly rolled,
If he heard not the songs of the son of Molloy.”

Diá u hárri m-bealcháil a bhuig, arí Ciúin,
 "U chlárírí thíos ó thíos mí Phéinn!"
 "U éigír," a deir do bhean,
 "Tuscaill nán' ri tharéigír do cheannach féin.

"U taois trí ránche amoisigh.
 Aicht a bh-fuil ó piogha zo né;"
 "Ig ré tin," arí Phircéadha, mac Óigílin,
 "Teachtaíreann an fhiúch ó'n n-áirge."

Innig dúninn chéadairil a chuaidh,
 Arí Uíbh-ríogh ríláirí Chláirinn i 'Phéid,
 Innig do mháistíbh ffearári fféaril,
 Luidh fán' iúl náclach déanlaíri bhéarla.

Dári an Píos fil ór mo chionn,
 U té chuaig liom a chuaidh,
 Fíche ealch, deich n-umze d'oir,
 U'r deich ffichiód bó do bhuaidh.

Do bhearram-ne an diáig go dho
 "Mír gá mhó d'ealcháibh 'r de bhuaidh,
 U n-éigír a ccaibhíeadh Óigílin,
 U bhealaírt Ciúin Mac Mháelínchuaidh.

“Welcome, bard,” said the monarch, his face beaming gladness,

When he saw me return from the hall of O'Neill :

“Thy consort is pining, forlorn, and in sadness,
To think thou hast left her for ever to wail.

Bard, long was thy absence—what tidings of worth
Dost thou bring from the black cloudy lands of the north ?”

“As the raven's”—cried Morrogh—“what time she flew forth
From the ark, well I wot, is our wanderer's tale.”

“But come, tell what gifts and rare treasures you bring,
From him who bears sway o'er the Carn-i-neid host;
To Innisfail's nobles, and first to our king,
Swear true, by this hand, not to flatter or boast.”

“By heaven”—I cried—“all the truth I'll unfold.
Twice ten gallant steeds—ten rich ounces of gold ;
And of kine, ten the choicest, twice ten times well told ;
Such the treasures I bring from the fair northern coast.”

Óile ìn níogh, do gádh mé a rocht,
 'G do dhóighéidh a nocht mo níamh,
 Fuaireag a dhéach n-aonaidh tú
 Anra ìn bh-fleasadh túl do luidh òrúan.

Teacht m-baille a'm chomháirí d'a chrialláibh,
 Níogh ná ríogh do gádh mé n-iarrí,
 Uigur leach bhaille zo fíor
 Ann gách poirt a m-bíodh òrúan.

Do gádh Muinchéadha, deasgh-táine a dhúin,
 "Anra ná mhárrach," 'f níor chiall uaidh,
 "Aonaidh a bh-fuairear a neair
 Do ghealláirí uaimh fein 'f ní air th'fhuath."

“ With presents,” said Cian of generous deeds,
“ More noble, O Morrogh, his song we’ll reward
With more numerous kine, and more swift-footed steeds,
Beside what the Monarch shall give to the bard.”
And true, (to remember—my griefs fresh arise)
Ere the banquet was finished—or sleep closed the eyes
Of munificent Brian, I shared a rich prize,
E’en ten times more worthy the poet’s regard.

Seven herd-covered plains spreading fertile and wide,
Gift worthy a monarch—the king gave to me ;
And a district, for aye, where his court loves to bide,
In sweet summer sojourn, by mountain or sea.
Said Morrogh the pious, nor spake he in vain,
“ Whate’er the rich gifts thou, to night shalt obtain ;
To-morrow, their equal from me shalt thou gain,
With the love of a prince, bard, devoted to thee.”

СУІМНІЧІУЗНІАДНІ МНЕІС ЛІАНІЗ АІЛ
ВІЛІАЧІ ВОІЮІМНІЕ.

Гледа bheith залн асібнедяг,
Марі пік'ї тіасілеаг зо бріах bheith ;—
Марі до бхадхуяг *а* 3-Сеанн-чоракіді ехадомі,
Фіорі бх'аудмілан ліом аон до'м чреіч.

Ок таірекіді брілан бхенне-буілз !
А'т Мурчаді *а* лаірз піл лонз !
Фі бхеідлінн-гі *а* п-Інте ап 3іхкіл-даіві,
Марі *а* т'іоннілізг туйле *а'т* тонн.

Ок таірекіді Сондінз піл 3-сулн !
Оімхуілл ғлаізгі, лоch пік'ї лај !
Феарі таірі *é* Елехтойр піл ғлаізгі,
Фі леізрекіді міл асіді *а* бх-глід.

MAC LIAG, IN EXILE, REMEMBERS
BRIAN.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D.D.

Tedious and sad lag on the joyless hours,
Ah! ne'er did fancy bode a change so dire!
What time I dwelt in sweet Kincora's bowers,
I little feared the barbarous spoiler's ire.

Had Brian lived, munificent and good;
Or Morrogh, in his stately mansions fair;
Ne'er in the isle of strangers black and rude,
Whelmed had I sunk beneath a flood of care.

If Conaing lived, the guardian of our coasts,
The chief of thousands, hero great in might
As dauntless Hector, of the Trojan hosts;
Long had I ne'er been exiled from his sight.

Do bheir me builbhír, doirbhí,
 Tíochád 3-claonat tairis nár d-tríráth,
 Tíorí bh'ionnáinn a'g an tionsúil fuailear,
 Dá gcainigh air eadarla 3o Cíne.

Do chuaibhírt 3o Cíne an Chláirinn,
 Tíorí tríráth 3an tairis an tír cheann,
 Tí gcaibhí, acht 3urián nár m-braictear gaoil,
 Tríráth buidh choiri do chuir 'n a cheann.

Grief and despair my anxious bosom fill,
To hear my prince's joyous voice no more;
Oh ! how unlike this journey drear and chill,
Was that to Cian, in the days of yore !

To Cian of the Cairn—to Cian, high
In wealth and power, I went with bounding speed :
With him could none but royal Brian vie,
In every generous thought and glorious deed.

ceapadhail o'ðair a ìarsaigh
 MACAILL.

Ceapadhail nò chàin.

Ceapadhail.—U Mhàileasla bheag,

O'g buic iñ feal ag làn,

Criath, ag tìmhiseach tìmhiseach,

Do bheir pinn d'airg tìmhiseach?—

Màileasla—Tìmhiseach.

C.—Tìmhiseach! ní h-easdh d'airg n-bòisich,

Slìochadh dhàruigheig agus tìmhiseach,

Mo chéadphàidh do chlóidhlaizh,

Uch! d'airg n-bòisich ní h-easdh!—

M.—ní h-easdh.

C.—Munla b'èasd agus,

Do chuisichibh dé pinnse eigradh,

Is aigheag ag n-bòisn dàmha,

Innig dàmha mo agus?—

M.—Agus.

CARROLL O'DALY¹ AND ECHO.BY JOHN D'ALTON.

Carroll—Speak, playful echo, speak me well,
For thou know'st all our care ;
Thou sweet responding sybil, tell,
Who works this strange affair ?—

Echo—A—fair !

A fair—no, no, I've felt the pain,
That but from love can flow ;
And never can my heart again
That magic thraldom know.—

Echo—No.

Ah then, if envy's eye has ceased
To mar my earthly bliss ;
Speak consolation to my breast,
If remedy there is.—

Echo—There is.

C.—A líníoscaidhe aghaidh, aghairinn,

Fhiotail línn go neidhl,

Craic i glicheal ag déan?

Afson fhionneadh ait bhéar.

M.—éag.

C.—Má 't é a n t-éag, go deimhín,

Is foirgheisinn tíre ari b-piún,

Dó dhúibhdeadh liom,

Dó'b ait liom, d'ári fíleadh!—

M.—d'ári fíleadh!

C.—D'ári fíleadh féin do'b ait!

Ail ghlacach ghlacach agus aghó;

Gleasadh, ari d'ó bháir!

Afán cluineadh Cásat ro.—

M.—Cásat ro?

C.—Cásat ro, a n-diaibhéal ait!

A chlárúadh ná'n leas bhéar!

Fáth do mhéaraidh ná ean,

Fáth Chásat i gceall déan.

M.—éad.

Gay witty spirit of the air,
If such relief be niggard;
At once the secret spell declare,
To lull my wasted eye.—

Echo—To die.

To die! and if it be my lot,
It comes in hour of need;
Death wears no terror but in thought,
'Tis innocent in deed.—

Echo, (*surprised*)—Indeed!

Indeed, 'tis welcome to my woes,
Thou airy voice of fate;
But ah! to none on earth disclose
What you prognosticate.—

Echo, (*playfully*)—To Kate.

To Kate, the devil's on your tongue,
To scare me with such thoughts;
To her, oh could I hazard wrong,
Who never knew her faults.—

Echo—You are false.

C.—Mártar spéaighí agus spéas,

Ul tairis agus éadaig neart oile,

Bealaidh an dith, dalaí Ósach !

Ul dhul uairí 't' an loch.—

M.—Och !

C.—Mile och a'rt mairí,

Do chluaimh agusibh gualach láor ;—

Spéas a tairisibh 'z a lúath

Ul chruaingh choiribh a n-chlárídh ?—

M.—Cleáidh !

C.—Do chlárídh aighí agus,

Do ruis báirí gualach gualáidh ;

Gúair a'rt zo ruis a gair,

Ul báirí-ro mán'rt fíor.—

M.—Írt fíor.

C.—Bealoidseacht air do bheal,

Aig'ri chlán bhréaghas a n-áisímh,

O tairis agus dul a bh-fraoibh,

Cuirim leat a hdein.—

M.—A hdein.

If thy Narcissus could awake
Such doubts, he were an ass,
If he did not prefer the lake,
To humouring such a lass.—

Echo—Alas !

A thousand sighs and rites of woe
Attend thee in the air ;
What mighty grief can feed thee so
In weariless despair ?—

Echo—Despair.

Despair—not for Narcissus' lot,
Who once was thy delight ;
Another in his place you've got,
If our report is right.—

Echo—'Tis right.

Dear little sorceress, farewell,
I feel thou told'st me true ;
But as thou'st many a tale to tell,
I bid thee now adieu.—

Echo—Adieu !

ΤΙ ΑΓΙ ΙΕ Η - ΕΙ ΠΙ Ι Α ΓΙ.

Dochtaur Céitinn nō chán.

Mo bheanndacht leat a ḡeribhinn !
 Zo h-inig aoirbhinn ealzair ;
 Ír ḡruairigh ! nách léir dalmh a beannas,
 Tídh gnáth a d-teannas deairzair !

Τίλη δ'ά h-uairle a'τ δ'ά h-oipeachta ;
 Τίλη zo nō bheanacht δ'ά cleip'chibh ;
 Τίλη δ'ά bennptíachtaibh eacóine ;
 Τίλη δ'ά ḡaoisibh le h-éigíribh !

Mo ḡhlán δ'ά mágħalibh mine,
 Τίλη pā mhile δ'ά enocħibh !
 Mo chion do'n t-é tħà īnnti ;
 Τίλη δ'ά īnntibh a'τ δ'ά lochdibh !

DOCTOR KEATING' TO HIS LETTER.**BY JOHN D'ALTON.**

For the sake of the dear little isle where I send you,
For those who will welcome, and speed, and befriend
you ;
For the green hills of Erin that still hold my heart there,
Though stain'd with the blood of the patriot and martyr,

My blessing attend you !

My blessing attend you !

Adieu to her nobles, may honor ne'er fail them !
To her clergy adieu, may no false ones assail them !
Adieu to her people, adieu to her sages,
Her historians, and all that illumine their pages !
In distance I hail them,
More fondly I hail them !

Ulán d'án coillteibh fán chorpáilíbh ;
 Ulán fóig d'án coirpáilíbh i ghréasach' ;
 Ulán d'án móintíbh a'g d'án báinctáilíbh ;
 Ulán fóig d'án grácháilíbh a'g d'án riachtáilíbh !

Ulán ó'm chorpáidhe d'án eulantáilíbh ;
 Ulán fóig d'án tuairteáilíbh cromá ;
 Tóirnid d'án tulcháilíbh aonáinch ;
 Ulán ualim d'án earracháilíbh cromá !

Zídh zanáth a fóirne gráochádha.
 Uinn inír náomhtha, neamhbochtá ;
 Tíairi tairi dhíromchlaodháibh ná thíleann,
 Beir a gceannbhinn mo bheanndochá.

Adieu to her plains, all enamell'd with flowers !
A thousand adieus to her hills and her bowers !
Adieu to the friendships and hearts long devoted !
Adieu to the lakes on whose bosom I've floated !

In youth's happy hours,
In youth's happy hours !

Adieu to her fish-rivers murmuring through rushes !
Adieu to her meadows, her fields, wells, and bushes !
Adieu to her lawns, her moors, and her harbours ;
Adieu, from my heart, to her forests and arbours,
All vocal with thrushes,
All vocal with thrushes !

Adieu to her harvests, for ever increasing !
And her hills of assemblies, all wisdom possessing !
And her people—oh ! where is there braver or better ?
Then go to the island of saints, my dear letter !
And bring her my blessing !
And bring her my blessing !

ബേണ്ടാണെ അഡാണി.

ഈ കുറിപ്പിന്നു ഭേദിച്ച മ-ബേണ്ട-സ്റ്റേഡിപി ;
 ഈ ഫിയർ-ബ്രിന്നു ഭേദിച്ച ഓർ ബ്രൈൻ-മഹിലാപി ;
 സ്നോസ് ലോംഗ്മിൾ, ലോൺമിൾ, ലിംഗിൾ
 ദേക്കു ഫ്രീഡിംഗ്മിൾ, ഫ്രോണ്ടിംഗ്മിൾ, എഴിംഗ്മിൾ.

ഡേക്കു മ-ബിഥ ഫിന്ന എ'ര ഫിഡുട്ട ;
 ഡേക്കു മ-ബിഥ സോറ്റു ലൂസ്ത സാലച്ചാ ;
 ഡേക്കു ലൂസ് ഓ'ഡിബ്ഹൈ ഡാൻസ
 അഡിഡേ ജിഹ്രിന്നു ദേ ഫ്രോണ്ടു മാലുസ്താഡി.

ഡേക്കു ഇ റോമ-ജിൾക്കു ജാലു തുലച്ച,
 അ'ര ജാലു മുല്ലക്കു കോമ്പിജിൾക്കു, സോറ്റക്കു ;
 ഡേക്കു ബ്രിലെക്കു, മഹോഞ്ചക്കു, ബ്രേക്കുടക്കു ;
 സ്നോസ് ച്രേക്രിക്കു, സ്നോഡിക്കു, ച്രേന്റുടക്കു.

ODE TO THE HILL OF HOWTH.**BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.**

How sweet from proud Ben-Edir's height,¹
To see the ocean roll in light ;
And fleets swift-bounding in the gale,
With warriors' clothed in shining mail.

Fair hill, on thee, great Finn of old,
Was wont his counsels sage to hold ;
On thee, rich bowls the Fenians crowned,
And passed the foaming beverage round.²

'Twas thine within a sea-washed cave,
To hide and shelter Duivne brave ;
When snared by Grace's charms divine,
He bore her o'er the raging brine.³

Do chíobhtheári uainn de'n tadhóisí, mhonúasach,
 Iarnas a'g iacharla d'ag leabharlaibh ;
 Úrúigteári cláir-bhóirbhe taisibhe lomazé
 Le fásáidh gáhoineadh agus dánúidh aillse.

Seánna i gcoibhne d'úairí Círeáin,
 Táidh leibhéalann ór fáilte gáhoineadh ;—
 Mo chion d'ag tuisceadh gáin do ghearráinn,
 Mór-bheáinn ná bh-fíránn n-ácaibhinn.

Fair hill thy slopes are ever seen,
Bedecked with flowers or robed in green ;
Thy nut-groves rustle o'er the deep,
And forests crown thy cliff-girt steep.'

High from thy russet peaks 'tis sweet
To see th' embattled war ships meet;
To hear the crash—the shout—the roar
Of cannon, through the cavern'd shore.

Most beauteous hill, around whose head,
Ten thousand sea-birds' pinions spread ;
May joy thy lord's true bosom thrill,
Chief of the Fenians' happy hill.

3eauiroid 4ua1411044,

2liп bh-fáisbhail Eireann do.

Diomhaisibh epiall ó thulchairibh fáil !

Diomhaisibh iach Eireannn d'fáisbhail !

Iach mhlínt nár m-beannan m-beannach,

Imir nár n-ealaíz n-óníz-ealach.

Ciobh tár mo chlúdail earr ghlil róir,

2liп d-eabhairt cínl d'iach fhionteain,

Do rcairí eisíodhe fáin níod ríonn ;

4fí earr níod aile acht Eireann.

Fód iñ troidme torriadh eirínn,

Fód iñ réamh-acláthne feirínn,

Teann-chláir 11 bhréanac, bárrithach,

2ln tír chriúchéibhach, chriúthneachtach.

ODE BY GERALD NUGENT, ON LEAVING IRELAND.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
To flee from Inisfail !¹
Oh ! anguish from her scenes to part,
Of mountain, wood, and vale !
Vales that the hum of bees resound,
And plains where generous steeds abound.²

While wafted by the breeze's wing,
I see fair Fintan's shore recede ;³
More poignant griefs my bosom wring,
The farther eastward still I speed.
With Erin's love my bosom warms,
No soil but her's for me has charms.

A soil enriched with verdant bowers,
And groves with mellow fruits that teem ;
A soil of fair and fragrant flowers,
Of verdant turf and crystal stream :
Rich plains of Ir,⁴ that bearded corn,
And balmy herbs, and shrubs adorn.

Tír n-a ȝ-euphráth 't n-a ȝ-éisáir,
 ñalnba n-a n-áinphíri n-óri-chiabha,
 Tír n-a griealbh n-zorim-álcach, n-ȝlán,
 'g n-a bh-gealri n-éiri-bhealrach, n-ȝzimháir.

Ó n-áomháth Óir ñhlmh tair m'air,
 Nochtain do'm ñhomháin ñhúchcháir,
 O ȝhálláibh ní ȝhéalbháinn ñul
 ȝo clannairibh ȝeughum ȝáctá.

Ó m-biadh n-a'ri bháezháil tarpa,
 ȝábzéháil leagá lcozháire,
 Mo mheanmhaid riari ní ȝeun,
 Tírill ó ñhealbháin n-ðéantá.

ȝáll do'n bhuidhín ȝhéugháin-ji taru n-ðeir
 Maerla ðúnla ñoirbhéig
 Ósin a'g clóinche chláir Míðhe
 Cláir iñ rásáre ȝocháidhe.

A land that boasts a pious race,
A land of heroes brave and bold ;
Enriched with every female grace
Are Banba's maid们 with locks of gold.
Of men, none with her sons compare ;
No maidens with her daughters fair.

If heaven propitious to my vow,
Grant the desire with which I burn ;
Again the foamy deep to plow,
And to my native shores return ;
“ Speed on,” I'll cry, “ my galley fleet,
Nor e'er the crafty Saxon greet.”

No perils of the stormy deep
I dread—yet sorrow wounds my heart ;
To leave thee, Loegaire's fort, I weep ;
From thee sweet Delvin must I part !
Oh ! hard the task—oh ! lot severe,
To flee from all my soul holds dear.

Farewell, ye kind and generous bands,
Bound to my soul by friendship strong ;
And ye Dundargveis' happy lands,
Ye festive halls—ye sons of song ;
Ye generous friends in Meath who dwell,
Beloved, adored, farewell, farewell !

MÍA MÍA RATHRIUCC AI EAUAIDHÉ.

ÓL BH-FRÁGHLAINN-RI MO MHÍLANNAD DO RIAR,

A' T SEALD CAILTÉ MO THÁINÉASAIL DO THÁINÉASLMH,

DO BHEÍDLIANN TÁR AN D-TRÍLACH THÉANLADHÉ, NIACH,

ZÁLN CHEANZAIL LE H-LÉN DUINE ACHT FÍCH :

THÉANLADHÉ ACRA BEAG FAIRLAINN NÓ ÓHÓ,

MO RÉIM A Z-CÉIM TÁR BUÐH CHUBHLADH ;

DO MHÉANLADHÉ MO PHÍLADHÉAG ZÚR MHÓR,

'Y BUÐH CHLACON LIOM BHEITH AG ZÉILLEADH DO'N PRÍZH.

MO PHÁILTE BEAG FAIRLAINN ÓL MHÉITH,

LE PHÍNN DE ZÁLCH PHÍOMH-THÓRTHA B'FAÉRNPR,

ZÁLN TEACHT AIR FAIRLADHÉ NÓ ZÁOTH,

ACHT CUIMHEACHT ZÁLCH FÍNE 'N A H-ÁM :

BUDH LÍONMHÁR A'M BHRIÚZHIN BHEAG ZÁLCH NÍDH,

ÓL CAILPHÉACHT AN CAILCHNELMH 'N A M-BÉIDLADH ;

DO B'KÓIBHINN CLOJ PHÍZHLE MO THÍGHE,

'Y NÓ LEABHÁIRI A CEÓMHÍLADH ZÁLCH IACÉ.

PATRICK HEALY'S WISHES.¹**BY JOHN D'ALTON.**

Oh ! could I acquire my fullest desire,
To mould my own life, were it given ;
I would be like the sage, who in happy old age,
Disowns every link—but with heaven.

An acre or two, as my wants would be few,
Could supply quite enough for my welfare ;
In that scope I would deem my power supreme,
And acknowledge no king but—myself there.

The soil of this spot, the best to be got,
Should furnish me fruit—and a choice store ;
Be sheltered and warm from rain and from storm,
And favoured with sun-shine and moisture.

My home should abound, and my table be crowned
With comfort, but not ostentation ;
The music of mirth should hum round my hearth,
And books be my night's recreation.

Óo b'leádhealaich le féuchán mo bhoith,
 le tlaobh coille a'g ríori-thobair náir ;
 Ájl h-énla a n uair d'éirighéanachunn zo moch
 Zo h-áoisbhinn a'g ríori-théinneadh ciúil ;
 Tíortha ríomhlaich, ciúinhláir-zailear, ionad-bhileann,
 Círeann ríomh-thorúchla a'g zealmháirtéla le n'air,
 Buadh clárte iad ná bheic ainn a láir,
 Le fonn tuile a'g leimneadh zo fíréar.

Do chriúochnúighéadha ná n-áoisbhíneáir ro iomháin,
 Aigus comróid ná h-óige mheudúighéadha,
 Ájí rímuairíníonn záin eadoin-bheala do thóighéadha
 Mairi puadhcheala, 'r í oízéantla, báidhealaich ;
 Ainn aoir a náos-déag zo h-ionlán,
 A'g cealcháir-áir-phicticheadh dalmh féin,
 Bhiadh náosdheala air a cíocháibh zála chláir,
 A'g bhiadh thí leis thí do'm chomhriéir.

Delightful retreat, in simplicity sweet !
A wood and a streamlet should bound it ;
And the birds when I wake, from each bower and brake,
Should pour their wild melodies round it.

This streamlet midst flowers, and murmuring bowers,
In the shade of rich fruits should meander ;
While the brisk finny race, o'er its sun-shiny face,
Should leap—flit—and sportively wander.

These joys—yet one more might enliven my store,
Redouble each comfort and pleasure ;
A wife, of such truth, such virtue and youth,
That her smiles would be more than a treasure.

Let nineteen, and no more, to my twenty-four,
Be the scale of her years to a letter ;
Then a babe every Easter, I think wo'nt molest her,
No—I warrant she'll like me the better.

ΜΑΣΤΗΛΙΔΗ ΆΠΟ ΔΑΙΑΡΕ ΔΗΟΙΛΖΗΙΟΥΑΙΣΗ.

Τελζηλ Ο' Κοιλέλιν : πό εχάν.

Óidhche dháimhí zó doilz, dánbháich,
 Choír fháiliúzé nár d-tonn d-créan,
 Aíz leáiríteakíneadh a' t aíz lárdbh,
 Ábír chorpárlibh chriúadhaí a n t-γλοζήδai,

Bhídh a n ré 't nár piéulcaí tuair,
 Áfíor chloír fuaidim tóinne nár tráinzh.
 'Y ní piabhlí zál aonn de'n n-γλaoisích
 Do chriochteadh báirí círáinn nár bláidích.

Dó záiliúairítear aíz maecheinéamh a'm aon,
 Zál a riuré aízam aíri níl aon mo rhiúbhádil,
 Dóriur cille záiri dhearrfe mís,
 'Y a n z-conairí píeidih aíri mo chionn.

THE MOURNER'S SOLILOQUY IN THE RUINED ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.¹

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

Abroad one night in loneliness I stroll'd,
Along the wave-worn beach my footpath lay ;
Struggling the while with sorrows yet untold,
Yielding to cares that wore my strength away :
On as I mov'd, my wayward musings ran
O'er the strange turns that mark the fleeting life of man.

The little stars shone sweetly in the sky ;
Not one faint murmur rose from sea or shore ;
The wind with silent wing went slowly by,
As tho' some secret on its path it bore :
All, all was calm—tree, flower, and shrub stood still,
And the soft moonlight slept on valley and on hill.

Do tcaidh mé 'g an n-doruair e-geala,
 'g ari ghearráití ailtíneann a'g aoidheasach,
 D'ag n-deail do'n lobháil agus do'n leá,
 An tmeála mháil ag luchadh an tíche.

Bhíodh fóiríeadh riáir airi a tháobh,
 Is eile o eaireasdh a chlódh,
 Airi a gurúiseasdh gáisithe a'g eilear,
 Agus tairiscíollach tháinig leis an roid.

T'huidh mé fíor le mleachtanamh láin,
 Do léigeadh mo láimh fadán m' ghríasadh,
 Íarí thuit fírléig a biala déan,
 O'm bhearrasainbh airi an bh-peáin aonair.

An dúbháilte mé ann tui pár dhích,
 Agus mé ag ealaídh go cumhaile,
 Do bhíodh aímítear ann 'n a gairbh,
 An teideal-cho go foibh, fúsbháil.

Is ann do bhíodh cloig a'g eilear,
 Driúchadh a'g bialdhaileadh d'ag léigheasach,
 Córáidhe, cealtai agus ceol,
 Agus moladh mórdhaileadh a de.

Sadly and slowly on my path of pain
I wander'd, idly brooding o'er my woes ;
Till full before me on the far-stretched plain,
The ruin'd abbey's mouldering walls arose ;
Where far from crowds, from courts and courtly crimes,
The sons of virtue dwelt, the boast of better times.

I paused—I stood beneath the lofty door,
Where once the friendless and the poor were fed ;
That hallow'd entrance, that in days of yore
Still open'd wide to shield the wanderer's head ;
The saint, the pilgrim, and the book-learn'd sage,
The knight, the travelling one, and the worn man of age.

I sat me down in melancholy mood,
My furrow'd cheek was resting on my hand ;
I gazed upon that scene of solitude,
The wreck of all that piety had plann'd :
To my aged eyes the tears unbidden came,
Tracing in that sad spot our glory and our shame.

Forcháirach polaimh, záilp lírdb,
 Árúrt go n-áráid tár,
 Ír ionadháid ealzair a'zur záoth,
 Do bhuail fán mhlaoil do mhúri.

Ír ionadháid feairítháinn a'zur fuaiche,
 Ázur tsoílum cuilim do chuirírt dhíos,
 O tíobháileiceadha thú airí d-táir,
 Do m'fhiú ná n-dúl mairi thízheas.

U mháir níomháid ná m-beann n-álaí,
 Do b'óirínidh do'n síri-jo eiráidh,
 Ír diomháidh biala níom do ghearr,
 Ázur cairi do nádáin airí fán !

Ír a lúigneadh a tlaíoir a noir !
 Áfúr fhuiil ionnuit cónaíde ná ceol,
 Aicht fáireachadh ná 3-ceann-eas
 Ánn ionad ná pírlim fóghair !

Cítheann a'z ealgeari ór do gcuairí,
 Neannntóz riudh a'd úr lári úr,
 Tábháthánn claoil ná geannadh teange,
 Á'rt earránp ná n-eag a'd chláid,

“ And oh !” cried I, as from my breast the while,
The struggling sigh of soul-felt anguish broke ;
“ A time there was, when through this storm-touch’d pile,
In other tones the voice of echo spoke ;
Here other sounds and sights were heard and seen—
How alter’d is the place from what it once hath been !

“ Here in soft strains the solemn Mass was sung ;
Through these long aisles the brethren bent their way ;
Here the deep bell its wonted warning rung,
To prompt the lukewarm loitering one to pray ;
Here the full choir sent forth its stream of sound,
And the rais’d censer flung rich fragrance far around.”

How chang’d the scene !—how lonely now appears
The wasted aisle, wide arch, and lofty wall ;
The sculptur’d shape—the pride of other years,
Now darken’d, shaded, sunk and broken all :
The hail, the rain, the sea-blown gales have done
Their worst, to crown the wreck by impious man begun.

Μέρι οη η-ζιλοδήλδη οη φιαιρεόζ μησχ,
Οο χλειρ άζ εληνδη ηα δ-τηάθη,
Ψί φιηι τεληγάλδη άζ εορμιύδηε ο ποιη,
Δεκτ τεληγάλδη ζηλιοζληρ ηα ζ-εάζ.

Τά δο φησίντελες ζειν ουκέδι,
Δο γηγαν-λιοτ ζειν λεάβα κηλέκιθ,
Δο θελρμονιν ζειν ιοδήκιρτ ειάρ,
Ψά λιθρημονιν δο θηια 'ζά μηδι,

Ծ' imthizh do ևսմու և'ր do լուշիմ,
Ա'ր do շնորհական քա շնորհ,
ՕՇ ! ո՞ քիոնում և ուրի քա'ծ լածիմ
Ակտ ընդուն ընճիմա ընճմի.

Ωχ ! Ληφθοιλανη α' τ αη-υαιιι,
Σινηηροιδ, αη-υαιη αζωη λινδειζηε,
Φοιηηελητ ηληηαδ α' τ ερεαηηαδη εηιιαδη
δ' εηιηη υαιιηηεληη εηη μηηη εησηη !

Do bhíodh -rás féin ionas teasl!
Táirglaíodh do chlachloindh mo chlóidh!
Tháinig tóir an t-úrásadhail a'm agusadh,
A'is l fésidhm oifim acht bhrón!

Thro' the rent roof the aged ivy creeps ;
Stretch'd on the floor the skulking fox is found ;
The drowsy owl beneath the altar sleeps,
And the pert daws keep chattering all around ;
The hissing weasel lurks apart unseen,
And slimy reptiles crawl where holy heads have been.

In the refectory, now no food remains ;
The dormitory boasts not of a bed ;
Here rite or sacrifice no longer reigns ;
Prior—brethren—prayers—and fasts and forms are
fled :
Of each—of all, here rests not now a trace,
Save in these time-bleach'd bones that whiten o'er the
place.

Oh ! that such power to baseness was decreed ;
Oh ! that mischance such triumphs should supply ;
That righteous heaven should let the vile succeed,
And leave the lonely virtuous one to die !

D'innchízh mo lúadhaíill ag mo líath,
 Íladdháire mo ríhlíl a'gus ag mo chriodáir,—
 Táid mo chéadairde a'gus ag mo chláinn,
 'G an 3-cíll-ri 30 fáinn a'g bheónadh !

Tá ducáirceáil air mo dhriodach !
 Tá mo chriostáde 'n a chriostál cnódh !
 Dá bh-fóiliúfearadh oírt an báir,
 Ósadh dhéanróibh m'fáilte fá nár chomháir !

Oh ! justice in the struggle where wert thou ?

Thy foes have left this scene chang'd as we see it now.

I too have chang'd—my days of joy are done,

My limbs grow weak, and dimness shades mine eye ;

Friends—kindred—children, dropping one by one,

Beneath these walls now mouldering round me lie.

My look is sad, my heart has shrunk in grief,

Oh ! death when wilt thou come and lend a wretch

relief.

M A J I S H A Y A O I L I F E I R Z I N A Y.

Téann sé an bháinneoir bheanach níos chásan.

Tá ceannach dúbhach airí gáelach tuisceadh,
 Ceannach níos díreach d-táinighe roimhhe riúin ;
 Tá cinníneal ag duairíte ar an am níosin,
 Acht amháin triomh-ghuth ar an bhrón.

Tá clíní a nár mairibh leis an n-úllánach,
 Mo nuair ! iñ teidealbha bhrón dúninn í !
 Tá an gáelach dubh le gáelach gáelach
 Ag fionnraibh a airíte ar duine mháiribh.

An duirt, a uairíuil óis, mo chlarsadh !
 Do ghearradh go dúbhach an bhean-tízhe,
 Áfach meathach chiuinn-a-láinealch níos che,

Iñ cinníleach do bhíodh rí a g-eascaidínealbh.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE.¹

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

Dark, round the mountain tops, the vapours lower,
And in unwonted gloom their beauty shroud ;
Silent the noon, as midnight's solemn hour,
Save when the voice of sorrow mourns aloud.

The sound of death is floating on the gale,
Oh ! luckless hour ! oh ! tidings full of dread :
The hoarse-voiced raven tells a mournful tale,
And sad proclaims the season of the dead.

Was it for thee, O youth, in love allied,
Close to my bosom as the spirit there ;
The Banshee, on the lonely mountain's side,
Poured her long wailings thro' the midnight air ?

Do fhioreánairí i gách tairi a'g báll,
 Ío dánbháile buairic le mheallála;
 Áfiora zhílairidh coilleach tairi budo zhinnéach,
 'T' páirí fhóráirí dánna am ná cíáin.

Uch ! a' liréirí óig, mo chroíde !
 It é do bháig a tár fí chláidhreacha !
 It é do bheir a n lá 'n a sídhche !
 It é do bheir a n címháidh airí dháiríne !

Ajil agusann aonair, mo bhrón !
 Ann líc a n t-úar acht ealaídh a'g deoir,
 Tilleadh deoir, a'g zuil, a'g ealaídh,
 Feiltear dhúinn a'g bhrúeachadh croíde.

Uch ! a bháig, do leigz tú cháidhce,
 Bláith a'g róimh airí n-zeíze it lírde,
 Mo piáir ! páirí tháinig aonair do bhuadha.
 Záin seair airí n-deairne dhul 't aon uairí.

A tréirinig leinn báil teann a láimh,
 Ag corainc seairt a zhírín 't a dháimh,
 Táirí mheirge a aghairi uairíil féin,
 It Airmhíumhán do fuairi clú a z-céin.

The seas and shores around each cavern'd bay,

Sullen and sad re-echoed to her wail ;

The shrill-voiced cock, loud herald of the day,

Forgot his task, the coming day to hail.

Yes, youth beloved ! her sorrows dark and deep

She poured for thee—my soul's supreme delight ;

For thee, what crowds in bitter anguish weep !

Crowds whose clear day thy death has changed to night.

Since thou art gone, what voice our hearts shall cheer ?

What now is left but grief's incessant flow ?

The long and loud lament, the scalding tear,

And all the agonies of hopeless wo ?

Death, thy cold tempest, of its fairest bloom,

And proudest, loftiest branch has disarrayed ;

Thou deem'dst no triumph great till in the tomb,

Oh ! luckless hour, our people's chief was laid.

When sword met sword, to guard his country's right,

Amongst her foes what terrors dealt he round !

Beneath his sire's victorious banners bright,

Or Ormond's, far in foreign lands renowned.

Áfí bhíobh báile nár Cúintíte lúir aon chorp,
 Tálaí cheoídh bhrónin nár' ri ghréidíri neáidhtheach,
 Áfí theaslaibhtheachóir dhúilis, 't a chlarsúidhe cinniúrda,
 Táiré bhláit aon óig-pháipír buadh mhóir a d-ghráidhthibh.

Óigí híre ceairte lúimí, a zhír a bhdáim, 't a néime,
 Áfí óigí híre a tcaictíte ainn zálaí a hírd d'Eirinn,
 Mairi chriúinn nár dalaire buadh mairgeach a phléusadhain,
 Dó zheallí zó leacanpháidh zó leacan a zhéusá.

Áfí mairi zó do bhídh a n-bán do'n t-geimh-pháidh,
 Acht dul 't aon n-aigísh zó h-aigíspneach 'n a sonair;
 Uch ! if creibh fhaidh é le nár ló !
 It bhrón crosidhe d'á chéili zó deónísh !

Ít máncháin í if troma fá chumháidh,
 Áfir n-dul zó sualch d'á céile a n-áirí,
 Aictéar a cláinne, 't a cearb zhíránadh,
 Och ! if í do fuailear a círadh !

Áfí leacanpháidh té aon fíach zó deónísh,
 Tálaí zhleannnta dúnbhá nár' tleibhthe ceoídh,
 Áfí chláinnfeáir a dháirge zó binn a'g réideadh,
 Áfá zuth a zhíladháir lúir bheinn aon t-ghráibh.

Not wont was Courtown⁴ to be wrapped in clouds,
Dense clouds of sorrow which no light can chase ;
But now its faithful lord affliction shrouds,
Reft of the heir and glory of his race.

Heir of his name, his dignity and power,
Heir of demesnes afar thro' Erin spread ;
Like the strong oak majestic did he tower,
And promised high to rear his branchy head.

Far other lot his destinies ordain ;
To feel the force of death's untimely dart.
For him, his widowed partner mourns in vain ;
No balm, for aye, shall heal her wounded heart.

A mother she, in deepest wo opprest,
Weeps for her first, sole love, her children's sire
Snatched prematurely from her faithful breast :
'Tis she, that feels affliction's fiercest ire.

Ne'er in the chase, shall he with early morn,
Sweep o'er the mist-clad hills by moor or lake ;
Ne'er hear the stirring music of the horn,
Nor sweet-voiced hound the mountain echoes wake.

Ψή φηεισφελρί ἐ λιρι λαλιθ-ελχ δζ,
 Τλρι ελαδηλ α'τ ράλ εζ δέλπελδη πούδ,
 Τά ελαχιλόδη λιρι α μηλιγε ζο δεόρζη,
 Άλρι α μηόρδηλελτ δο θυτ τριομ-χεόδη.

Α λάμη βηρονητλελ ζο φάνη 'ν α λαίδη,
 Α εχρισίδη μελημηλελ ταλρηλ ζάλη βηρίζη,
 Υιόλ πλ εευρελδη, εζαγ ελρια πλ τ-βάρδ,
 Υελριε πλ ζ-εεσληλελ εχλουλτ ζο h-άρδ.

Τοιαγ λη δάιη πί πράιηη δο'δ εχλύ,
 Αλετ σόμηρέιλριδη ζο h-άρδ μο εχύμηλειδη,
 Άλρι γιλλελδη δηώηηη δεόρι φάσι δηειρε ζάλη λασι,
 Άλρι Τηλελμελ αν Τηληλιδη δο εχράδη μο εχρισίδη.

Nor fly impetuous on the fleet young steed,
O'er fence or fosse, with many a rapid bound ;
Marred is his beauty—checked the hunter's speed,
And all his glory wrapt in shades profound.

Cold is the hand that bounty opened wide ;
Relaxed the heart with manly spirit strong :
Fallen the hero's son, the minstrel's pride,
The friend and guardian of the sons of song !

Tho' for no poet's lay his virtues call,
Yet shall the muse my grief aloud proclaim ;
With every closing day my tears shall fall,
And on the tomb bedew my hero's name.

Τοιμεαδή οὐτού της γένους γηευζήσθαι σχετικάσθη.

Le Γελζήλη Ο'Τυλων.²

Σο δέρζηεκναχ α' τ Phoébus φάνι neall, οζ γύιδηe δhomh
λιρ μhόp-γleάγriibh Μάizh,

Ζλη οέν δe'n τρειbη δhλouδhλ a'm chóip, α' τ mo γmuλίntε
δ'λ γeόlαδh chum φάιn :

Τλοbη leir λn δ-τρέun-λmλaiη mhόp, δo δ'λoibhinn a' zlōp
α' τ a'zaiη,

Al'τ cέ'η bh'λeόdhηrakch mo pέim-γe 'γmo cheόl, τιz γeίmhle
δe'n bheρón dubh a'm δh?il !

Ul n-einphēekchd τiз tpeun-γtcoiim mhόp, a'm chimchioll λiρ
bhόpδaiibh nλ τrάizh,

Ψiλ h-eim bheρza λj tpeizeknn a'z-ceόil, α' τ γlím-chηknnak
λ n-zleόidh-bhηiuid nλ m-bλpp;

Τiз nēall-dubh a' τ tpeirlinz τλri cόip, τiз ελoρ-λeγrαdη a' τ
tōiηneakch' ογ ήpδ,

Ψiλ tpeuritka λj δelop-γhileadη deόp, le'pi lioη tuile mόp-
tηiutck nλ Μάizh !

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN
CLARAGH MAC DONNELL.¹

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

As lonely, erst, on Maig's green banks reclined,
I gave my thoughts to fancy's bland controul ;
The stream's soft murmurs mingling with the wind,
Made music sweet and soothing to my soul.

Soon changed the scene—the birds forgot to sing,
Cow'ring and trembling in their leafy bowers ;
Night robed the sun, blue flashed the lightning's wing,
Swell'd the brown flood, for heaven wept copious
showers.

“**T**is t'uléth nár ní-bhán n-áedhealadhá ór mo chónháir, nár
t'síllte ag' nár lóchárlainn 'n a lámh';
A'g do'm léirmhéalbhr bár chlomh-chlor fá n'ðheasúsh nár nár
n-zucht' buadh zhálor-žhontca cail,
Ul n-éinrhealbh do léigearadh zéón, zo neimhnealbh
amháin-ðomháir ag' rásbh;
“**A**il ch-ýealzhalin dhil, an leún leac ag t'zeol, marbh do
t'leasadh Mac Ómhnáill chum báig.”

Ír té deir ag tréir-bhriuinzeal mhór, le síomh Calliopé nár
z-céarid;
“**F**ír doho agus dhuine ag 'n-Bláinn i g-cóir, ag chasáineadh de
zhálor-žhuch ór árdb,
Fír ag t'hreáizhthe do t'hlaoir-chur ag z-clódbh, agctt d'hlaoibh-ri
agut d'hlaoibh-rl, ag t'healzhalin;
Seir éirítm mo t'zeul leac agus d-cúir, ag'g ealaín-ri zo déimhnealbh
ag' m' d'heasúsh !

“**T**'zeul déimhnealbh riúz céim t'airi zách t'zeol, t'zeul príomh-
zhontca, cróidhe-láj agus cár;
T'zeul d'éirízhusdhi t're z'héamh-pimh ag bhrioin, le'ri t'fíneadh
ag leózán agus láir !
An t-cén de t'hreáibh Zhálaodháil-zhálaig do d'heol, mo
chlomh-bhriollach eolzhalch záchla,
T'huig féith agut néim agus zách riód, t'airi t'háistíbh nár
h-Cóirpá zo láin.

Nine nymphs, and in their hands nine tapers flamed,
Came nigh, with shrieks that filled the concave sphere,
And thus, in voice immortal, loud exclaimed :
“ Weep, Bard, with us, o'er Donald's lowly bier.”

Then thus Calliope—“ In mournful lays,
To none but thee of Erin's bards belong,
With us to feel and weep—to sing the praise,
And laud the virtues of the son of song.

“ Dire is the tale—our lion sinks to rest—
For him let sorrow pour the tearful stream ;
Of all the Gaël now I loved him best,
Him of all bards that Europe boasts supreme.

“ Lovely he bloomed, e'en as the oak exceeds
The lowly shrub, all bards he passed afar ;
Sweet was his song of high heroic deeds ;
The minstrel's pride, the poet's polar star !

“ *Zlé-bhile* aondu mo rtóir, do b’laoineadh a mór-imig fáil,
 Do ríochtaírtigh nár bhearrá agus cheoiridh, ’t nár’ri ríomh
 Acht airn tóirbhíleachd agus tóiril;
 Ag chéimibh ann ríra tréighealbh buadh chriéil, a bh-fíodh-
 imig fhoibhla riúz bárr,
 Ba agus-churáil, aedhealrach ’t aon g-eol, ’t ba
 phríomh-choinseal eolus ñ do’n n-dáimh !

“ *Cízealr* a’r séimh-bhealch nár n-eol, air bh-príomh-pháisidh
 Níriúbhreacailch Árd,
 Do ríordhreachadha agus dalaor-cheairt agus códhbaileacht, d’air
 ríomhbaileach a’ n-eolair nár bh-fáisigh !
 Feairí zlé-zheal, ba agus-churáil, seairt, sónir, ba dílre
 do’n ch’róninn cheairt agus lá ;
 ’Moi’r éigímhíomh-ri oir, a Ullan-mheic nár g-cómhlaecht do’ð
 níomh-bhíosz go roinntair air n-dáimh !”

Ain Feairt-Ílaois.

Seo chlúnd a tár, a lán-leisce, ’t iñ bhrón do’n t-ghluagáin,
 Feairí rízalch, rímh, ríar-silte agus geoladha ríadha,
 Buadh chlú do’n n-dáimh Árd-imig fhoibhla, fuaire,
 Ain piann-pháisidh Feirzhalan Clárach Mac Dónaill uair !

"A druid, in whose mind her honey-dew,
As in a comb, did science richly store ;
Kind was his heart, brave, generous, loyal, true,
Great King of Heaven reward him evermore."

EPITAPH.

'Tis thine, broad stone, the relics dear to guard
Of one deplored, who cold beneath thee lies ;
The gentle Donald, Clare's illustrious bard,
The prince of poets, generous, good, and wise.

τυπεαδη εινηιαη η-ι αιτηιαιη.

Páistíníos O'Conchubhair ió chán.

Mo chumhliodh! mo chreidh! mo chneadh! mo bheodh-lot!
Mo chreidh-nimhe crie'm chroisidhe go bpeolkn!
Mo zhurn zhontas a' t mo chuirte air peochchann,
Mo cheile chneachas a' t mo bhlaictear chórlach!

Յիհ շար մհինից մե և լիք տիրե և ծ-ուցի և նորէ,
Ա՞՛յ ուշի յախեց ըլյդե և զ սր յօմակը և չ-օօրի ծհուտ,
Լոմ 'Դ լենին եւ մհիլից ծօ շօմհաւըլը,
'Դ ուօր և եխիւր քերչակի և լիք տաւծոն 'ո՞հ և լիք ո՞ն լոմ.

ELLEN HARTNAN,

A MONODY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HAMILTON DRUMMOND, D. D.

Oh wo ! oh sorrow ! thro' my heart have sped
Grief's rankling barbs, and left their poison there ;
Spouse of my soul ! now mouldering with the dead ;
Nurse of my babes ! oh gentle, kind, and fair !

Ah ! hapless babes, now left forlorn to weep ;
Them fortune cheers not—no kind friend receives ;
No guardian teaches wisdom's paths to keep—
No, none but me whom grief of sense bereaves.

Though oft from home and thee, perverse and blind !
Neglecting all, I drank the maddening bowl ;
To me thy looks and voice were ever kind,
Kind thy advice and balmy to my soul.

Чи рхенсэлг түн лир тире аз салбадирг тионна 'нэл төрдэ,
 А'г нэ чиуулады түн аз салбадирг зо тиом лир саломхадржин;
 Лэ тилдэг нэ'ри чуяриг ризин 'нэл төржилэнз,
 Никамх чум туйме, зийдхим Марие зо бэйзх лект !

Эн яа до сүрэлдх, то чуяриг ! түн лир хөнчлөнн,
 'г ан сидхече яюмхе, 'н улир сондигисэлг түн а'д тодорхонх,
 Талмиж дхэл д-тэрил т'алсиге д'лэн-т-туйм, яг дэвжх лиом,
 До тхекч то чхюсдх, то бхрүж 'зүг т'эвз !

Залбадим ле б-даг д тхас нэл б-дэгхе н-диудх,
 Зар тиши орт өвлийн бэлгэг ле сэлгэг нэл сэргэх,
 Яг түн бхретих улдим зо наадч лир төрччлөнн,
 Мэри нэ'ри чуяллаяг до тхадих бхретих бх-тэд а з-саломхадр
 лиом.

Ne'er did I see thee wound a neighbour's fame,
Ne'er heard thee raise a rough and clamorous voice ;
Ne'er wert thou slow to grant the sufferer's claim,
For which, in heaven, oh may'st thou aye rejoice !

Alas ! the day that saw thy beauties fade,
Ere the last night had stretched thee in the tomb ;
Age came upon me, all my strength decayed,
Grief froze my heart and withered all my bloom.

Though dire the blow, I vow before high heaven
'Twas just, and reverenced be its just decree ;
Just, to resume the blessing it had given,
Too great such blessing for a wretch like me !

Yet must I mourn, since death, that tyrant dread !
Still ruthless, stern, inexorable found,
Such tragic horrors has around me spread,
And left my soul in deep affliction drowned.

201. READING OF THE IRISH MINSTRELSY.

U Céadhmaisind bhearrachtais, & chuid 't & ghrádh mo chléibh !

Aho chumhaisibh ! gáin tairg a ghuair me-ri lir bhárrí an t-riéibh,

Dó cheann ann m'uchd a'f m' e g' róisadh do bhéil,
 'T go d-tábh-chúrpinn tu-ri le comann, & ghrádh ! o'n n-éig.

Áfí h-í an ghdaoth-fo & n-íarí nár an fhearrcháinn-fo & n-árt,

Afá ríor-churí mo tuisceoire d'fáid tainé mo ghrádh,

Ucht an t-ionad-coinne bheithe ealdrainn lir fhláibh báin ná ceulach,

Gur b'í an Derghnín úd do chonzbháidh tú bhéidh láin zo bhusach.

EDMOND WALSH,

A PASTORAL DIRGE.

—
Oh Edmond ! choice and portion of my heart,
Wert thou but with me on the mountain's height ;
Could soft endearments life again impart,
I'd clasp thy death-cold form with fond delight.

Ah ! shall we ne'er again together trace
The mountain of cuckoos' soft, grassy steep ;
In Dinan's depth is found thy dwelling place ;'
How light all other woes, when this I weep !

For thy pure soul ascends my ceaseless pray'r,
A fearful vision tells me thou art gone ;
In Loughree's tide thy corse the fishes share,
And feast upon that form where beauty shone.

Արլինց եկուեց շօնկից ու սեստհա ծառե, ո՞ւ՞ բիօր,
 Յո յունի Էլծիմոնձ երենցի, բեմի-շիլոն 'ու և յեւլրանի
 և լի և ու բ-բնիցի;
 Երոնդամ քեմ ծ'անձու զեւեալ ծ Մհարի ՝ զսր ծ Շրնօրտ,
 'Դ ծ ծոլլան շհօմի ծ'ա բոլլածի և Յուն և լի և լուհ-
 Անչի.

Ե՛ւ սմհհածի ՝ զսր ծաւլե և լի շհեան ՚ և լի շհօննե, և ՚
 սեսի և լի զած հրծ,
 Ե՛ւ սեստհա ծառե և յունհածի ՚ և յունհածի և յուն-շիլ
 զած և,
 Երէ Էլծիմոնձ միլիր, և են-մհեմ Մհարի, ըրեած ծ
 ծհեւորքածի օճի?
 Օ ծ'եւզ ւո-յա և շրկօթի-միլլակի եկիծի և լի շհօնի և
 բ-բնեածի եկան !

In mist the mount is clothed, the vallies mourn,
The poor bewail thy loss, their hope is fled ;
Ah ! who shall now relieve their state forlorn,
The topmost branch of Slieve bawn's side is dead.

B A I A T I S H E A R Y A T H E A D H A C H.

Í Í fada me lir bualadhreann 't zan tuairisealr am dháil,
 Ann aghairin i zan fuairsealr le móir-chealnáthail zárádh,
 Téid chlachnáthail a chlacháilis do gcuairte ná gcuath-
 phoilté bheanáth,
 Buidh chriophállach, buailach lir laeth-chrioth zo fáil.
 'G i pláir ná m-bán Dhún-ná-m-bairc, dhe chriú ná bh-
 feair n-euchtaich í,
 Tínear záhlri do'n n-diúnis-fhealr bhídh z-cruasadh-chláth ná
 b-rialléar í,
 A láirle dhe 'n tceír í ó Chill-chláir aon gcait,
 A cruaadh-chuirle dhíreach tá z-croídhe mháith zan
 chláim.

Ír bheanáth, deart a feucháin, 't a h-éadair zan tseimhioll,
 'G a dhá mhála chlaolaí marí chláen-tárrairin i pinn ;—
 An deairceadh bheanáth, neultach marí chlaomh-eala lir línn,
 An béalram-zhob chroídhealr 't a déard chuirce chlaol ;
 Ír ealán, ceairt é croídhe zéal, zan mhuidheann a'g i
 déairceach í,
 Phróimh-cheárt zálaí fíor-pháistí a'g d'fhióir-geoir ná
 n-Áineasach í,

THE LADY IVEAGH,

AN ODE.

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

Bereft of repose, I am destined to languish
In hopeless desire and incurable anguish,
For the maid of fair tresses, whose ringlets of gold,
Her fine figure with graceful profusion enfold.

The flower of her sex, of heroical line,
Kin to Desmond and Ormond in battle divine ;
Her pure noble blood from a heart without stain,
Swells with generous emotions the pulse of each vein.

In her forehead of snow o'er her star-sparkling eyes,
Arch'd brows like fine hair-strokes with dignity rise ;
From her soft ruby lips and small ivory teeth,
The blithe air is embalm'd by her delicate breath.

Πέικτον η καζ-εύζεαδηλ, 'γ' ί ι γ μύντε 'γ' ι γ θρέάζη,
Ρέωριλ ζαν ηοννταί αζυρ εολύρ εαιλεί ί δ'ξάτ.

ΤΑΙ τθέιρ-θεελη θηρεάζη θέμερλη λιρ απ θ-τλόθη-γο δηε
'η δ-τηρ,

'γ' ί ρένη η κατ-θεελη ηλορδηλ αζυρ εείρη η κατ-θεελη μίνη,
Ω'λη θήμηληζ απ ηλονη-γριορλδ λε δκονλεχτ 'η η ερούδη,
'γ' ι εολύρ εαιλε λη τρέλη-ρηνηλ ή'γ ζαν λένη χοζαλ τρίδη:
'γ' δε ρηρέαλη-θεελητ η κατ-γριούδη-θεεληρ ο ρηίοη-Χλιγιολ-
ήελθην ί,

Υέιμη-θεελη η κατ-δέιζη-θεελητ δε θηρεάλη-ρηνηλ η κα
ιλοχ μελη ί,

Ρημητ ταρη τριύχη ζυρ θήμηληζ 'η η λιμη,
Ω'κ λιτελη ηλη ρηόμηλη, ζυρ δη'ρώζ λιει απ θηληρη.

Ωι λιμη μήνη ζηρεάλητα, πέλτα λιρ λέλ-θηρλετ η τερίοθηλη,
Λοιζελητ λιρ τρέμη-θησηρ αζυρ έυνλατη λιρ σηρασίθη ;
Ψηλ εύη μύθηλη αζ δέιθηλη, ιζυρ λέι λε σελητ απ ρέοσ
Τηζ λιγον τας Σλέρον 'η η χλαλ-θηλης θαρη τοίνη :—
'γ' ί λονηρλδη εεωιζ καζ-εύζεαδηλ ί, 'γ' ί ι γ μύντε 'γ' ι γ θρέάζη,
Υιάρη-ζηλη δο'η διάνιε-θεελη 'γ' δο Υθύλιοθηλη θέλραλη ί
Ικρηλ θεελητ θηελγημηληλ α θηελγημηλδ θυδη θάιμ,
'γ' ζαλη ειληρ αζ τελεχτ θηύλη ο ζηλαγ-Υιάνηρ ζο Φάτ.

ΤΑ δηλη μηληλα πέλτα λιρ α ή-λέλ-θηρληδηλ θηρεάζη,
μήνη,

'γ' α πίοβ λελεληρ, ζηλείζελη, ηλη θηένθ-θηρλδη απ
δηούζηηη ;

Kind, cheerful, and bounteous, without ostentation,
The light of the province, the pride of the nation ;
A pearl without flaw, a meek innocent dove,
Her enchanting politeness compels us to love.

Pure as virginal honey ; the spirit divine,
Descending, her heart made humanity's shrine ;
And such her perfection, that none of the fair
To vie with my Phoenix of beauty must dare.

On the smooth snowy silk her light fingers portray,
Ships that sail thro' rich landscapes, and birds on the spray;
She eclipses the goddesses vaunted of old,
And would win Jason's fleece, and the apple of gold.

Her round polish'd neck, and her soft heaving bosom,
Are white as the hawthorn's delight-breathing blossom ;
Unaffected and affable, witty and wise,
Both Helen and Deirdre must yield her the prize.

Say, glory of bards ! to whose judgment I bow,
Have I hazarded ought that truth must not avow ;
How could I from praising this angel refrain,
Of the right royal lineage descended from Spain. .

Te ne bhinnneadh & béalín do chriéig pán & phíob,

Azur párta d'á m-budh-iarr í níor bhádúil eathu na
Chroíde :—

'F í órgh-mhín na n-ógh-chlaón d'fóirpealr air chléirí zách
&cht

D'óra Chriúrð ; záin mhórrphoimpr, chriúrach zách lach
tarb leár,

Déiridre an déid-zhil záir záhíll dhíri an bárr,

Ul n-Áradháill-cheart, & n-dáéndhácht, & bh-féile 'T &
eacníl.

Tá mo lictír ag dul chúzat-yr, & úzhdairí zách fáisgh,

'F mór' tóiréiglann le gernádadh í, noir úmhluáighim phas
d'láimh ;—

Uicht záir ag tráchtadh air an t-sáit-bheala, bheanáis,
mháinle, budh mhéinn leam & bheith,

'N & mór-chuirleadháibh dhíreacail mar & gerníobháilr
'g eadha léigtheair & z-eacrt,

Fishte eacrt-phuaidhce ann rán mhór-phuail do b'fheárr,

De chriúbh cheart níl ríoghsa í do phíolraigh o'n Íráinn.

Ul m-bíodh teaghlach chum ruidhce agur rízhe ann zách
grod chuirge,

Az írioll ag uairíl ag záraírúibh 'T ag fáisghibh tuilt;

Teachízhe ag záraírúadháibh bheith ag záleacáidhcheacht le
mnáibh,

Azur fileadháil zálaíl líomháil ann d'á z-eacmhádeacht
zách trácht.

To whose splendid abodes hospitality's hand,
Was open alike to the good and the grand;
Where plenty presided, and champions renown'd,
Presenting their trophies by beauty were crown'd.

While sweet fluent poets with rapture inspir'd—
Symphonious to melody chaunted untir'd—
Applauded their actions and those of their line,
And inflam'd them the deeds of their sires' to outshine.

Մարտիկաւ ծիօպպիչածի մասութեամ.

Le Témoignage de l'Église. *

Οηπαδή Λζιτ έτζημηεκcht ηλ h-Ειρεκη τρίδ η δ-ειεσήρ,
Αμιχορ δλέρι Λζιτ ερέπιν δο'ν Mhl'-χhiwl πηόρ,
Τελρι τωιιθηιρ τείμη η 3-ερέ ηλ Ιώδηε ραοί 'n bh-ρόδ
γ' έ Δονηχεκδή τηέκη, Ιηκιε-Ιωδηκ, μο ιηκιε ληρών

Երօն հզար ըստիկներ ու Մինչըլանդի տէրյուռ Յօ քրեմի,
Եթեօյ ու ո-ծնտիւսէնդիկ և Յ-էնուն բան լեռաւիկ Յօ քռոն
Ըօր ու Ե-քրիոնդիկ ծ'նր-շիրանիկ Շհալիլ ու իւստ,
'Վ և ո-չլենիկ ու ծ-տէռո-շինումի ծ'յոնդօվշենդի
ուռուիկ լե քրօնիկ.

Φρούρι, φυννεκτή, οτι φυλλαπός, οτι έυχτη ηλίθη τηλάκιθ,
Ωτι τριελη-φιελη φιγλελη βα μηιρε, ηλίθη ελασιδηελδη
ζο ηλίθη,
Τέιλε, σομλην-τελης, οτι τιντη λε λινη άν γιάβηλιδη,
Την τριέζηθε άν βηλε, ή μο θυρηλινη ! ή άν η-άιρη
ξροι Ληρ !

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DENIS MAC CARTHY.¹

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

*The sigh and wail of Inisfail ! her hero is no more,
In the cold clay, the good, the great, lies weltering in
his gore ;
Ah fatal shot ! each noble stem with him is now laid low,
The lord of vast and rich domains—unutterable *woe* !*

*Woe wide and wild through Muskry's vales ! beneath the
moss-grey stone,
The prince of Cashel's regal branch lies powerless and
alone ;
His keen-edg'd blade in battle's front flash'd withering
lightnings round,
His matchless might and hardihood be ever more
renown'd !*

Íar a maitheoir, iŋ tair̄z a 3-ceill zo tréith !

Íáib ná n-3airgeadhach a' r an fáiríaire feidhmeannach
aui, fén,

¶ár' ri fhéidh a chlárach fáisí theagmointe clocháire piáin,
Aigéid, a 3-cáthair, ná a 3-ealaisír fán ghearradhán zan
piáir.

Ní ariúche ná n-áriúlaídh, pláthar, a' r luchd léigheann,

Fíoradháidhe zan fíorgruaighe ba ní bairíneach meinn,

Tá biaidháidheachta, eall-chínn, ealannat a' r clomháidh,
¶ár n-biaidháidhe fáisí'n líath-bíz le'ri tairgeadh an
láéch.

Láéch gaoithe dhé'n Phréimh-Líord Cháirbhéalach zhil, úri,

Do réidhdeadh bhínn, záeh dleáir-ghnáidhm dán d-tízeadh
'n ari 3-cionn,

Ari 3-céillnídhéachta, ari 3-cáéimh-dhídhéan, ari d-tácaidh
'r ari 3-cúl;

'T' zuri cíomháit air tháébh Zléidhil tú dhul mairbh a'
n-úri.

'T' ari úri ó coracleadh Donnchadh a 3-Cill-chlé th-riair,

Mári thuile bhoibh, záidh roilbhír, eáin, féimh, piás;

Tá chóngráimh coránca a' r cothruighthe d'á bhuidhín
fém piáin

Tá an duitheche pollamh 'r ní'l polladh de'n t-riól fán n'
rádháidh.

*Renown'd, conspicuous in the van, while trumpets peal'd
to arms,*

*Wav'd his bright crest, till death's sad hour invincible in
arms ;*

*Yet mercy stay'd his conquering hand, still generous
and just,—*

*Alas, our stately pine lies stretch'd in ruin on the *dust*.*

*Dust hides the comeliest of mankind, munificent and
brave,*

*Who never fail'd his friends from foes and dungeons drear
to save ;*

*The great and learn'd he entertained, and all their worth
combin'd,—*

*'Neath yon grey stone that marks his grave each virtue
lies *enshrined*.*

*Enshrined with this illustrious branch of Carthy's
vigorous tree,*

*Our prop, our spear and shield, from wrong and want
who kept us free ;*

*A foaming torrent, when arous'd he swept the embattled
plains ;*

*The country's desolate !—not one of all his race *remains*.*

Tealbhach ñaonzaean ríosí ȝihlaighibh a ȝ-cumhaonraibh
baeȝhail,

Iñ riadha 'r' iñ ñaonraibh do chlaonaidibh cheirt ȝumhaon
rúriariori,

Do ȝaach bialbhach fíoritheamhail, rúriariong ó chiuimháit
ná losí,

De'n tríath-ȝhail Cháiríthamhail Cháiríll do bhrúzadh
lucht téin.

Ba theann le tréan, 'r' budh théimh le ñraezlein bhíodh lae,
Jáidh zuri leabhairí a réim ní'ri dháerí feair deilbh ná
neachta! —

Cáim ná cléan 'n a mhéinn ní'ri tuizeadh a'm mhéar,
'r' zuri ñaill air ȝ-cléir, mo léun! ó cailleadh an feair!

Feair aobhinn, teanzeal-choimh, ȝléizael, úri,

Budh thuidhce peairí, ba tháithneamhaché ȝeiz a' t
cúm,

Budh dhíreadh teaghlach, budh tháirbh, deil, éindriom
riúshail,

A'r lí an t-ȝneachta 'n a leacáibh, tré leigheas ná ȝ-slor
'n a ȝhónair.

Zonair ȝhíodhmeair, iñ líne ñ' a bh-fealsadh-ȝar róir,

Rúdhaili ȝhíodhce air an m-báir nách ñ-tuȝ ariarion
do'd ȝlinnódh!

Remains? ah yes ! immured for life in solitude they pine,
The last of Munster's genuine stock, Mac Carthy's royal
line ;

Dissimulation and deceit were odious in his sight,
Oh ! with his funeral torch is quench'd our clergy's holy
light.

Light, vigorous and erect his form, of symmetry the
mould,

Created to command and charm the beauteous and the
bold ;

The berries' glow through new-fallen snow was blended
in his cheek,

His gracious smile proclaimed his soul benevolent and
meek.

Meek but majestic in his mien ! oh death ! thou, only
thou,

Durst unabashed, unawed, confront that calm command-
ing brow ;

Grim spoiler hence, who Erin plunged in deep and
cureless anguish,

The last of our Iberian line alas ! in bondage *languish.*

Tharúntaigh an t-áthair agus nár fágáid, nár fhillítear go deo! !
D'fánas an t-áthair agus an t-áthair agus, le h-iomadairíodh bhrón.

Bhrón deacair! náct a mairseann acht fíor-bhileadhán!
Óthe nár leóadhain ehlaiméid, óthe an t-áthair agus, o'n
Tírinn,
Buadh cheinnealgach agus lár a mairseann acht, agus a coisair
náimhleas,
Luchd tairiscithe nár h-eaglaisiú, lucht gheannaí a'gairt.

Táirír dhaoibh mairi do chloisteannan ríbh clasaídhche gáinn
Jún b' éin b'áig choisleáilz zách polladh 'ca n-ádearbhíriodh
tháll,
Mairi b'áig d'aoisair airi air m-hochtaineadh, do clasaídh-
easdh 'n agus a coisinn,
.A'gairt tuisceach-choigríodh, air n-ártá, air n-ándeal, 'T air
a coisinn.

Céanna-cóiríach nár fóda, agus fáilteoirí nár n-áradháil.
Céanna-cóiríach an leózán, do m'fáil aon zách céim,
Céanna d'fóiríealbh do mór-bhoicht, a'gairt d'fáilteoirí Ce,
Do cheanna cóirízíche agus a coimhíriodh cénig oifig agus
éirímhítheadh.

Languish! oh melancholy tale ! defeated, in disgrace,
In dens and chains the last remains of lordly lion race ;
And worst of woes, our spear and shield, prime leader
of the Gaël,

Mac Carthy More is lost, and long we're doom'd to *sigh*
and wail.

01δ δο Σήλια η Αιδη Μιλεαδη.

Ανονζουτ τας δοιζησι Ή θάλκιζη μό σχαν.

Ωικ λιθ Λ λοσηραίδη Ζηλοιδηιολ,

Ψικ εινιτελη Ε λούδητελετη ομπιτηθ,

Πικτη πιορ' θυιλλελεβηληι ταργιλδη,

Ω ι-λη εατηλ ηλ εοργιδη.

Δέιντελη λιθ εοινζηλε εατηλα

Ω θηιδηελη Αρινζηλη ξλοιτελετη,

Ψικ σεληνη θηιηη θη-ρειριληη δύτηθηλη

Ρωητ ίη-ζηοητ ιητε Ζλοιδηιολ.

Μάδη ήι λιθ Αζηλη Θηρελη,

Ω ζηληραίδη οέιμεληη Ζ-εηόδηλ,

Ψικ ρεληνηιδη έυχη ηλ ιορζηιη,

Ψικ εατηλ πιονελ πόρη.

Τεληηη θηειη Λ ι-θειρηλιθη ξυληη-θηελη,

Ω θη-ρειτηεληη θηιηη Ζηεληη Ζηη-ιηηηθηελη,

Ωζ ρειζ εροδη Αη ξεληη εατηηηη,

Ζλ θη-ξηιη ξεληηη θηηη ξηηελη.

Μό ιη ιαλη ζηη Ι-Αζηλη ιιθη-γε,

Μάζη ιηφε ηο ιιο Τεληηηλ,

ODE TO THE MILESIANS.

BY EDWARD LAWSON.

God shield you, champions of the Gaël,
Never may your foes prevail ;
Never were ye known to yield,
Basely in the embattled field.

Generous youths, in glittering arms,
Rouse at glory's shrill alarms ;
Fight for your green native hills,
And flowery banks of flowing rills.

Ireland, to avenge or save,
Many a conflict you must brave ;
And on rough crags in storms and snows,
Snatch a short though sound repose.

Ηο Σλιγεαλ πα γρεάτη πυαδή-ζηλαν,
 Ηο μίν-χλάρι Σριαλχναλ Μεαδηβηλ !
 Ιτ διθ εύμηνε, κ χλανναλ Μίλεαδη,
 Φονι πέιδη πα πίζη-λιοτ π-δειτη-ζηεκλ,
 Ταζ οριανιθ ζαν Αζηλαδη Ταιλεαν
 Ηο τάτη εγνοχ Μάιζηρεανη πατιθεαν.
 Άσι ταεχα λιαδη πα λάμηλιζη,
 Ταζ οριανιθ, κ οζηλαδη θλανθηλ,
 θλειθ θλιθη μηραλαχ άμηλ
 Σο πηελη-τηιαλζη ζάγηληρι ζαλιδα.
 Άλειτ παλη δενιν λε διλ, κ Ειρε,
 Υιθ λε χέιλε δο χονζηλη,
 Άσι θειδη θηηη π-βιλιδ κ π-άενρηελητ
 Άζ ήιαλζη εγνοχ λειδηλεανη Ιονδειν.
 Σράδη λιον εεχτηριανη δε θη-ρόζηριαδη
 Πίοζηριαδη φοδηλα 'τ κ π-οιρεελη,
 'Υ παλη ζοιρηεληρι διοθη 'ν κ π-δύτηελητ
 Άλειτ σειθειρη ευθηλ οιλλε !
 'Υ ιαδ ρέιη κ π-ζεληντειθ ζαρηηλ
 Ιλοιθ θηληηη δελζ δ'α λεληηριον,
 Άζυτ φονι μίν κη εχλιρ-γεο Χρίσηληθειν,
 Άζ φελδηλη φιοχηηηηρι Ελεχτρον.

Slow to wrest your father's land
Frohe foreign spoiler's hand ;
You forget its fields of flowers,
Its stately palaces and towers.

Not for lack of heart or nerve,
Bloated foreigners we serve ;
Would to heaven, united all,
We resolved to stand or fall.

Oh grief of heart ! proscribed at home,
Dispersed, our chiefs and princes roam
Through gloomy glens and forests wild,
Hunted like wolves—banditti stiled.

While a rude remorseless horde,
O'er our lovely vallies lord ;
Their vengeful hosts, who round us close,
Rob my long nights of sweet repose.

Nor till you prostrate them in gore,
Can rapture thrill my bosom's core ;
Empurpled squadrons bright in arms,
Your perils rack me with alarms.

3ach pún feill d& b&h-fuil chusctha,
 Buidheán fhiúl cluigíadha 3-eo3tchá,
 'T & níach námhá ari tí & n-3onadh,
 Do bheir oírlam codhla corrach.
 An tráth bheir't laoch laigheán
 Cinn deirigh-fheár cláir ná 3-cuirleadh,
 Buidhí Ealachtáin an chíríoi Chuinn ri
 Ní m' aizne roilbhíri guthach.
 Dúbhach bhíom-te uairi oile
 Mairi beiridh bhuaidh ná raoirfheáir,
 Ára goilleári tairi tonn-athair
 Do chomhloch 3arraigíadha 3asadhioi.
 Líon 3leáidh do laochairíadha laonn-3háirt,
 3arbhal llaigheanail líor d& n-3deirn,
 Méad & n-3asairge 't & n-3leáin tu
 Do chuir mo mheánmh & míneárt.
 Óir leó agus líidhe 't agus eiríche,
 Tírein-fhíri iur tíreir & d-tacúair,
 Óir 'ná gealgramh 't ná líidhe,
 Leo 't & d-tráth curtha an chláth.

No less will glut their savage hate,
Than root and branch to extirpate :
God guide and guard you day and night,
And chiefly in the dreadful fight.

Forth warriors, forth, with heaven to speed,
Proud in your country's cause to bleed ;
They best may hope the victor's wreath,
Whose watch word's " liberty or death."

ΔΑΨΙ ΔΟ ΒΗΠΙΑΨΙ ΦΑΙ ΜΑΡΙΤΗΑ ΟΡΙΑΜΑΡΙC.

Γελο Μας Τόρπα Ο Μαριλέοντηρε πό εχάν. ²

Τυλιρί θρέιψε καισιλ δο ιγλωζθλονδ,³
 Ταρι χλαχ λον φονν διλαχ έλλεα;⁴
 Φελρι αζ και ττατ^c γνίνημηα φέιννιθ,^d
 Ιλ τλορη ελιμηθήτ^e ηλ γελγά.^f

Ω τά τριατή ε ογ ειονη Πιληρελε
 Πελρι σώηη Σημαχα^b δο τηνδημη;ⁱ
 Ογ ελεπηκιθη θηικιν Μηεις Ελληκη
 Ιτ έ ελεκτροη^k ιτ ειβηδη. ^l

ΣΛ Α Ι Γ.

^a γλέζηλαν (ελδην) θηιεθεληη νο τιζηεληηα.—^b ταρι
 φηελρεηη λιη βιθ και η έιρηηη.—^c αζα θηηηιη.—^d ψιγτόδη.
 —^e αλληη φιοτέουζλιζη.—^f τοβλη Υελγά (ελδην) θόιηη.

ODE TO BRIAN NA MURTHA O'ROURKE.¹

BY JOHN D'ALTON.

O'er heaven-favoured Breifny a chieftain commands,
 In whom all endowments of excellence join ;
 There is not a hero in Erin's green lands,
 Equals Bryan who dwells on the science-loved Boyne.

A Tanist presides o'er the race of Hy Brun,
 The worthy descendant of Eochy the king :
 O'Rourke and O'Conor shall grow into one,
 And the hills of each Croghan with happiness ring.

31 u 21 γ

^a τιζηεληνα.—^b Κριλεχάν Σχολεκτ.—^c κοιμηεληζαλ.—
^k ειλεκθ θιζηεληνα οη (ειδην) τιζηεληνα νο Ίι.—^l οη
 ιμελιι ειλεκθ ιμελι.

Do ní Íriúin a ré ^m eileadh
 Déan agus daileadh n bhí ag boddháind;
 Áfí thug ó mo ghlábh a iadhná.
 Tomádhá P bia chéile comháind.

Oí a bhíofaithbhóirí a fíleadh
 Ólighcheadair moladh ceathair pláthair;
 Do dhéan ní beárla riardáce,
 Do Íriúin mo dhutligracht náthair.

Áfí hail do bheárla riardáce
 In árthláit do fheireannáil Fheárla;
 O fuaillír eol air ná collaibh
 Fil air bhrú thobhairí Feadháir.

Cumás eiphrírt ^t i gairce
 Do Íriúin záin aizneadh meabhaile; ^u
 Áfí zárách zealláidh záin comháll
 Do clocháind ^v chineoil Fheárla.

^m An Am.—ⁿ Fionn Mac Cúmháil.—^o Ármád.—^P A thlinneán.—^q Záich.—^r Ní beárla boddach.—^s Láithe no eileadháin molád.—^t ionáinn ariádháil do a bheith aiz domhain

Sincere are our praises of Breifny's great lord,
 Like the father of Oisin in story renown'd ;
 Since the hour when a stripling he first drew the sword,
 Where the foe dar'd to meet him he never gave ground.

But what were the sword, if the harp should be mute,
 Or the deeds of the hero if silent the Bard ;
 Be mine the proud strains that his dignity suit,
 And I'll offer to Bryan a minstrel's reward.

Old Boyne ! from the days I have wandered thy streams,
 Or mused in the forests that shadow thy face ;
 'Twas the theme of my wishes, the thought of my dreams,
 To sing the green scion of Feargna's famed race !

Well is the rapture of eulogy due,
 To him in whom treachery never could lurk ;
 Whose promise is sacred, whose friendship is true,
 The glory of Feargna, the gallant O'Rourke.

Don ní eibhíct (eádhon) piádha no tuairítearbhail.—" feille.—
 " onn (eádhon) cloch, cloch (eádhon) clú, clochonn (eádhon)
 eárrítearbhail, clutchech cómhnuighealch go builn.

In náth fhóirtceadhach * dholbháin ×
 Do bhrían nár fhoghlaim aimbhle; †
 Áfí bhíad neacs acht dán mholtadh
 Cseán mothá oíscur aimbhírt.

Ari a mhéad do nice ⁊ chunice
 'Gnách síult buine ari dhúin tháinigán;
 Cé a tár mór ttuatháidh óir tháirgílín⁹
 Ír inz úrígílín óir tháirgílín. ‡

 Áfír thuill riaini aet sílri ⁊ toladh
 Ári chraonn toradháidh ní bheirfe:
 Mo cheann tír óir ab codnáidh §
 An té nár tholltearigh ⁊ féile.

Tréidhe Chonáiré Cuailenn
 A m-bhrían dán buanáinn † buime;
 Ári earráibhír ⁊ ír ari loidhe ‡
 Ír ari zheall záoríre ⁊ o zách buine.

* aindíthe dhóiríche.—× chumáin.—† amháiníre, aindíthe no oileárt.—‡ do chuaigh.—§ tóigíbháil no ullmhuisíghadh.
 —¶ Ír inzílín ní dfráisíbháil dán chaitheamh.—© ránno no rocaíl.—¶ lígh no tizhealrún.—© nár loit.—† buanáinn

In verses of mystery weave I the song,
 For one who was ever a stranger to guile ;
 To whom all the hearts of the people belong,
 Save the joyless who never have basked in his smile.

To him as a shield although numbers have fled,
 Yet under his shadow they never knew fear ;
 And still with profusion his tables are spread,
 Though thousands have feasted there all the long year.

The fruit-bearing tree, the chief beyond praise,
 Though like instinct his eulogy flows from our hearts ;
 But he, he alone, all deaf to our lays,
 Would fain secret the fame of the good he imparts.

The glory of Conary shines in his face ;
 Sure the breast of his nurse own'd a warrior's fire;
 Of youth is his bloom, and of manhood his grace,
 While his wisdom surpasses what age could inspire.

μυστικόν τοῦ φίλου (εὐδόκου) βέβαιον λαθαῖς τὸν
 πατέρα δειπνοῦται καὶ τί λατεῖ, sic buxolannu macthālīr nā bħixiex on
 nī iż-żekka. Buxolannu din dekuzjmhietarip aż-żonicekkedal
 żgħixxidha do fuq il-kunċiib. —^a āmeħek. —^b orje. — żgħoċċej. —

¶Seachd air bith innseach ealasca ^k

¶Sí bh-fuil duil fheadraún a choibhneig ; ^l

Acht mairi a tairi ní tioncharach ^m

¶No ionbhadh ⁿ agus oicceón ^o

Cuimhde ^p do thíri turp júarie, ^q

¶I mairc tuine ^r no pléitice,

Acht compearait ^s mídh ne mídhain

¶Seachd air chualail migealadh ^t éisgrá. ^u

Friuch don iollánach aithéigin, ^v

Úrúin nách air chláiríogh innleasadh ; ^w

Deacmháileac ^x friaighbol a phéile

Ze ueith ^y Círe dán chinnrieadh. ^z

Cáin ná cairde dán níle, ²

Fír úrteifne ní conbhaichit ; ³

Círrí ^b mairi dán fil fóir congair ^c

Cumá torla díl nárgaibh. ^d

^k ¶Sí bh-fuil duine air bith in Éirinn.—^l ionchomhráidir ne Úrúin ná Muirchead O'Flaherty. — ^m fáilte ri ghrá bhealaí. — ⁿ Cáscaíoch no turp bhealaí. — ^o doimhne no turp mor. — ^p ní searait no bláthbhéalaí. — ^q tiseárla, ní

Name your chieftain in Erin, all proud as it teems
 With heroes, I care not whoever he be;
 O'Rourke in the glorious comparison seems
 As the sea to a river, or ocean to sea !

And who is the Tanist dare stand in his place,
 So firm in the fight, so majestic in mien ;
 Not sprung from a lawless or lowly embrace,
 But the spotless descent of a king and a queen.

There love of the sciences finds a compeer,
 But who can the bounty describe of O'Rourke ?
 All the pens of the land in a rival career,
 Would be worn to the core, yet not master the work.

oiríogh no po thíghéadair. — ¹ gairidrach no beann coitcheonn.
 — ² coimhchein. — ³ málácht. — ⁴ 1oldairach (eádhon) dhuine
 leán deaileadhnaidh (eádhon) lúighidh leamhfhádha (gámhail)
 — ⁵ nár tháiríogh iomparáid. — ⁶ doilgheadh no doceamhlaich.
 — ⁷ bheith. — ⁸ phriitheolaímh. — ⁹ aliter cásim (eádhon)
 comhláinn; cásimde (eádhon) rith; níllee no níleire
 (eádhon); dán-niomad. — ¹⁰ ní obair. — ¹¹ gádha b' e lár
 modh. — ¹² fóir aon iarráinn. — ¹³ ionáinn agus airmadha da
 nárgasadh no da ceanáis.

Cí a mór ngleo^c & mór ní Úrónáinne,

Táoch nár fáinn^f o uar fáinn,

Ní clóir fórt fáirí 30 riamháidh,^e

Ní gnáth dí a chuidhín^b time.

Tuirⁱ eileacháin mairí Coim cculainn,

Íarbháil fhulainz mae Mileadh,

Teast^k Chonbhaileis mae Uírt Loinfháir,

Uighearnéire^l ag bheith rírbhreacach.

Ait eodá^m tialn tnaí teathraíach,ⁿ

Flóighe^o gealchraíach^p & nitibh,^q

Bail adracht^r gleó dí a tialdhóibh,^s

Coifte^t fíadmoin^u fóri fiochloibh.^v

Dá ttéagmhádha Miach no Uírmhealladh^w

Leir ní fuaighbhéadha & chobháir,^x

Ní bhi déir gleó don Íuáireasach

Táribhá & mbuailíadha^y fír iochair.

^c eileacháin.—^f mae nár tnaí ó imeach nár fíinne abháin
 & tairí Chonáill.—^e gúr bhríseadh no gúr h-imithealrúadha.
 —^b ní gnáth ealaí dá chuidhádha. —ⁱ tighearrún no
 taidíteach eileach.—^k flóighe Chonbhaileis,—^l aighe (ealbhon)

In peace, the young hero is gallant and gay ;
 In war, like a whirlwind uprooting his foes :
 'Tis he whom all Breifny is proud to obey,
 The bond of their union wherever he goes.

The son of the fair one who dwells on the Boyne,
 Is never o'ercome by a foe or a fear ;
 In the field where the deadliest combatants join,
 In the vanward of danger, O'Rourke will be there.

Like a tower, in the battle, is he whom we sing,
 To whose shelter the race of Milesius retreat ;
 Like Cormac, the son of the Eremitie king,
 His judgments are justice—his sanction is fate.

γαῖς νο γάβηλ; μέιμε (εεδην) λογδα (εεδην) γαῖ
 γηεκποιρδε με βρειτεκινηνάτ.—^m οτα λειγ.—ⁿ ιπνά
 τελετηριαχ (εεδην) βαδηθηλ.—^o γεληριαδη.—^p σορρ.—
^q ο εεληκιιθ no ο εοτοιβη.—^r άν λιτ ο εεομηριαειδ.—
^s τρενθηρ.—^t γιυβηλ.—^u γιονικαχ no πασ τιρε.—^v σορ-
 ριιθη.—^w δά ևιζη τιατη δε-δληκη δ'λιτηθένδηλη
 δλοιη.—^x η λειζηελγλιδηρ λον πελχ δά λοιτφελδη θηιλη
 θηιληιη.—^y λειζηελγ.

Среадъ пачъ сесиртхеадъ и сесирмхне²

Ікт тадъ уинчэ^a бри таиреадъ,^b
Ін тэ ір траистъ аи фхулъ фаркзулъ,^c
Моръ и сесирнадъ^d фрилъ таиреадъ?

Уръ и зхалсітъ^e аи и елрзулъ,^f

Уръ и теднуръ^g фліи олеудъ,

Уръ и cloth,^h аи и chonnla,ⁱ

Туастъ ір томлірадъ^j ділъ тохзіде.

А бхеңглъ сік пачъ толунн?^k

Чі дхломхлнн^m ір ні чимжхлнръ,ⁿ

Лургхі^o нейтизг ні чоинзеадъ,

До зхні боргелл^p діе бхідхбладъ^q.

Чі бхі склон индъ фхуизхеадъ,^r

Улехъ фо зхні сумхланз месіре,^s

Чі бхі лаобх^t индъ леавітхбхе^u

'Ян бхеадъ тхеадънур^v лізг^w ұлретіре.

² Среадъ пачъ сесиртхеадъ и зхніомхлрітх и лекбхрлівх.

—^a сілх.—^b тадъ ти іреадъ.—^c гоннреадъ ил Пасире, ил

Пакхалларізг, &c.—^d лбхуадъ.^e збисег—^f иннілехт.

—^g и бхуібъ по тіхеадърідълехт аз сөтг олс.—^h clá.—ⁱ елрзулъ.

—^j сесирнадъ по сілл.—^k таиримонн.—^l Сік ип думе лері

Where'er thro' the legions of battle he goes,
Vistas of victory break in his path ;
Like a wolf in the midst of his awe-stricken foes,
He battens on carnage, he riots in death.

Even Miach and Arvey, renown'd as they were,
The wounds of his sword would their science defy ;
To all who oppose it is left but—despair,
And the tenderest pity consigns them—to die.

Proud chief, son of Feargna ! oh ! why not proclaim
Thy deeds, while the voice of the Bard shall endure ?
For thine are achievements more worthy of fame,
Than the long vaunted glories that hallow Moy Tuire.

The faith of his friends and the fears of his foes,
His far-searching eye at a glance can command ;
In his prudence and courage his people repose,
The lord and the guardian of Breifny's blest land.

φειδίρι ζλην η βέντα δο μholκδή. — ^π πί δημιτζάνν.—
^π ιαρράνν.—^ο πιονιά δημέτζε πί θυζάνν.—^ρ δελογ σέιλε
(εάδην) ζειλε. — ^ρ δο πάμηιδ. — ^τ δημιτζέληνάγ.—
^τ ερμαρ φορέ πά δημιτζέληνάγ.—^τ ελαν.—^η λελριομ
πο ελαν.

Clach aodhaí fionn ^v ní filiteárl
 Cipri innsealch ^w imthealgacht,
 Trílach zéil níchealchúibh ^x tuipt,
 Ailenamh ^a ñaigí ^b imláth ^c ealgarla. ^d

Áfí tráin ealimpreair ^e iñ tuirt,
 Áfí tráin iñir ^f iñ arois,
 Áfí tráin foilmeán ⁱ iñ bhotharach,
 Áfí tráin blosach ^j iñ taighdeir.^m

 Áfí tráin ealair ⁿ azzur ^o a ghláe,
 Áfí tráin talmhion iñ tréinclí,^p
 Áfí tráin tríadach azzur tealmóir,^q
 Áfí tráin ealmhoin iñ aon nídh.^r

^v O'Nuallie, O'Nualláiláighe, &c.—^w Tríshe. —^x A ttéid.
^y uilehdair líon no talmhízhe. —^z Óile uair (ealbhon) feair
 uairail. —^a Ágħi. —^b geoid. —^c fealriann. —^d ealgarlaibhe no
 náimhád. —^e ealimpreair (ealbhon) feair tóir-chomhlaíonn.
 —^f tuirt (ealbhon) ñaime lej (ealbhon) ní hionánn feair
 tóir-chomhlaíonn azzur ñaime nealmhenealitħiħar. —^g iñir
 (ealbhon) umħia. —^h arois (ealbhon) ór (ealbhon) ní h-ionánn
 umħia azzur ór. —ⁱ foilmeán (ealbhon) ñiqobkibbaqt no sejrt.
 —^k bhotharach (ealbhon) bixx piożja (ealbhon) ní hionánn
 sejrt iñ bixx piożja. —^l blosach (ealbhon) m'ol mórr. —

Oh ! who in the theme of his praise can forbear,
 The chief who ne'er sought nor refused a request ?
 An oath, nay a promise, he would not forswear,
 And his prowess strikes fear in the manliest breast.

From the fountain of justice that heaven has fixed
 In the breast of the righteous, his laws purely spring ;
 Nor favor, nor prejudice ever are mixed,
 With the judgments that glorify Briefny's good king.

His battle, a victory—his field, a campaign ;
 No hope can encourage his once vanquished foes ;
 The great are more glorious when joined in his train,
 And trophies reward him wherever he goes.

^m παράχαιρι (εαδησ) τιμικῆς (εαδησ) οὐκ ἡσούσαν βλειθ-
 μένιοι παρὰ οὐσιῇ λιβηὶ δελτηδινῷ τοῦ τιμηθεῖσε.—ⁿ ζειγ-
 γιδηεκχ.—^o ζιολλα.—^p ταμησ ζάχη οὐ δέ πειληταρι η
 σεκηνη, εἰς (εαδησ) ελεκτη (εαδησ) οὐκ ἡσούσαν εἰδο
 ςηρανη οὐ δο ςηλεκτη, οὐσιῇ τρέλη-ςηρανη οὐ τρένχλεκτη
 ρο οὐκ ἡσομηλκίνη.—^q τρικτη (εαδησ) τυλαχ οὐκ το
 (εαδησ) οὐκ ἡσούσαν οὖν τυλαχ η ο-Σιρινη η Τεληδηιρ
 οὐκ πίσζη.—^r Εάληδησ (εαδησ) αμηλοι (εαδησ) δέ οὐ
 (εαδησ) οὐκ ἡσούσαν οὖν οὐσιῇ τομέλην.

Ան Շիրոն սିଧ ବେ ଯା ଫେଲେ ।

ନେ ଯିଶ୍ଵ ବ୍ରେତନେ ନି ମେଲ୍ଗଦେ, ।

ଯି ଯାଇ ଓପ ଆସି ମୋ, ।

ଯି ଯାଇ ମେଲ୍ଗଦେ ଯା ଦେଲ୍ଗଦେ. ।

ମାର ଚୁଚ୍ଛାଳିଦ ୨ ଯ ନା ଯ୍ଲେଇବିଟିବ୍

ଯୁକ୍ତି ଅରମେନିକ, ଯୁକ୍ତି ଓଲିମ୍ପ;

ଯମ, ଯମ, ଏବଂ ଓ-ଅ'ଯୁକ୍ତି-ଯମ

ଚେତ ଯ ଉଦ୍‌ଦେଶ୍ୟ ଯା ଚାନ୍ଦନୀଙ୍କ ।

ମାର ନାଚ କଞ୍ଚକାନ୍ତ ଦା ଚେଇଲେ,

ଯା ଦେଇଥେ ଏ ତୁ ଦୋ ଚାନ୍ଦନୀଙ୍କ, ।

ଯି କଞ୍ଚକାନ୍ତ ଦୋ ଯିଶ୍ଵ ବ୍ରେତନେ,

ତୁ ତି ଯ ଫେଲେ ଏ ନାଚ ଓଲିଲି ।

• Cé bé dumne yf feile a n-Şirinn.—^t ní hionchomortdair.
—^u ór (ealdran) yí: mol (ealdran) զրեշտացିଥେ ନେ ଫେଲ୍ଲ
ଦେଇନା ବୁଦେଇ ଲେଖାଇରି.—^v ní hionann ól ମେଲ୍ଗଦା ଆସି
ól ଦେଲ୍ଗଦା.—^w ଚୁଚ୍ଛାଳିଦ (ealdran) ଚେତମିଜିହିଦ ନେ ଏଇଜିହିଦ
୨ ଏଇନ ଯାଇ ଯ୍ଲେଇବିଥେ ଯୁକ୍ତି ଅରମେନିକ (ealdran) ଅରାରା,
ଲାନ୍ତ ଲାର ଚେଇନ ଯ୍ଲେଇବିଥେ ତାରାର ଯ ଏବଂ ଅରା ଯ ଏଇନ
ଅରମେନିକ ଯ ପାର କ୍ଲାଇରି: ଯ ଲାର ଦୋ ଯାଇ ଏ ନାହିଁ ତାରେଇ
ଦିଲିନ୍ନ; ଆସି ଯୁକ୍ତି ଓଲିମ୍ପାର ଯାଇ ତେଗଲିଲେ: ଏ ଦେଇନି ନେ
କିମ୍ବା ଯାଇ ଏ ଏ ଚେତକରାମାଦା ରୋଗଦ ନେ ଯାଇଲା ବନ
ଦମହାନ ଏ: ଅଟାର, ଅରା ହେପୁଲେଇ, ଆସି ଲାଟମୋ ନା ଏହି
ଯାଇଲା ଓଲେ.—^x ଯମ, ଯମ, (ealdran) ଯ ଅମ୍ବାଇଦି ଯମ: ଯା

More unlike are the hearts of the coward and brave,
 Than the dull worthless brass and the pure virgin gold :
 Than the pitiful sprat, and the lord of the wave ;
 Or the rag, and the vesture round royalty rolled.

The freeman and slave are less like at the core,
 Than the stump, and the tree with its foliage unfurled ;
 Than the indolent mole-hill, and royal Temor ;
 Than a closed heart, and that which embraces the world.

Our chiefs, the most generous, valiant and tried,
 Can less be compared with the light of his soul ;
 Than the poor artizan to the king in his pride,
 Or the lees of the feast to the first of the bowl.

choinneilz (ελθον) τα chompraiδ πο ταζηλ: ο εcompraiδ
 ταρι chemniżhegħi πα rleibħte γιν ńg zekk rieħiex unction
 domħek in superlativo gradu ; ταρι γιν iż- ċi' 0' Jusurie
 c'ejt iż- użżejle ο εcēimibh οn chomόrtawl (ελθον) super-
 lativus gradus connelz (ελθον) cōmōrtawl.— ταρι
 nikkom compraiδ dha chéile πα deidhe (ελθον) dhha pī, dha
 n-dubu bheriż ari kien & nukar.— 2 ॥ i hionchompraiδ do ॥ 3 ॥
 bheriżne οn duine iż- f'eile ο bheredraпп ॥ 3 ॥ Condecht
 (ελθον) Ollissi Mac Mazzhaħ (ελθον) iż- iż- Ollioll
 (ελθον) ο Condecht

Ír cian om threitre cuplach, b

ՊԱ ԺՄԱՆ ԽԱՐԱՀԱՅԻ ԾԱՌՈՆ,«

Сүрәнд е & тбәлгәрілік бұрынғылда.

Գիւսէր և Եկեղեցն յան Եկեղեց

Յուսի առ Եհրանտիկի տեղի Եհրանտիկ;

Tír do bheannach Mac Alpbhainn!

Ար և թելքանո Ծոտ Ծրսեած.^k

In θηρείψει πόδης,¹ ποιλθεάς,²

Tip in a roilbeach ruchach;

Μάιθ & ήελθελμήο γα ήλινδρελην, Ρ

Þó cheann tairimchealla a tutakach.

^a Οὐ θηρεάτη Μάκε Ελλασθείμ πτζή Ειριονν δε τυλτα δέ
δληλλην δο μοινη επι τηλ (εαδηον) Σλιρηρε Μάκε Ελαθην
επι chead λοιρι μιλητη επι Ειρινν : & τά σί την λειβηληρ-ρο :
Δγυρ τωιλληρεάτη (εαδηον) λεχτ νί λέ γην δο θηρικην νί
θωιλληρεάδη & λειθέιδ δο ρέιν.—^b compληνλεχ ζλιγζεαδη.
—^c επογζεαδη.—^d γραι.—^e βιλθητεαχ.—^f bheidh.—^g mhdith.

As that hill of Armenia, where Noah found rest,
And Olympus exceed every other in height ;
Such pre-eminent glory is Briefny's behest,
And all other splendors are lost in his light.

Uncongenial, unkin, as are all we have named,
The pride of O'Rourke is more peerless by far ;
In the land of Oilill is no hero so famed,
As the guardian of Briefny—our western star.

The slander that envy despairingly throws,
From the shield of his virtues innoxiously falls ;
At the gates of his dwelling the wearied repose,
And the hungry rejoice in his plentiful halls.

—^h Յօ ծերեածի և ծօմհնուն.—ⁱ Յօ Եհեղոնաշի թէտրուս
—^k և Յր շար և ՛ Արծ-Լօծհալլ Ծոռ Ծրու.—^l յօ-
քհէդհէշ.—^m յօ-Քհերեածի, յօլիկ (էջծոն) գրեածի.
—ⁿ և Յր Շհրիպհէշ Լոլցհեածի ո տէրտ Եհնունne.—
օ և տէջհէ.—^p ծօմոնն.—^q Յարիպիթհակմի ո և հէտի-
կմի (էջծոն).—^r ժօմոնն.

¶Í bhi lri ealairiorit · eo riualaidh;^b
 BÍ lri chuailearibh zo feithimheasch,^c
 ¶Ílri choigair neimheasdh^d daisceoll,
 ¶Ílri chuirill androeann^e dia oineadh.

¶Ílach imdhéasla · ná dlamhe,
 Mírc ³irainne^f gnáit iñ réidhe,
 Círla uaidh ro tsioch a phoigeadh,^g
 Bile coirtán phiearr m-bheirfe.

Altchim^h Muire tA hlaonmháe,
 Óilr choigairn lri zách zuairgeacht,ⁱ
 In té iñ rízhd^j lri an mbéaladh thalamhuit
 O ttíz tlaighriúdh Chon Æsaladat.^k — Fuisir, &c.

^a Círgearacht (ealbhon) billeachtas.—^b zo trién no lánidir.—

^c Lri bhuidhniúbh zo coimheasdhach.—^d ní duibhdir.—^e neamh-
iach (ealbhon) talaímh eisliúire dhíophochaslaídh no lán-
dúzhdach.—^f lóirí dA agáilidh aizneadh.—^g anascála.—

^h ³irainne lánighinn Óhomhnaill tlaighriú bheirfeam.—ⁱ It-
ráidh uaidh do theid a tsáile ne mairt lri zách aon.—
^j záidhím.—^k Lri an uile contaebháirí agus ole.—^d Úrúan

There's good fortune for Breifny, which ever shall last,
 By the feet of the saint 'twas in holiness trod ;
 The idol of guilt from its presence he cast,
 And breathed o'er its people the blessing of God.

Oh Breifny, dear land of the mountain and vale,
 Where the heifers stray cheerily all the long year :
 How fragrant thy moorlands in summer's fresh gale,
 How green in its showers thy meadows appear.

Here the orphan may rest as secure in his smile,
 As if steeled in his strength :—O'Rourke's gallant band
 Would not war with the helpless, nor think to despoil
 The shrine of its gold, or the church of its land.

nak Murchadh O'Flaherty ir pígh air an t-Uileafne ag a dtír
 an t-Íonáin.—e an t-Íonáin o inníl dle 3hobhál amach
 air ríid.

A THÍOSAIDH E DOMAIGHACH.

Innriam fios ag' ní fios bheisce,
 Le air túnibh dhúinnne bá leúr é,
 Le mo chluairíbh chualalat féin é,
 An nídh a deiríom ní cheilim air aén chorp.

Is d'áig rúabhadh air tairisín ag m'asónair
 Is air plóimh air ór-chnoic Chéphair,
 Tínte air leic ag tilleadh déuir,
 Is é de ghlúasait air uairíth ná n-Ágáethail-fheáir.

Tá roibh diair do b'fhiacáil fá dhéanadair,
 Le nár'ri ghládhaimhail ádhabhair m'éanúlaich,
 Is ríphileach mór Thíre-Cómháin Féill-mhír,
 Agus O'Dómhnáill ná n-óir-lann bh-fláethbhírach.

THE ROMAN VISION.¹

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

No idle fiction this ! too sadly true,
Upon my wasting eyes the vision grew ;
Too well my ears drank in the heavy sound,
Give it ye winds swift proclamation round.

Lonely I strayed on Cephas' golden hill,
And memory came my heart and eyes to fill ;
While o'er the stone that shrouds the Gaël in dust,
Bending I mourned their country's fallen trust.
There slept the hand of bounty—there the tear
Prompt to respond the patriot's sinking cheer ;
Tyrone, proud scion of the O'Niall race ;
There too O'Donnell was thy resting place,
Thou of the glittering blade ! I brushed away
The mournful tribute to a better day ;
When lo ! a nymph, whose brow, whose bosom's sheen,
Might shame the grace of beauty's fabled queen,

Seo tráth do tháisíleart ríocht do dhéanadh,
 Cia ó chidhinn de mháisíinn an t-úláibhe,
 Uacht mairgdearán bhráigheach-sheas le phéiríoch,
 Do bhain bárrí go bháth de bhéanú.

'T' de Mhíneadháil a n-deilbh 't' a' n-deanadh,
 Is mairt do tháinomháil a bhráidhthe ceála,
 Do bhídh an t-óir a' meádháin a céibhe,
 'T' do bhídh an tneachta 't' a laigrír 'n a h-éadair.

U dúbháirtear sí leam 't' an m-báill 3-céadta,
 De ghlórí mhilír ba bhinne 'ná téadairibh,
 Driúidearadh ríusárt ó uairí nár d-criosann-fhearr,
 Ba radaí a chroídh 't' a crónadh '3' n réubaird.

Fá dhéiríeadh ríslír a n-áiríadh a gáethair,
 Do thóisí sí uillibh buidhí truaigh le h-éigdearach,
 Do bhainfeadh deóní go leor ait chléim'cháiliú,
 Anúnt oínnídh ait nár clocháilíbh dán m-b'fheidir.

Leig an mháisídearadh rím do tháin sí a gheúfa,
 'T' a deirísear ríslír go eisíodh airí neallkíibh,
 Do lúbháir sí le llíghí nár tréipre,
 Lán de chlanntríláin ainn rí' némír go.

Came o'er the hill—her towering forehead bore
The impress of high thought—like molten ore,
Gushed the gold ringlets o'er its polished plane ;
Her cheek of snow confessed one rose's stain—
She spoke, and vain, in sooth, were minstrel skill,
To bid the chord such liquid sweets distill.

When from that grave I turned me to depart,
A wild emotion shook the maiden's heart :
It passed at length ; that agony : and then,
What human heart might brook her melting strain !
The rifted rock, in sternest solitude,
Had poured its echoes in a tone subdued ;
Her hands uplift to heaven, her streaming eyes,
Raised with her fervid accents to the skies ;
In words half broken by the labouring groan,
She poured her sorrows to the Eternal throne.

Say thou Supreme ! in pity dost thou deign
To bend thine ear while abject I complain ?
Or darkeneth thy brow ? since mortals still
Should hail, nor dare to scrutinize thy will.
But deep and darkling doubts beset my soul ;
For, if one primal taint pervade the whole
Of the first parents blighted race, and all
Are fall'n alike with the first woman's fall,

“ A dhé tadhóir a n deomh libh m' eirtseachd,
 Agó a n tighe ceirt bheag éigí,
 Do chuididh a n-deainzealn airi tadhachair leigheann,
 D'fhiarrfearáidh dhíbh ó'g bith i g leuití.

“ O tairim airi meairbheall i n-dinibhriot ríseáil,
 Oír m'g' ionadon do chuill zách léin neach,
 Coiri ná Téipprioreáil do minne a n chéard-phéar,
 Aibhíomh ari n-Áthairi do mealladh le h-Eabha.

“ Criealb fán n-biolctairi riail ná péine,
 Ailiú léin phóir píor mó 'ná chéile,
 Criealb fán ríleártairi zách dleir éigsealr,
 Ailtí nách m-bítheann ríleir nách dleártairi é geal.

“ Criealb fán z-eipoichteari hoicht záin léin choir,
 Aisgur fliocht ná locht a b-toice a n t-riéighail-ri ?
 Criealb é ari tóbhacraí nách rípiotðair eipeirigh,
 ?'z air bualn a b-tóir a n-deasúch ná z-eipeidmheach ?

“ Criealb nách b-peannntairi clann látearait,
 Ailtí clann Chriost 'z 'n z-ealaítheallbhi go n-éigí?
 Criealb nách truaigh ná h-uairi 'z 'n z-eireachtaibh,
 ?'z ná meicstíreallbhaí agus inzilireim' ari tréanbha ?

Dread ruler ! why doth the tremendous meed
Crush with unequal force the doomed seed ?
Why doth the sinless bosom tinge the dart,
That should have quivered to the guilty heart ?
Why groan the lowly poor, while wealth and pride
Triumphant o'er the waves of fortune ride ?
Shall they, whose hearts confess thee "holy," weep
Outcast, proscribed ? and shall thy vengeance sleep ?
'Gainst Luther's brood why rages not thy breath,
When Christ's pure creed is made a spell of death ?
Do the lambs vainly in thy shadow rest ?
How long shall ravening wolves the fold infest ?
Say, why doth Erin weep ? what crime incurs
Thine ear averted ?—Lord, that voice is hers,
That calls, implores, with wild and tireless breath :
Doth not thy faith exalt ?—she sinks in death !

And yet, since erst thy pure Apostle came,
And brought to Ealga's isle thy holy name ;
Tho' flaunted 'mid our homes strange flags unfurled,
Nay, tho' the sun grew dark, the floating world,
That shut from us the brightness of the day,
Veiled not thy glory, whose effulgent ray
Illumed our hearts, by faith's seraphic wing
Guided to thee, the days eternal spring.
My God ! my God ! Milesius' life blood runs
In Fodhla's race, these are Milesius' sons !

“ Crieal ñn ceairic fá leacúthair Éire,
 ’G le ná gleónidh nách móri go n-éigtheair ?
 Crieal ñn chóirí nách d-cóughtair gáedhail,
 Óriúlm ná’r’ bhiúlt’ do’n n-Óriúlmh gáilleadh ?

“ Oír ó tháinig Ráttarúicc náemhíthá
 Leig ñn g-crieidealmh go h-iomg Éilge,
 Áfí’r’ bháin tirléachadh, gáéth ná tréiríoná,
 Fóirneadh eacmháinn ná leath-trom d’án m-b’fhéidir.

“ Crieidiomh Chriúrt ag chroíde ná n-Ágadhl-fheair ;
 Do bhídh a g-cionzéal tairi loinneair ná ghréine,—
 Do bhídh ñn t-airchinne tairi lioinseal ag ríreuchadh,
 Ábír nír thuit tmáil, ná cásadh, ná léan rbot —

“ Fealbh ná Fodhla airi Phóir Mhileáisi,
 Uch ! a Chriúrt iñ fíor ñn méid riu !
 Crieal tár uair, nó ñn rún leat m’éigteach ?
 Áfó ñn é iñ kill leat go bráth gáin feuchain ?

“ Ábír ñn g-easaine iñ buan do d’fhléachtáin,
 Fá gáthalláibh ’gá bh-fealannadh le h-éigsearit,
 ’G gur b’é ñn t-áilmhách gálfarúlach, béalrúlach,
 lucid ñn fhéill do thuill a d-tréigseann.

Wilt thou look down in mercy?—say! oh say!
Or is thine eye for ever turned away?
And, while the trusting spirit bends to thee,
Shall ruthless tyrants bow the neck—the knee?
Still wilt thou smile on England's traitor horde,
Whose lips unhallowed scoff thy sacred word?
Thy church's law their rebel hearts have spurned—
'Gainst "her," the "undefiled," their wrath has burned:
Their own dark heresies they rear elate,—
Thy faith, the faith divine, they execrate.

Why need I mention? thou, dread power! hast seen
The apostate Henry spurn his spotless queen,
For Anna's fresher beauties—thou hast cursed
That traitor to thy faith, the boldest, worst—
Need I name her, whose heritage of shame
Grew darker, murkier, in the wanton flame
That all could kindle, and that none could claim?
Can we forget Elizabeth?—oh never,
In Heber's heart she'll rankling live for ever;
The land grew waste beneath her—sex or age
Yielded no shelter from her bigot rage,
Till, bloodiest consummation! Mary fell
To close her long account, but not the spell
That claimed her ruthless ministry—her sway
Devolved on James—and Phelim's land can say

“ Do chuirí òrsoim le cuinz ná cléirí,
 Do ghníodh enaib fáoi Mháthairi an Aén-mheic,
 ’T’ le nách míonna do Dhírla ríail gairleadh,
 Aicht an creideannach do ghearr le nimh Éireannach.”

“ Áfí lípmhízheim h-állannáidh an chéad fhéar
 Do chuirí uaidh zo tuiscallisighthe a chéile,
 Áfí Anna Óriol, a inzgin chéadna,
 A’r d’imthízí dh’ón n-Eaglaisír airí theasúil i níomhaist.

“ Cuairim leig Clárachéart,
 Áfí’r phóir feair ’r ná’r gaird ó lán neach,
 Iñ iondhaí òrseann airí ari fhéall an Mháirbhreac,
 Do minne rí fárlach de Chláir Eibhlír.

“ Ul mna ’r a bh-fír do gairmíodh leithi,
 Do chuaig rí báir do Mháire Ítealbhára,
 Ul n-bíairíz ná mna-jo tháinighe Íomhá
 Marí chuaige fárlach do chláir fhéidhlim.

“ Ul feair do leas a b-pór a’r a bh-fhéamhá,
 A’r d’órdaithe a d-teileannach do chomháir le téadairibh,
 Do chuirí Íasctanach a’ n-ionad ná n-Árasodháil-fhéar.
 A’r creideannach eam a d-teileamhlaibh Cléirí.

How well the tyrant's sceptre graced his hand—
The “measuring chain” he cast upon the land—
Her nobles plundered for an alien race,
And with unhallowed rites defiled thy holy place.
Lo next—his father's every taint and crime
Expanded in his soul's congenial clime,
His son succeeded, to embalm his fame
By deeds, which, let Leith Moath, Leith Cuin proclaim.
Spoiled of the rights long held from sire to son,
Their arms, and every glorious meed they won ;
Of rank, of wealth, and damned foul decree !
Spurned from the shrines where they had knelt to Thee :
The very tongue, thy gift, in which they poured
Their souls, while at thy altars they adored,
Condemned to rudest jargon to give place.
For every woe he wrought upon her race,
The bitterness of Erin's heart ran o'er
In curses on the despot ; and he wore
No amulet against the bolt that sped
Retributive to his devoted head.
'Twas a divine behest ! high justice spoke,
And the pale tyrant's wily minions broke
Their hollow fealty ; and the block and blade
Brought the stern quittance of man's rights betray'd.

Yet ere it fell, to blast his glazing eye,
Maguire had tossed his banner to the sky—

Ír g-eárrír n-a dhíailidh gúr thiontúrán Téaurlaí,
 Álip n-óir & Aithílri le cealz 't le bhréanúibh,
 Álip leath Coínn an chuirz do h'éigseáilt,
 An-tair leath Mózhal 'zán bh-fósadháilt zo h-áén - Fheárr.

Do bhlain ré dhíobh & z-cíos 't & m-bhéuár,
 Ul maoín 't & z-clann & n-áirim 't & n-éadach,
 Tírín & bh-féarlaonn 't & n-záirime n-éinphéascht,
 Leig do h-áiríeadh Óir do thíréigseáinn.

Féarlaonn maoíreáinn záin liothfíriónn d'éigdeascht
 'T záin úrilaibhír & d-teanúrán n-a Záedhilze,
 'T záin n-a h-áit & z cásch achta bhealaí,
 Oírd & t' liothfíriónn do bhláetha leig d'éigdeascht.

Tíré záach záirín d'án n-deárpainidh airí Círinn
 Ír buail maoillacht & feárlaadh zo h-éigz air,
 Tíral & n-deárpainidh iñ leóni maoí leon air,
 Munlaib é iñ cionntách in h-líathne dhíomh féin fúd.

Craoibh fán eáir airí d-túr d'án b-peinbhruid,
 Táirí dhéanín Óir an Tírleach ro théanádh,
 Leig an luchd do thíubz do zéilleadh,
 Páiplementáilídhé n-a d-táirí-m-bhochlaich.

Freedom's high priest ; and kindling Ulster saw
Mc. Mahon soon assert her bounteous law :
Last of the Finians—in whose ample mind,
The gifts of his long lineage shone combined ;
Of gentlest nature both, yet thus pursued,
Two lions chafing in their might they stood ;
Nor lured by conquest—nor athirst for fame,
Their rallying word was the Eternal name :
The stranger's false embrace their hearts disdained,
Save when in deadliest fold in battle strained—
In life united ; on the scaffold floor,
Those dauntless bosoms poured their mingling gore ;
A crimson attestation of that faith,
That sheds a halo round the brow of death.
Nor yet unmarked by glory, Phelim's claim,
Proud soul, and fitly shrined in such a frame !
Who taught the stranger's lip the craven cry,
And tamed the Scot, that subtlest enemy.

But see ! what steadier lustre wins her gaze,
Where from Hispania's coast, O'Neill displays
His standard wide ; and, eager to sustain,
Pours his proud chivalry athwart the main.
“Eogan the Red !”—to freedom's strife he flies,
To veil the lustre of his past emprise
With deeds of higher prowess—Cormac's blood
Bounds in the hero's heart—a tameless flood ;

Le'ri b'linneadh a chionn le lann p'leibheasach,
 D'ag Íosigh b'hainzgin cheann-phionn chéaduas,
 Is le ná linn do mhúrcasúl Círe,
 'G a' g-cóiríseadh Alaidh do chionnúilim a n chéad p'fhearr.

Mae Uídhíri p'uirítheall ná Féinne,
 Ag' Mae Macthghamhna a mhadail b' a b'euig do,
 An d' a leómháin epródhais, méinn-mháisteach,
 Ag' ri chuirí Túim a' maoisín a n t-áráidhail-ri.

'G nách n-deárnáidh ceannasal le Órlaightheaglaibh g'leibh
 Ag' zoíri doirtasdh leó a' n-éinphícheasach
 Ag g-cuid fóil, 'n a locháinn epróidhealrú,
 De ghráidh a n chreidimhe b' a leitge leó tliúisealann.

Fí le pháistí nách iusáthairim Féidhlim
 An t-óig uairí, riailbh-úsheall, réasach,
 Feair le'ri b'linneadh a'g eacraíonnáidh m'leasach,
 Ag' lán ná g-cártach a'g Uibhlanchaibh b'laochlaich'.

Ag' ro a n aorí do ghlasaí ag a t'fhearr
 Ag' a n Tírinn fáisí lán éalraitídh,
 Céasán riailbh-úsheall ná g'luasach m-b'leághlaich,
 Léach ná g-créasach mae Uírt éuclitáich.

And all his grandsire's soul of flame he bears—
Attest it many a trophy that he wears,
The harvest of his hand in many a strife,
Waged in the tender spring-time of his life ;
And, when the greenness of his age went by,
The deeds he did are registered on high ;
Those, rife with living proofs, let Spain avow,
Almania, richest wreath on Caesar's brow ;
Let France, the weeping Netherlands, attest :
And oh ! beyond them all, the brightest, best,
Let the Milesian race his glories tell ;
Let Erin's voice the volumed record swell.
Could fame unlearn, can words of mine portray
How Ulster spurned the cowering stranger's sway ?
How Leslie fled, and the pale Saxons' fright
Confessed no leader in their panic flight ?
Montgomery's shackled limbs we still descry,
Lo, where the routed Scotch bewildered fly ;
Blindly they rush—but hark, that jarring sound,
With thundering crash their bulwarks strew the ground :
Scarce the proud capital his course arrests,
While her high walls the girding fire invests—
Meath mourns the slaughter of her changling race ;
Portlester's thousands, where is now their place ?
In Birr, in Nenagh, rose the suppliant hand ;
Heberian Thomond, through her tainted land,

Μας τεις οιρδηιρε Σορτμανίς Φέιλμηλι,

Ιάμη γιανγεαδήλως ηδ' ή γάραζηεδή α' π-λέν-ζχοι,
θιοδή λιρι μη-ρκαλλιντζ γαρι δελριθήλα απ γεάλ την
ιονδήλα γαστρι απ α βη-ρυαντρ γέ φέυευθδιν.

Ο'ν Ιά βα εόλ δο α τηρόν δο τηρόν δο γηείδεαδή

Φέο γαρι εηριοχηνιζή Κρίοτ α τηέιρπαλ
Σιριπ α φιαδηλων λιρι θηιαλ ιαλι θηέλζ την,
Α'τ λιρι απ Τηλινν τά Ιάν δ'ά γιέμη-ζχοι.

Α'τ λιρι απ Αιλανιν, λεκηάν Τηλέγλιρ,

Α'τ λιρι απ Βη-Γράινης βα τελην αζ δηέιτ λειτ,
Α'τ λιρι Τήιρ-ρ-θοίνη τά τίν δ'ά έυζηπι,
Α'τ λιρι Χιλαννιβή Μίλεαδή α' γιόζηλετ Ειρελη.

Ιελτη α γηνιομη δο γιομηλεδη ::ι φέλδειτ,

Δο χόιζεαδη Αιλιδη θηζ φυτλετη λιρι π-έρζελη,
Δο χηπρι γέ Ζάιλ δε δηρούτ α ζ-εέιλε,
Α'τ λεψίε λιρι τειθεαδη ζο ί-έυτζαιδη.

Δο χηπρι λιρι εηορτινή Μηοντζομλιεύδη ζειηηλελεχ,

Χηπρι γέ μελτλετη λιρι Αιλελ'αινη μαοιλ.

Δο χηπρι γέ α π-δλούτε τηέ π-λ ιχέιλε,

Τη δο βηριγ γέ θηύζη απ Μηάρλιχ θηρέυζαιχ.

The Saxon saw, endenized in vain,
Disgorge the spoils of rapine's broken reign—
The echoing hills proclaimed to Iuis-Con
His spreading conquests ; Waterford o'erthrown ;
Duncannon's waters in his course were dyed ;
Wexford's keen blade hung useless by her side ;
Nor Ross Mc. Truin, Ben Edar stayed his tread ;
Kilkenny bowed to him—his myriads spread
By Shannon's ample tide their long array ;
The Avonmore was chequered with the play
Of their broad banners—by the Nore they stood,
And by the sedgy Barrow's headlong flood—
The Suir ran purpled with the stream of life ;
Lough Erne rolled back proud tidings of the strife :
From Meave's high dome triumphant strains arose,
And Erin's centre caught the exulting close ;
Thence to Bearhaven rolled the whelming tide,
And well might Sligo's unsupported pride
Droop at the sound of Jamestown's shattered wall,
Whose circling echoes thundered to appal.

So sped the victor still where freedom urged,
Till the base Saxon clanked the chain he forged :
Oh son of Duach, what a loud acclaim
Burst through the land o'erburthened with his fame,

_bhile-Áitch-claich dh' iadhaibh a n tóen-phéar,
 A'g leig do gaothairibh a n chúndáilé cléaldaibh,
 Is a n Mhíde mhealbhlaibh, Íchallaidh, Íchleabhaibh,
 Si b-Bocht-leagairibh do thriodarúir t' ceadas.

Bhailin t' gaothairibh ag bhiomra 'g ag 2lonlaibh,
 Agus ag t' gaothairibh do Cuach-Mhúinibh Cibhír,
 Do gaoth t' gaothairibh gaoth cheas do'n m-Údarla
 O Inis-Cóinn tairbh bhéinn a n t-gealbhe.

Thug Roimh-Áitze a' Láimh zo leig leig,
 A'g Dún-Claonáin ná gaothairibh do tseanlaibh,
 Loch-Íarainn ná n-áram b-gealbhraibh,
 Íor-Mheic-Triúin a'g Dún-bheinne-Éadair.

'G de Cheill-Chláinnibh bhailin aghaidim d'fhoiyeasain,
 Chois ná Gionnaibh bá n-ealraitheair a gheasas,
 Chois Abhán-móiríe a'g feoirach a' n-éinphéasach,
 Chois ná bhearrbha mealladh tóiríspíche.

Chois ná Gíúire a chruair bá rathairibh,
 A'g ó gaoth gaoth a gaoth zo h-Eiríne,
 Do minne t' Áthair a' gaoth Méidhbhe,
 'G ó bhaille Áitch-Isailin do gaothairibh t' gaothairibh.

When hope, that many a year had trembling hung
O'er the rich presage, with exulting tongue
Heard Truth and Freedom hail the auspicious ray
That rose above the Saxon's tottering sway !
Hail to the conqueror, by the Gaël upborne,
(Bound these high hearts from shackles lately worn ?)
Mark, the proud flame his martial deeds avow
Burns in his breast, irradiates his brow ;
Nor only battle's sterner lights illume,
There mercy smiles away impending doom
From vanquished valour—and the warrior's eye,
As fixed dominion calm, hath ne'er been dry
O'er others' woe ; and wise, albeit not yet
On his young brow hath thought her impress set,
He weighs mankind, and, learning to appraise,
Hath learned to feel for frailty while it strays.
Strong as its iron mail, that kindling breast
To meek eyed ruth affords a shrine of rest ;
Nor swifter speeds his blade, at freedom's call,
To the false Saxon's heart, when round him fall
Their gathering numbers, by his might o'erthrown,
Than misery's claim finds access to his own—
In council sage ; in battle's fiery glow
Like the launched thunder 'mid the astonished foe.
And oh ! when peace her gentle plume hath spread,
Mild as the melting tear that mourns the dead ;

Al' ḡ ṣin ṣiλri ᷇o h-iac̄hdar, ᷇hēgrā,
 Do b̄h̄irig ré an b̄allar a᷇ ñaile ᷇hēumdar,
 Chuip̄ ré ᷇uzerach̄ a᷇r c̄rithealbh̄ le n' p̄heuch̄l̄m,
 I᷇r leir do cean̄z̄l̄d̄h̄ ᷇allkibh̄ le chéile.

Ól̄r̄ t̄l̄c̄ ðiak̄h̄ b̄k̄ ṣuáirc̄ an ṣcéil̄ ṣin,
 Al̄r̄ z̄l̄ch̄ cuán de chuaṇt̄l̄ibh̄ C̄ireann,
 'Z̄ ḡ r̄d̄h̄, 'Z̄ ḡ l̄aðh̄, 'Z̄ ḡ th̄uair, 'Z̄ ḡ l̄eūðh̄,
 Z̄uip̄ cuáireadh̄ ṣuárt̄ a᷇r̄ uac̄hdar, an ᷇hēgr̄la.

C̄oz̄l̄ riak̄h̄ a᷇r̄ z̄huailnibh̄ ᷇k̄edh̄al̄-p̄heal̄,
 An t̄-Ōz̄-uárl̄i uac̄hdar, l̄éðh̄eal̄r̄ch̄,
 Ñírl̄t̄l̄ch̄, b̄uáðh̄l̄ch̄, b̄uánl̄ch̄, b̄eim̄neal̄ch̄,
 C̄reac̄h̄l̄ch̄, cuárl̄t̄l̄ch̄, cuánt̄l̄ch̄, c̄réal̄t̄l̄ch̄.

Óriac̄h̄l̄ch̄, ðiak̄l̄ch̄, ðiak̄n̄l̄ch̄, d̄eir̄ceal̄ch̄,
 Féal̄r̄ch̄, f̄uáðr̄ch̄, f̄uáld̄ch̄, f̄eal̄t̄l̄ch̄,
 ᷇l̄iúz̄eal̄h̄l̄ch̄ ᷇uárt̄d̄, ᷇uárl̄ch̄ ᷇léart̄d̄,
 Iañn̄l̄ch̄, l̄aðh̄m̄h̄l̄, l̄aðim̄neal̄ch̄, l̄eim̄neal̄ch̄.

M̄aileac̄h̄ t̄órd̄h̄, t̄uádh̄-z̄h̄l̄n̄, t̄l̄érd̄h̄,
 Æleir̄tm̄h̄l̄, piáilleac̄h̄, n̄-uáib̄h̄reac̄h̄, n̄-éideac̄h̄,
 Íleac̄h̄tm̄h̄l̄, piáct̄h̄l̄-c̄h̄reac̄h̄, piáiz̄theac̄h̄, piéim̄-
 eam̄h̄l̄l̄,
 T̄eal̄reac̄h̄, ṣuáirc̄eac̄h̄, ṣubh̄l̄iæc̄h̄, ᷇eun̄m̄h̄l̄,

Witness High Heaven, if yet his eagle gaze
Glared out to blast—no raven brood would raise
A wing the sky-built Eyry to invade :
Nor thus had cold succumbency betrayed
The land to Cromwell's sanguinary sway—
Woe is my heart that such could pass away ;
And yet, Eternal Justice, while I grieve,
My bleeding heart's full gratitude receive.
No Saxon blade in freedom's cause unblest
Quaffed the deep current of his free-born breast ;
For thou did'st shield him from the dire disgrace ;
And when he fell, O—meet to fill such place !—
Bad'st thy own priest to countervail his loss,
And o'er his prostrate banner rear the cross—
And well he did thine errand ;—but the grave,
When hath it ceased for human hopes to crave ?
The grave hath closed on Heber ; O great heart !
Proud germ of nature so matured by art,
Had genius, culture, all, thou costly prey,
But decked thee for the tomb ? thou envious clay,
Oh what a mind thy leaden sleep hath bound ;
Pure as pervading—lucid as profound !
Spirit of Eogan, chafe not, if my eye
The while I speak of Heber be not dry ;
Nor deem thyself forgot—had he remained
To rend the withering yoke his valour strained

Óéanáim δ' aithne dán tairifeadh an t-Éan ro,
 Aíoch m-bíeadh an eileas-tó a' leabhair ná bh-féimeas,
 'G nách bhíráithíodh Zállá ná Ciontachail zéilleadh,
 Amháil mairi a riadair ó'n n-áinir do éuáz ré.

Acht zídh cárthí liom a tháití-teacht d'éigteachta,
 Liom ní cár a bhírt air aen-chorp,
 O nách le Zálláibh do zealúradh a léithe,
 Acht le Óis le p' mhíainn a ríláiríad.

Iñ zeárrí 'n a dhíkisidh zo biaónaí záir éigízhiadh
 An leomhán eacnamaí an t-Ealáthos Biblion,
 Feári an chlorgeann chomhchriom éuchtaich,
 Do ríaz bárrí air chlach 't an láighionntacht.

An feári bá díriéach eisoidhe do Zheádhláibh
 Do bhrírt meirneach a'g bláthiúthe ná meirleach,
 Ái bhláin ceannair de Zheádhláibh a' n-Éiriann,
 'G do chuir riadair air ríláisízhtíbh Tíréarlaig.

'G é mo chriéach mairi do zealúradh a léithe,
 Tíré ealáthos Óhúin ní lúighis m'éigíleach,
 An'g críe uairíibh Aileáidh ná 3-euráidh léachda,
 An'g heneáidhe riadai d'áir bhláin duail créime.

Almost to breaking ; had his happier hand
Swept the pale, palsied Saxon from the land ;
Blasting the iron sceptre which it bent,
Giv'n us homes, happiness, enfranchisement,
No—not success, had taught another's fame
To supersede thy memory's vital claim.

But O ! my heart ! what saddening phantoms rise,
Worthies of Ulster ! Henry ! my red eyes
Might weep their fountains dry, tho' these were all,
But faithful memory unfolds the pall ;
And lo ! Mac Guire !—and now the fleet O'Kane,
And Phelim come to swell the spectral train ;
Great spirits, fare you well ! with mute regret
I gaze upon you, but my cheek is wet—
My tears shall number you ; Almighty power !
We had not dreamed of this disastrous hour.
Bercan—Senan, our ancient prophets saw
The dread revealings of thy mystic law ;
Thy truth the breast of pious Kieran warmed ;
Sage Colum's lips, thy spirit, Lord ! informed,
The bounteous Columkille; on Caillan came
Thy inspiration, and the elysian flame
Illumed the soul of Ultan ; Colman too,
Nurtured with heavenly food, all these foreknew
Thy dispensations—but they bade us not
To deprecate this dark impending lot ;

Μλε-Αίδηνι λο σημσίδη Ζηκέδηλικι,
 Ά' τ Ο' Σατήνιν λο κοιλεάν λέιμνεαχ,
 Ιάεχ ηλ πυλιζ Μλε Τυλθάλι Ζέιδηλιμ,
 θεληδηλης λεό λ ζ-σόμηλιρελη μη νι φένδηλιμ:

Ά' τ ο τάιμ ερλιδητε, φάζηλ, σέλγτα,
 Ζιλφριάζημ δίβη λ πύρ λ τημέν-μηεις,
 Κά π' ζηληθη τάρηπζαληελεχτ Ρηλττριωες ηλεμηθηλ,
 Ηλάδη θηληρεάνην νο Ζηεληνηην ζέιμη, δηιλ.

Χιληράιν Χιληράλ δο πυλιρι ζέιλλεληδη,
 Χολκιμ-Κιλε λο οιμη λέθηελρικι,
 Ηλάδη Χαλιλίν νο Ήλεάν τ-γλορικι,
 Φέο Χολκιμιν Ήληιλα δά'ηι δηλ θεληλα φέυη ζλαγ.

Uch ó'n óch ! mo bhrion ζhéuη é !
 Mo ζhul ! mo chlaóidh ! mo dhíthcénille !
 Mo lom ! mo ζhleáidh ! mo cheáidh ! mo léun ζhunητ !
 Mo πυλη ! mo mhilleáidh ! mo mhipe ! mo phéin-bhróid !

Τηικη λ η-ζαλειρι ζο follur νι λέυη δηληηή,
 Αλετη ηλ Ζαείδηλιλ 'ζ ή ιπνιομηλδη 'τ 'ζ ή n-ζέυη-ζηοιη,
 'ζ ή ζ-ευη ηιοη, 'ζ ή ζ-ειλασίδηλελδη, 'τ 'ζ ή ηέυηλδη,
 le plάιη, le ζοητα, le εοζηδη, 'τ le λειητζηηοη.

They said not, “burning tears shall overflow,
Dark days shall come upon thee ; shame and woe,
The reeking phial of a tyrant’s hate
Shall wash thee, and thou shalt be desolate ;
No joy or hope shall visit thy cold breast,
Till reason reel with the huge weight opprest ;
And thy soul, seared beneath the chastening rod,
Shall almost curse the high behests of God”—
And yet, the burning tear hath steeped my cheek,
And every pang that tyranny could wreak ;
Shame, anguish, all, save madness and despair,
To freeze my accents or to warp my prayer,
All have I known ; lost all ; Oh God ! my trust !
Faith only lives to raise me from the dust.—
Though war its fiery plagues around me breathe,
Faith prompts my sword from its inglorious sheath ;
No bloodless triumph shall my children yield,
While Thou, dread chastener ! look’st upon the field
Not unapproving—at destruction’s brink
My “heart’s established and will not shrink ;”
Father of mercies !—oh forgive the thought
That dared impugn thy fiat—if our lot
Have been a dark one ; if defeat have bowed,
And trouble girded us as with a shroud,
Not thine the cruelty, but ours the crime
That stirred thee, slow to vengeance ; in their prime

Cóirí do Óthairí záan iad do ghabhairíadha,
 Áfí gúibh a m-báigrá a n-úilseasáibh a chéile,
 Áfí goibh an tuathach zo fuainghthe d' aen-toil,
 'T' ní gúibh an Chlárú a gúamh acht gneubhála.

Do bhíodh cuid láontach dhíobh de bheiréidíleibh,
 Á'g cuid ná dhó le róri ná n-Eiriceach,
 Óthairí chuid aili le Zálláinibh ag zeilleadh,
 Cuid le cleargáibh ag mealládh ná n-Záráidhála.

Cuid ór Árd a' b-páirt ná h-Eireann,
 Á'g iad do zínníach fáoi Láimh '3 ag treibseann,
 Cuid ag teaghlach 'n aghaidh Táin 'de'n d-tábhach 'murch,
 Á'g iad 'n a dhíláidh tún leó fáoi thón méri.

Buán mo mhállacht ag feirmeadh aili an z-cleáir tún,
 Á'g aili a z-euline zo lúan aon t-yléibhe,
 Iuchd záan sílge eorúidhe d'á chéile,
 Do minne fártach de chlárí Eibhlí.

Do chuir tualtar de uairíleibh Zárothálaich',
 Aili ari chuit ealpútarachta an Phuncéid dheisighéalaich,
 Eoin-báirtte Árd-ealrúoz Fhéármá,
 Uílen-fheárla-áite aon pháir a' n-Eirinn,

Though sunk our thousands, Lord ! we kiss the hand
Stretched not to desolate, but purge the land.
Weigh well the lesson ye surviving few,
Your country's hope, its moral points to you ;
Scan the monition well, for it imparts
How human fate is shaped by human hearts ;
Stout ones are swords ; the false, the feeble, chains.
And yours were false and feeble, and the stains,
The deep, the damning stains of cold deceit
With virtuous seeming cloaked—the deep retreat
Of the shut soul with foulest treason rife,
Belying the lip's promise ; the keen knife
Searching the side, while the betrayer's sword
Assured the blood its subtle stroke unstored ;
These stains were yours—say not the hand of God
Hath armed the despot with an iron rod—
Blame your own vices—may the blood you've spilt,
Your tears wash out the suicidal guilt !

Degenerate spirits ! while my glazing eye
Dwells on these phantoms ; when I hear the cry,
The long, low cry, whose quivering accents come
Back on me now—when I remember some,
True to the land, which glory had caressed
And learning dignified ; and affluence blessed
But for the mean malignant souls that strove,
By petty jealousies and mean self love,

ԱՅ յօ Հունից իշ ընյօ ծօ մ' ծհեռակին,
 ԱՅ յօ Հու սար ծօ շիրածի յօ լեր տէ,
 Ա շար քուշի ևր դիւն ու զիւնե,
 Ծօ շար զրաւու և՛ր Խունիւրածի ևր դրեսուրածին.

Դ' ծօ շար Հու Շորւր բան շեօծի էջիր,
 Ա՛ր ըրեւեւու Շինօյտ և յուն բան ուննեւնին,
 Մալլաշի յօ ծօնչի ևր քիր ու Սի-բալ-շոն,
 Զիւնիւրածի բոյ տօ ծհոնին նի շիրեւրեւ.

Մալրիծի բոյ ծօ քիր Միլերայ
 Ան Ե-Ածի խունիւրածի ու Ֆեննե,
 Ֆեր ևր ևր տհարուշար բնիչ ունի երեսչաշ,
 Ա շարիւր Հան տրէ ո-ւ շեւլ.

Մալրիծի Հու բան-քիւր զրաւու յան վեծի վեծին,
 Ա՛ր Շորուր վերայի ու յան վերածի շաւտին,
 Ա՛ր Ածի Օ'Երան լե և ծ-տաւրեւ սեւծ,
 Մալրիծի Շառուկնաշ և՛ր Շառաւ լաւծին.

Մալրիծի Հու շուր ունի շուր ան ան շաւտ,
 Խաւրեւնի, Խայեւնի և՛ր Խունու լե շեւլ,
 Մոլ Յ-Կալլաշ ուն Սի-քառ և՛ն-ան յան,
 Այսու յոլ Յ-Կոնչօսի յտաւրեւուր, յտաւծուր.

And rankest perfidy to render nought
The teeming promise of the deeds they wrought.
Scarce can my lips the struggling curse repress
On those who marred it into wilderness—
Weep for the treason ! weep for the high race
Its lordly victims ! oh ! could tears efface
The record, all had been forgotten now,
That quenched the light of heaven's indignant brow,
Mantling with lurid clouds the sky's expanse,
Till Europe felt the cold unnatural trance ;
Christ's faith dishonoured could salt tears atone,
The righteous penalty were mine alone ;
But oh not thus the forfeit might be paid !
A thrilling curse the holy nuncio laid
Upon the recreant race ; could justice less ?
And steeped my soul in utter bitterness—
But why should fruitless grief my soul employ,
When hope assuring points to promised Boy,
By gifted lips to other days foreshewn,
Scourge of the stranger ; and not Boy alone,
Still can my banner o'er Milesians fly,
Lo ! where our Phelim stands ; his flashing eye
Bright as his tireless blade ; and, by his side,
The proud O'Ferrall bares no brand untried,
O'Byrne the puissant—the dauntless tribes
Of Tool and Kavanagh—high fame inscribes

Աշար յոլ Յ-Հար্থակին ունենալու օլե-եւրտ,
 ԾԱ Յ-ԸՆԻ ու ո-յուօմի Աշար յոլ Յ-Սիննեւե,
 Միօշտ Շիքեռմհօն և' տոր-յիլօշտ Շիփ,
 Աշար Լեթ-Պյոջի բոցի ու հ-եւզու.

Ա' Յ Լեթ-Կոն մհօրի լե բ' Խսճիկի սես շատ,
 Օ' Պյութեռչիկոն և բրեւեւրու Լեշիծ,
 Օ' Պյէլուհսւին ու յսաւչար ո-եւզու,
 Մաս Կոչլան ու Յ-ԸՆԻ լե ո-յլէջիեւ.

Օ Ծիօմդակի և բալ-շն լեմուռակի,
 Օ' Ծերիեկի լլ Երպրակ օ ծհաւթիւ Եւլ,
 Օ' Մնլլիօսի օ շլար Եհերի,
 Օ' Պյուծի, Օ' Ֆլան և' Օ' Ծօնն-յլեւիե.

Ծելորիւ և ծանի յօ յօ յօ յօ յօ յօ^{յօ}
 Ա' յ ասրիւ և կամիկ և ու կամիւ և շեւլ,
 Խսճի և լի Յհաւլւի և' յհաւլ ծօ Եհերիրիւ,
 ԱՅ Մուլլակ-Մալյտու և լի ծհաւրիւ յըսերիւ.

Գի Եհաւի սեռյալ լե յհայրակի և ձ ձեն ուռչ,
 Գի Եհաւի սաւուրեամի լե հ-Ալեւո՛չիւ տաօւ,
 Գի Եհաւի տարիւ և լի Ելշերակոն' և' ո-Ելուն,
 'յ ու Եհաւի սեծ սուրյու և լի շեռյալ և Եհերիւ.

No worthier name on her emblazoned roll
Than the O'Rourkes ; O'Reillys : storm of soul
The O'Briens come ; the O'Kellys ; nor can shame
Point at O'Conor's fallen yet regal name—
Come Clan Mac Carthy honour looks for you ;
Dalcassians and O'Kennedys ; and, true
To their ancestral fame, great Heber's race ;
While Heremons assert their well earned place,
Theme of admiring bards Leath Moath maintains
Her high repute ; all hundred glorious plains
Live in your memories, ye sons of Con.
See ! O'Maoileachlain's sturdy blade is drawn,
Thine O'Molloy, red sickler, strong to cleave,
And falcon-like the flying ranks to reave ;
Mac Coghlans now deserts his lime-white towers,
O'Dempsy, rushing wolf; the marshalled powers
Of Ely answer fierce O'Carroll's call ;
Bearhaven's lord hath left his stately hall—
O'Flinn—the O'More, and, bounding from his hills,
Valiant O'Dunn the glorious gathering fills.—
Weave, conquest, weave a chaplet for the brave ;
Fame through all time their deathless memories save,
Tinted at Saingil—soon shall Mullaghmast
With ruddier hue their conquering blades o'ercast—
Through weltering fields the panic route pursue !
Our weak estrangements well the Saxon knew,

Եւածի և եւածի ՀՅ յևաշի ու ո-ՀԱՅԵՒՆ-ՔԻԵՐԻ,
 Ալի ԺԼԱԿԻՆ ՇԽԱԼԵԲԻՆ ԺԼԵՎՐԱԿԻ, ԵԽԱԾԱԿԻ, ԵԽԱԾ-
 ԱԿԻ,
 ԵՎԱԾԻ և ո-ԱՃՐԵ Հ'ո-ԱՃԵՒՃՐԻ Ալի ԵՎՐԱԿԻ,
 ԱՌ ՅՆԻՐ բ՛ ՇԽՈԼ և ո-ԾԻԿԻԾԻ ԺԼԱԿԻՆ ԼԱՇԵՐԱՐ.

Եւածի և Յ-ըրեւեկոմի յառ ոլուլեածի յառ դրաքհածի,
Եւածի ևն Շաշլար և տեղալոյցածի և ծ-դրեսծի,
Երկնիւթիւ, Շայխօչ, Մազրուր և՛ր Շեփ'չհաւծի,
Մ եւծի ինչ յօ ծեօնցի ՚ն և ծեօնցի և Շիռն.

Հանձիւմ-ու ծիւլ, ո՞չ ու ուշու լեյ ո՞ւ յեւտեահտ,
 Հանձիւմ 10 յաւ և շինհեար և ու ուստի յո,
 Ա՞ր և Մնօրած Գյանինիւն, և յիդ ծ'ան-տուն,
 Մսիւ Մեհենիւր և յ թէտրուսս ծեւծ-յիւն.

Colam Choisibhe agus bhrithiann nacomhthas,
 30 n-deilignítear taidh 3aoisibhil d'ag chéile,
 'T' 30 d-tigibh dhíobh an gníomh ro dhéanadh,
 3aill do dhíbirt agus eisioch bhláinnbhás tacaíochta.

And clutched the sceptre with an iron grasp—
He sways the faulchion with a feebler clasp !
Flee, trembling churls ! high justice wakes at last,
Sternly to reckon o'er the guilty past—
Flee from the land's assembled might, nor stain,
Saxon or Scot, her sacred soil again.

Oh what a lambent glory kindles now,
Chasing the shadows from Ierne's brow,
Green as the sward upon her mountain's side
Floats her broad banner o'er the girding tide—
A vigorous race her children stand around,
Free as the billows, mighty as their bound ;
Lo ! where the opening clouds reveal a form
Tranquil as sunshine—stately as the storm.
'Tremble ye false ones that strange altars raise,
Insulting heaven with opprobrious praise ;
Tremble ye false ones while religion's hand
Bids the broad volume of her truth expand—
Prompt at the summons of the meek-eyed maid,
Faith rears the crosier—freedom bares the blade,
"Truth and the Gaël"—'tis Banba's rallying word,
Stamped on each banner, graven on each sword—
Pours every lip the sacred burthen round,
And every heart reverberates the sound.
Fainting and foiled the bleeding scorners fly ;
While, freedom's eldest born, with humid eye,

Ul' d'fhléas tu me-ri lir leis a m'áenair,
 Tínte lir thualma uairísh n-a n-Íaréadhaile-pheala,
 Úan trárasaibh, úan fhlóir úan tmeónir, úan aén chorp,
 Lán de bhrón tpeá tseón a tseulta.

Únig an Tízhealaí a' m-buaibhneachibh déanfhead,
 Tírách bhídealt 't an lóimh a m bhearráidhe dhéanfhead,
 Mile zo leith, churz bheich a' r cead leig,
 Ul' tu m-buaibh-ri crioche mo tseal-ta.

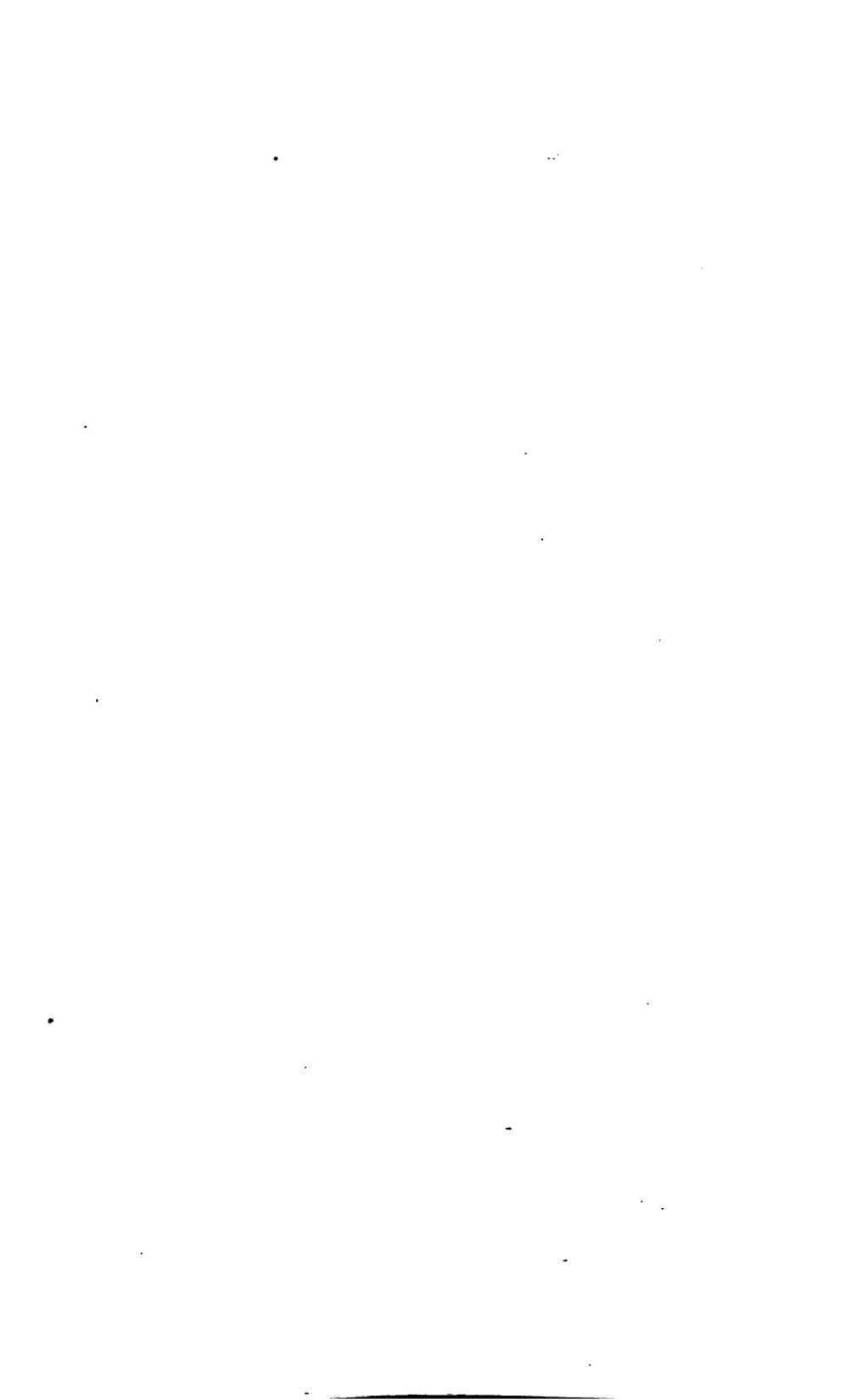
Zo m-buidh tlaín do'n mhinnis bhuide a ghléir lir uairísh **Uí**
Meall,

Le críoibh a críoibh a'g cásáineadh uairíl Íaréadhaile,
 Tídeh d'fhléas tu mo chláí zo fuaileachte tpeith,
 Mo fhuillidh i' r fáil náibh d'án fhuillidh mé.

Peace, o'er the prospect waves her mantling wing,
And bards, in Erin's tongue, her triumphs sing.
God of my hope ! thou seest my soul's distress—
My tears—my anguish—God of mercy ! bless
This union of the Gaël—my bleeding heart
Invokes thee, heavenly queen ! oh thou, that art
Our own apostle ; thou of gentlest breast—
Columb ; and Bridget, on each warrior's crest
Bid victory sit, till Banba's circling wave
Encompass not a tyrant or a slave !—

These suppliant accents breathed, all wildly clung
The maiden's hands, in holy transport wrung,
Her upraised brow with heaven's effulgence shone,
Then sudden wrapt from earth the nymph was gone—
And solitude was on me, and the thought
Darker than solitude ; in vain I sought
With straining eye to catch the lustrous hue
Of her unearthly vesture as she flew ;
And I was left alone with my despair,
Weeping the mighty hearts that mouldered there.

Adieu to her who poured beside the tomb,
That wondrous tale of mingling joy and gloom ;
Dear maid ! blest tale ! on every tear you drew,
Sweet Hope looked down ; my soul remembers you.



NOTES

TO THE

ODES, ELEGIES, ETC.



NOTES.

TORNA'S LAMENT FOR CORC AND NIAL, **A. D. 423.**

The rule *de non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem ratio*, has long been applicable to the Bardic remains of Ireland. Whatever the public may have heard of our ancient *Fileas*, it knows but little of their works ; hence, an apparently well-formed, though certainly erroneous, conclusion seems to have been adopted, either that no such works have ever been extant, or that they have altogether perished by the hand of time, or in the unparalleled distractions of this unhappy country.*

* The people of Wales and Scotland have anxiously encouraged the publication of their ancient literature ; but in Ireland, even to the present day, it has been almost entirely neglected. This national apathy may be accounted for, in some degree, by our unhappy dissensions, and the division of our population into two great contending parties, the Anglo-Irish and the Milesian-Irish ; both actuated by different views and interests, and, for some centuries, irreconcilable enemies. The former invariably looked with a jealous eye on the language and literature of Ireland, which they endeavoured to deprecate and destroy, as Anti-English and Anti-Protestant ; while the latter, or ancient natives, though always well inclined to protect and restore those memorials of their ancestors, were debarred from so doing by political circumstances. Thus it has happened, that since the splendid projects of the Friars of Donegal in the seventeenth century, (which were unfortunately frustrated by the troubles of 1641,) no Irishman has as yet

That much has been so destroyed is a melancholy fact, which cannot be denied ; but that a great and valuable portion of our early literature has survived, is also equally incontrovertible. In the present part of this work, a few of these preserved relics are laid before the readers ; and should they have the effect of awakening the attention of my fellow countrymen to the remainder of those neglected remnants of national antiquity, I shall esteem myself amply rewarded for the time and labour bestowed on this undertaking.

Torna Eigeas, or the *learned*, the author of the present ode, was one of the last of our Pagan Bards, though he has been, by some, supposed to have been a Christian. He flourished

appeared, to undertake or patronise any pervasive measure for the restoration of the ancient literature and poetry of his native country.—Not so in the patriotic Principality of Wales. There, an individual, Owen Jones, “The Thames Street Furrier,” or, according to his well deserved and more enviable appellation, “the Cambrian Mecænas,” has done more for the literary honor and character of his native land, than all that the sons of Erin have been able to achieve for theirs, for the last 200 years. In 1774, this excellent man, whose life was dedicated to the preservation of the literary treasures of his country, founded the *Gwyneddigion Society*, and collected, printed and published, at his sole expence, that noble monument of Cymric literature, the *ARCHAEOLOGY OF WALES*. With a perseverance as ardent as it was inflexible, he employed his time and his purse in the collection of all the ancient manuscripts relating to the history, the poetry, and the antiquities of Wales ; and, in addition to those of which the Archæology consists, he succeeded in obtaining nearly one hundred quarto volumes of Welch poetry, which have been lately published by the *Cymroadorion Society*.—See that valuable publication, the *Retrospective Review*, vol. xi. p. 68. In vain do we seek in Ireland for any such example of genuine patriotism. Neither collectively nor individually is the like to be found. The venerable literary remains of former days, (and no country could produce them in greater number, or of higher value,) are rapidly decaying, but no generous spirit, like that of the noble-minded Welchman, appears, to rescue them from destruction. The sons of the Gaël—the ancient Milesian race, have seldom required stimulants in the career of glory, even when decorating with laurels the proud brows of their oppressors. Here then an achievement awaits them, worthy their piety and patriotism, to rescue from the destroying hand of time those ancient monuments on which depends so much of the fame and glory of their country and ancestors.

early in the fifth century, and a particular account of his life and works will be found in O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, and in Bishop Nicholson's Irish Historical Library. In his time, the Irish Monarchy having become vacant, *Corc*, king of Munster, of the race of *Heber*, eldest son of *Milestius*, and *Nial*, descended from *Herimon* the youngest son, contended for the throne, each claiming it, under various pretences, as his hereditary right. Our bard, who was then the *chief Druid, Doctor, or Ard-ol-lamh* of the kingdom, and who had been preceptor, (or, as he himself seems to insinuate, foster father) to both princes, endeavoured to reconcile their differences. Three poems of his composition, commemorative of these contending chiefs, are extant. In the first, he delivers certain precepts to his pupil *Nial*; the second exhibits him in the character of a mediator between the royal rivals, in which office it seems he was successful, *vide Mac Curtin's Antiquities*, p. 122; and the third poem, here translated, describes, in feeling terms, the friendship which they bore for our bard, and his lamentation for their death. These poems, which are preserved in manuscripts of considerable antiquity, gave rise, about the close of the sixteenth century, to a memorable poetical contest between the bards of the North and South of Ireland, well known as the *Iomarba dh idir leach Cum a gur leach Mogha dh*,—“The contention of the bards of the Northern and Southern divisions of Ireland”—*Controversia Hibernica, Ultoniam inter at Momo-niam, de nobilitate Regum utriusque Provinciæ orta.* This contest was commenced by *Teige Mac Daire* a famous bard of Thomond, who sought to exalt the Southern princes, and particularly the O'Briens, over the Northern descendants of *Nial*; while *Louis O'Clery* and other bards of *Leath Cuin* ably supported the pretensions of the latter. The several poems produced on both sides have been collected under the above title, and, independently of their value as literary compositions, they contain allusions to historical facts, of which there is reason to believe no other proofs are now remaining. The *Iomarba* is,

therefore, highly deserving of publication. To most copies is prefixed Torna's *Duan*, beginning *Óil cáthá i ttír Conn* iŋ ॥—“The cause of war betwixt Cork and Nial;” but whatever disputes subsisted, respecting the right of precedence between these rival princes and their descendants, all our contending bards were unanimous, as to the poetical merits of this ancient composition.*

² “*The ties of holy fosterage.*”

The bard gives his wards an appellation particularly endearing among the Irish, *Mo dhá dháilcán*, My two foster children. *Cambrensis* extols the exceeding great love which, in Ireland, subsisted between the fosterers and their foster-children. Sir John Davies alludes to it in his *Historical Relations*—See also *Coigan*, p. 496, and *Ware*, I. 72.—This, like many other Irish customs, with our *Finian* poetry and ancient music, reached Scotland.—See Johnson’s *Journey to the Western Islands*; and the Report of the Committee of the Highland Society on the poems of Ossian, p. 147.

³ “*Albania bowed to Nial’s bands.*”

Nial invaded *Alba*, and gave it the name of *Scotia minor*. In his reign, St. Patrick was brought a captive to Ireland.

About this period, as Christianity encreased in Ireland, the

* This is a fine old poem, and I regret having been disappointed in my intention of including it in this collection. It contains some passages of great force and beauty. *Bóib a tcréaghtan aír* ॥ “The waves loud roaring on the shore,” is a happy assimilation of the sound to the sense. The distich *’Tuail nách fcoiltid neoill neimhe, Ul thriéon aír a ttáliáiríodh*, “A wonder that the heavens were not rent, by the shoutings of the multitude,” is truly poetic. The heroes contend like Achilles and Agamemnon.—After Cork’s declaration that he would not forego his claim to the Sovereignty, Nial, without vouchsafing a reply, commands immediate preparation for war. *Ák cáthá do cuir a málch*, “Pour forth the battalions,” (a metaphor taken from letting sheep loose out of a pen,) is not unworthy of Homer. Torna lived upwards of 1400 years ago.

salutation, *Uon Óir dhuit*, "One God to you," became general among the people. It was at first used interrogatively by the new convert, towards his pagan neighbour, to ascertain whether the latter had embraced the Christian faith, and admitted only the one true God, but it was afterwards understood as a pious wish for his conversion. It is a curious fact, that the same salutation has continued in use to the present day, a period of upwards of 1400 years, in many parts of Ireland, although the original meaning is forgotten.

REMAINS OF THE PAGAN BARDS.

Although I have commenced this part of the present work, with a poem of one of the *last* of our pagan bards, it was not for want of others of a much earlier date, some of which I shall now proceed to lay before the reader. These consist of a few short odes, *attributed* to *Amergin*, the son, and *Lugad*, the nephew, of *Milestus*, who lived about one thousand years before the Christian era; to *Róyné* the *poetic*, who preceded it by four centuries; and *Ferseártre*, who lived shortly before it. Although in the last sentence the word "attributed" has been used, out of respect for the antiquarian scruples of some readers, yet the writer is himself firmly convinced of the antiquity of these poems, and that they have been composed by the bards whose names they bear. To this conclusion he has arrived, after a scrupulous investigation of the language and contents of our earliest records, aided by whatever external evidence could be found to bear on the subject; and he has no doubt, but that a similar investigation, by any unprejudiced mind, would lead to a similar conclusion. Here, the historical sceptic would do well to consider what Spenser and Camden, no friends, by the way, of the Irish, say of their remote origin. The latter ascribes it to the very beginning of time, and his opinion is supported by

the investigations of the ablest modern antiquaries. But what, if Ireland were yet proved to be a fragment of the famous *Atlantis* of antiquity. We know that “where the Atlantic rolls wide Continents have bloomed.” Some scattered traditions among the Irish are otherwise inexplicable. The geographical projection of the Island, its whole line of precipitous coast, from the Giant’s Causeway, westward, to the scattered islets on the South of Munster, afford undeniable proofs of some great convulsion of nature, at an early period of the world. Hence, Whitehurst was of opinion, that the celebrated continent alluded to, extended from Ireland, and the Azores, to the shores of America. If our ancient records were collected and published, much additional assistance might be derived by the learned, towards elucidating this, and many other points of primary importance to the early history of Europe.—To return, however, from this digression.

The following poems are taken from the *Leabhar Ghabhaltus*, or “Book of Invasions,” an old historical record, of which a copy, transcribed in the beginning of the twelfth century, from one of an earlier date, now remains in the Buckingham library, at Stowe.—See O’Conor’s catalogue of the Irish MSS. there preserved.—They are written chiefly in the *Bearla Feni*, or *Fenian dialect*. The language is so obsolete, that it cannot be understood without a gloss; and even the gloss itself is frequently so obscure, as to be equally difficult with the text. The old glossaries of these ancient dialects are lost, or lie hidden in foreign libraries; and there can be no doubt but that the want of them has prevented our linguists and antiquaries from illustrating and publishing many valuable manuscripts; and, amongst others, the following ancient fragments. It is not intended here, to accompany these poems with translations, which would necessarily require explanations too copious for my present limits. I must, therefore, be content, as in other instances, with merely preserving the originals.

The first poem, by *Amergin*, was composed while he was

coasting on the shores of Ireland. It is in *Conaclon* verse, accompanied by a gloss, and evidently appears to have been sung to music. It bears every mark of the highest antiquity. The bard intimates that he and his companions, sailing on the clear sea, approached the land of Erin.—He praises the appearance of the country as he passes along—its fruitful extensive heights—extensive dropping woods—showery cascade-like rivers—overflowing lakes, and innumerable springs; and naturally wishes that it may prove to them a country of peace and delights, &c. This was esteemed an ancient poem in the ninth century.

Անևս ուշ ո-Շրեառո՞—Եր ուծ տհոյր մօհեշ ^b—
Մօհեշ դեկի յրեառեաշ—յրեառեաշ ուլլ ցօթեաշ ^c—
Ցօթեաշ ևե եւրաշ ^d—Եւրաշ լոշ ևոնմհար ^e—
ևոնմհար ւեր տօրբա—Տօրբա ւսէշ ևոնձ ^f—
ևոնձ յիշ Եւլմիրաշ—Եւլմիր տօր ւսէշ ^g—
ւսէշ ուծ Միլեած ^h—mile long լիթեարո՞—

ՅԱԱՐ.

* Յիթեած, բերքո՞ ու հ-Շրեառո՞ ծոխեալո՞ ծսո՞ո՞—
^b տանտիր ևւ և Հ ըլոյտ ո Հ տարսացիեաշտ ևր ևո տայր տհորիթորիթեալիշ, ո ևր ևո Հ ծինի տհոյր—^c Այր բերքո՞ Հ յար ևր յրեառեայիշեած ևր և յլեսիթիշ, ևր և յրեառեայիշ Հ յար ևր և սուլլեայիշ ևր և մ-եծ սեւթա—^d Յա հեւինի Հ յար Յա հեւրայիշ—^e Ծ լոշ ևոնմհար—^f Ծ հոմած տօրբա, ո ևր թւլչւրի տօրբա—^g Յ յանի ևոնձ ո ևոնինեայ—^h Յ յանի յիշ սկոյ քու և Եւլմիր—ⁱ Այս Յ մ-եւ հ-ի եւր ւսէշ Ե' եր ո-յոմած յիօշ—^j Յ ուծ բոլլայ ուծ Միլեած բոր ւսէշ—^k Շրե Հ րծօնզ—

Libheárin aird Éire ^k—Éire aird bichealr ^l—
 Bichealr nio zhloch ^m—nio zlory bén bneige ⁿ—
 Bneige bén buidzhe—buidzhe be adhbhal Éire ^o—
 Éire Éireannach oírtur ^p—iñ eibhiom aileas,

The next poem, or *Rithairee*, by Amergin, was composed on his landing at *Inver-Colpa*, near the present town of *Drogheda*—

Am zloch i muir—am tonn treachair—
 Am fuilim mair—am dalmh retir—
 Am reigh ille—am déri zréime—
 Am eilim lubhá—am tois zaille—
 Am e. o. i linnibh—am loch i mairbh—
 Am bhuízhi dala—am záil la foddib—fealri ag fealctas—
 Am dala deailbhais do chinn cotnu—coicche iud zleán clocháir
 tréibhe—
 Cial dún i luibh fuinne zréime—
 Cial fealctas fecht rith záil ecclá—
 Cír nondogha buairi teacraibh cibhde—
 Cial dala cial dala deailbhais flobháil Andionn—
 Indionn aileas, cainte dicain tochlaech—

^k Libheárin mairc Milesadh le tairisiocht íntse. —^l Adhbhal róisaird, noig diaclá. —^m An t-áiríthealr nio zhloch-rla do dhéanamh. —ⁿ Zidhealbh tonn zlora bneige. —^o Buidzhe dhuiinn rochtain zúr ag ríorí-mháis Éire aibhreannach. —^p Zidhealbh Éireannach aizur Eibhiom.

Óileaḡ feadhla ródhail eabhlaich—ealchaim aille—
 Áilighidhe tigl̄ coimeaḡ ealinte—gáoth am gáoth i muir—
 Céachaim iairleath do toisceal eisce i n-inbealriobh—
 ·Aisceach muir mothach tig—Tomáidhm neisce iairce fo
 tuinn neallcháibh—
 Én fáiliúr círuaidh ealgarai phionn—cealbháibh iach leathán
 mil poirt—
 U cláidh, tomáidhm neisce iairceach muir, iairceach.

The third poem is by *Lugad*, the son of *Ith*, and contemporary of *Amergin*. In the old copy of the book of Invasions at Stowe, *Lugad* is called Céad lár h-Éri. The first, or primeval bard of Erin. He delivered these verses on the loss of his wife, *Fial*, who died through excess of shame, for having been seen naked while bathing. The bard represents himself as seated on a cold and stormy beach, overwhelmed with great sorrow; for a woman died—Fial her name—a beauteous flower—being unveiled, she saw a hero on the shore—great and oppressive was her death to her husband—The river Fial in Munster, where the event occurred, still bears her name. The language of this poem is most ancient.

Íarbhéam ronn fóri rán triúcht—
 Línbhcheach fúdacht*—
 Cíoch fóri mo dhéad aibhéal ealcht—
 ealcht dom fúdacht—

ՏԱԱՐՅ.

* bhí fúdacht oírla ó línbhchime ná tráigha.

Այդ ուժին ծհանի և ենք եւն—
Երօզակ եւեծի ։—
Բալ և հ-ըստ Ֆրի ուծի ուշոնի—
Մ շրան զեկուն.։—
Ամենի էս էս ծոմ բաւծիւ—
Երսանի յոմ շիւսին.։—
Պուտ և բար ար յո թիլ—
Դու յո յածի.

The following is another venerable fragment of antiquity, composed by *Rynne file*, or the bard, son of *Ugaine Mor*, monarch of Ireland, who flourished about four centuries before the Christian era. He briefly describes the progress of the *Gaël*, from Egypt, through Scythia and Spain, to Ireland; the division of the island among them, and the names of their leaders.—

Ա միւ Այգու ո յաշ—ծ յոյ Երին տշանի.
Ամառ յաւծի ու յերմաճար Մետի յաւչիր
Մաւրի յո յաւուր յաշտաւոր Եւսուր և ուծօնինի
Ընցըն ընոյտ ուլարինի եւեկու տար յօնինի
Մերդաւ յո յաւծիու և բ յո յաշտաւի բունի
Պիւլ Մուտա շամեւր ար ունիւր ևստ զաւեյր զաւուին
Մետի Մուտ շամեւր ևստ տշին բունու յերմաճար
Ամերաւ տաւծին յո Մետի ընոյտ ւառ ևստ.

^b Այր և յաւի երեսի և ը ըւմունշինի. — ^c Ա յաւր-ծինի և տրեւոփի ծ' բիւսիւր ոյ և եւ-բարան ո-զեկուն. —

^d Clodh ու տաշուլտ ծ տիւեհայր բու և եիր.

Τηνική ή Φίλοντας διαδέχεται ο Καλάθης Ζοπλής που θεωρείται
Οικογένεια της Αρχαίας Ελλάδας. Η ιστορία της ζει στην Αρχαία
Ελλάδα και αποτελείται από μεταφορές και περιβολούμενες
Επαναστάσεις. Οι ιδέες της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος
της είναι πολύ νέο. Το έργο της ζει στην Ελλάδα και στην Ευρώπη.
Οι ιδέες της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος της είναι πολύ νέο.

Εργασία της ζει στην Ελλάδα και στην Ευρώπη.
Οι ιδέες της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος της είναι πολύ νέο.
Το έργο της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος της είναι πολύ νέο.
Οι ιδέες της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος της είναι πολύ νέο.

The next noted bard before the era of redemption, whose works have descended to our time, is *Fercheirtne*. He sung, in the following poem, of *Ollamh Fodhla*, the monarch and lawgiver of the Irish, whom he describes as valiant in battle; as having founded the *múr n'ollamh*, or college of the learned; and instituted the *Feis* of Tarah; and that he ruled in peace and glory, for forty years, as sole monarch of Ireland. This poem also gives an account of six succeeding rulers of his race, and explains the origin of the names of the great territorial divisions of Ireland. It is highly prized by Irish antiquaries.

Οικογένεια της ζει στην Ελλάδα και στην Ευρώπη.
Οι ιδέες της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος της είναι πολύ νέο.
Το έργο της είναι πολύ παλαιές, αλλά το ύφος της είναι πολύ νέο.

ԸՆԺԻՐԱԿԱ ԵՂԱՋԻԿԻ ԵՂԱՋԻ ԲԻՆՆ—ՅՈՒ ՚Ն ՀԱՐՑԻՐՅԻ ՔՈՐ
ԵՐԻՆՆ—

ԸՆԺԻՐԱԿԱ ԱՐԻԾԻ ՔՐԻ ԴԱՎԻՐԵ ՇՈՆ—ԶԱԵՒՐԱՏ ԱԼ. ՀԱՊՊՈՎՅԱՋԱԾԻ
ԶԱԵՒՐԱ ՅԵ ՐԻ ԲԵՄ ՅՕ Ռ-ՃԱԼԻ—ՔՈՐ ԵՐԻՆՆ Օ ՕԼԱԿՄԻԿԻՆ—
ԸՆԺԻՐԱԿԱ ՃՐ ԸՆԺԻՐԱ ՃՐԻ ՃՐԱ—Մ ՇԽԾԻՇԽՆԻ ՊԵԼԾ
ԵԼՏՈՐԻԺ ԱՌԻ—

ՖԱԼՈՎՆԱՇՏԱ ՄԱՆՈԼ ՅՕ ԲԱԺԻ—ՀՅԱՐ ՅԵՒԾԻ ՈԼՅՈՒԺԻՇԽՆ—
ՖԱԼԿԱ ՕԼԻՈԼ ՃՐԻ ՃԱԾԻ ԲՈՐ ՃԱԵՒ—ՀՅԱՐ ՃՐ ԵՂԱՋԻ
ԼԿՈՅ ԵՎԼՐՈՎՀԱԼ—

ԵՎ Ի-ՕԼԱԿՄԻ ՃՐԻ ՃԱԾԻ ՃԱԾԻ ԱԼ—ՄԱԸ ՔԵՐԻ ՖԱԼԿԱ ՖԱՆՆ-
ՐՉՈՒՅԻԺ—

ԱԼԻՐԵ ՃԱԾԻ ԲԻ ԲԻԶԻԾԻՀԱ և ՃԻՐԵԼԾԻ—ԾՐ ԴԻՈԼ ՄԻԼԵՋԻ
ՆԱ ՄՈՒՐ ՃԻՐԵԼԾԻ—

ՄՈՐ ՃԼԱՆՆ ԽԱԾԻՐԱԾԻ ԲԱԾԻ ՈՎԼԵ—ԸՐԱՋԻՀԱ ԸՐԾԻՀԱ
ԸՐԼՈՅԻՐԱԾԻԾԻ—

ԱՐ Ճ ԻՆԱԾԻ ԱՐԻԼ ԲՈՐ ՃԱԷՒԲԻ—Ճ ՐԵՋԻ ԸՆՆԵՋԻ ՕԼԱԿՄԻՀԱ
ԼԿԵՒՐԱԾԻ ԽՈՎՅՐԵԼԾԻ ԽՈՐ և ԼԻՈՆ—ԲՈ ՕՐԻ ԾՈՒԽԻՆԻ ՃՐ և
ՆԲՈՎՈՆ ԲԻԶԻ—

ՅՕ ՇԽԱՐԻԺ ԼԿԻՑԻՆԵԼԾԻ ՇՃՐ ԼԱՆՆ ԼԻՐ—ՃԻՋԻ ԲՈ ԽԱՆՄՈՎՅԻՇԽԻ
ԼԿԻՑԻՆ—

ԾՈՒԽԻ ՄԱՄՈ ՅՈ ՃԱԾԻ Մ-ՃԻՐԵՐ—ԲԻ ԵՐԻՈՎՆ ՄԱԸ ՄՕ
ՔԵՐԻԲԻՐ—

ՏՄՐ ԱՐԻԾԻ ՀԱՆՄ ՄԱՄԻՀԱ ԸՆՄԻՀԱՐԻ—ՀԱՆՄ ԱԼԱԾԻ Օ
ՕԼԱԿՄԻԿԻՆ.

These hitherto unpublished fragments, are considered as decisive evidence of the early cultivation of letters, and the poetic

art in Ireland. Aware, however, that many objections might be raised against this extreme antiquity, the various proofs commonly adduced in support of it by Irish writers, have been carefully examined, and the result was, the most firm conviction of its reality. The poems themselves are preserved in grave historical treatises, many centuries old. They are found preceded by the names, and some short notices, of the several *Fileas*, to whom they are attributed. Their language is obsolete, and their idioms antiquated. Both are evidently of the earliest ages—certainly very different from those of any composition of the last thousand years. According, therefore, to the strictest rules of historic evidence, their antiquity must be allowed. Indeed it would require more than even the scepticism of my old friend, Doctor Ledwich, to resist the proofs of their authenticity.

But the following extract from the *Book of Lecan*, will be found to refer even to an earlier period, and to contain, as it appears to me, something of the mythology of the *Dedanites*, who possessed this island before their invading conquerors, since known by the name of Milesians.

“ θλεταιρι 1αδ πα τηι δελ-δελαιλον όν λιπηνίζηθειρ
 Τυλεταιλ θεδλαιλον, (ελθον) τηι μιε θηειγγη μηιε Θλεταιλον,
 τηικιλι, οζυτ θηιλον, οζυτ Σετ—οζυτ θηιλον, οζυτ Ιυχαιρι
 οζυτ Ιυχαιρβα τηι μιε Τυιριενδ.—θλεταιρι 1αδ πα τηι
 δηιωιδη ον λιπηνίζηθειρ τυλεταιλ δε δελαιλον—Πιλρ οζυτ
 θηοττ οζυτ ηοβδ α τηι δηιωιθ.—Φιτ οζυτ φοεμαιρε οζυτ
 εοισητ α τηι η-οιδε.—Ουβη οζυτ δοιυρι οζυτ δοιηρε α τηι
 δεοζθειρι, (ελθον) γλιθη οζυτ ιοη οζυτ ιηνιδη α τηι
 ηοηηδηρε.—Φειθ οζυτ ηογε οζυτ ηιδηλρες α τηι δεηισλιδη.
 —Ταιλες οζυτ τηέν οζυτ τηειγγ α τηι ζηηιλι.—Ζηηιλος οζυτ

3leach a'gur t'ide & triu 3laibhrak.—Uisce a'gur t'airigh a'gur Tlairchell & triu choirn.—Ceol a'gur binn a'gur t'eachinn & triu eisaitriu.—3le a'gur 3lein a'gur 3leo & triu stirriarca.—Buaidh a'gur oirbhri a'gur roghadh & triu n-áite. Tídh a'gur rúine a'gur tuibl & triu muime.—Cumad a'gur réit a'gur rámhail & triu eanach.—Mell a'gur teist a'gur nochlain & triu muirgha-cluichí.—Uine a'gur indomhaif a'gur bhrusdai & triu òrseann. Céin a'gur alairigh a'gur nochlain & triu n-dhuine.—Oeileig iñ iart iò bhrig Céit muirgha-cupredh fop romháireasibh—*Book of Lecan*, p. 11, col. 1.

As European discoveries extended in the East, several ancient monuments have come to light, which corroborate many parts of our early history. Even so near us as Sicily, a Phenician Inscription has lately been found, which is said to record a great famine in Canaan, and the expatriation of a numerous body of the people, who established themselves in the dominion of an Atlantic prince, about 2000 years before the Christian

* These were the three Dedanites, (or divinities of Danann,) from whom the Tuatha De Danann take their name, viz: the three sons of Brass, the son of Elathain, Triall, and Brian, and Cet—and Brian and Juchar and Jucharba were the three sons of Tuirend.—Rapine, Theft, and Robbery, were their three concubines.—Knowledge, Inquisitive Research, and Science, their three instructors.—Blackness, Obscurity, and Darkness, their three Cup-bearers.—Satiety, Sufficiency, and Impletion, their three Apportioners.—Vision, Eye or Perception, and Sight, their three Spies.—Strength, Robustness, and Vigor, their three Servants.—Storm, Wind, and Breeze, their three Horses.—Indigation, Pursuit, and Active Swiftness, their three Hounds.—Music, Melody, and Harmony of Strings, their three Harpers.—Purity, Cleanliness, and Neatness, their three Wells.—Wish, Selection, and Choice, their three Delights.—Peace, Pleasure, and Mirth, their three Nurses.—Equality, Identity, and Similarity, their three Cups.—Eminence, Fair-hill, and Rising-ground, their three places of Convention.—Riches, Treasure, and Possession, their three Hills.—Fairness, Beauty, and Extreme Mildness, their three Mounts. (Dunes,) &c.

era. It is probable that this inscription, when decyphered, may be found to correspond with the Irish accounts of some of our early invaders.

¹ DALLAN FORGAILL'S ODE TO AODH, SON
OF DUACH.—A. D. 580.

This, and the two poems which immediately follow it in the text, are compositions of the *sixth* and *seventh* centuries of Christianity. *Dallan* the author of the present ode, died, according to *Tigernach*, in A. D. 597. Colgan informs us, that he “flourished in 580, and that he was better acquainted with the antiquities of his native country than any other writer of his time. He wrote in the antiquated language some works, which, in these latter ages, cannot be easily understood even by the best informed in Irish. Hence, it is, that the antiquaries of later times have illustrated them with copious glossaries, and have been accustomed to expound them in the antiquarian schools, as precious monuments of the ancient idiom and antiquities of Ireland. Dallan’s principal poem is in honor of *S. Columba*, and was written before that Saint had departed from the Synod of *Dromceat* in Ulster, in 596. It is entitled *Amhra Columchille*. I have a copy of it, well written, but intelligible to very few.”—Thus for Colgan.—Many of Dallan’s works, known to have been extant in the days of that learned writer, (1647,) are now supposed to be lost. The *Amhra*, or poem in Eulogy of *Colum-Celle*, is, however, safe, and the poems in the text are preserved in a curious old tract, entitled “The Reformation of the Bards,” and were produced on the following occasion.—*Aodh*, Hugh, the son of *Duach* the black, king of *Orgial*, was possessed of a famous shield, called *Dubhgialla*, which was the pride of his kingdom, and the envy of his neighbours, and seems to have been gifted with as many virtues as

that of the renowned Grecian hero. This shield was long coveted by *Aodh Fion*, or the fair, Prince of *Breifne*, and after many solicitations and promises, he prevailed on our bard, *Dallan*, to go to Orgial, and endeavour to obtain it for him; for so great was the influence of the bards, at that time, that few durst venture to refuse any request of theirs, however unreasonable. Dallan, having undertaken the task, went, attended by a retinue of fifty bards, to the *Dun*, or mansion of the son of *Duach*, where he delivered the two odes in our text. He failed, however, in his design. "Your poem is good," replied *Aodh*, "and I will reward thee with gold and silver and precious gems: stately steeds and cattle will I likewise give, but not the shield, that thou canst not have." After this determined refusal, Dallan departed, threatening to inflict the dreaded vengeance. "I will," says he, "satirize the king, and make his name odious, throughout the wide extended regions of *Alba* and Ireland." Of the bard's poetic powers, to carry this threat into execution, the specimens which have descended to

* Bardic insolence at this period, knew no bounds. *O'Donnellus*, in his life of *Columba*, mentions, that on one occasion, they threatened, in a body, to *Satirize* that Saint, for not giving them presents at a time when he had nothing to bestow.—See *Smith's excellent History of Columba*, p. 93.—Our general History informs us, that the poetic tribe was, soon after this period, "reformed," yet, much of the old leaven remained. To the present day, the rural Irish dread nothing so much as the satirical severity of their bards. Many a man, who would kindle into rage at the sight of an armed foe, will be found to tremble at the thought of offending a rymer. One of the latter I have seen: his name was *Brenan*, and though he might not be called "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," yet he was a ready versifier in his native tongue, and had wit enough to keep two large districts in the West of Ireland, for many years amused by his rural songs and in dread of his broad local satire. He bore some faint resemblance to the ancient bards. He knew no settled residence. Whatever house he chose to stop at, and he seldom selected the poorest, became his home during the time of his stay. Generally welcomed with pretended, though often with real sincerity; the best bed, and place at table were always at his service. Thus he lived to a good old age, feared for his satirical powers, but respected for his virtues. He has left behind some songs and sarcastic verses, but none of them above mediocrity.

us, leave very little room to doubt. A stanza of his, on the death of Columkill, A. D. 594, is quoted by the Four Masters.

Íg leigheas leigheas 3áin leig,
Íg dethaileas tmeirleas ne 3ionasair,
Íg aibhrialas ne earras 3áin ceit,
Tinde deir airi náraílín uair.

The Leech's drug that's sanative no more;
The bone that's marrowless—whose strength is o'er;
The harp that thrills not to one answering breast:
Such are we since HR fell—our noblest!—best!—

Adamnan in his valuable life of Columba, apud Messingham, Parisiis, 1624, relates, of the poet *Cronan*, A. D. 560, that he *sung verses according to the manner of his art*, “ex more suæ artis carmina modulabiliter cantabat.” Doctor O’Conor remarks that “Irish poems of the seventh century, yet extant, afford internal evidence that their construction is founded on the traditional Rhythmical Songs of the Pagan Bards. Their metre and their jingle are national. They follow a long established practice, well known to the bards of former times. Well might this indefatigable and truly learned antiquarian ask, “What northern nation of Europe can compare with these in point of antiquity?”—*Ep. Nunc.* p. 20.

DALLAN'S ODE TO DUBHGHIOILLA, THE SHIELD OF AODH.

From this ode it appears that the Irish gave names to their warlike weapons. In the fine old historical romance—“*The death of the children of Usnach*,” Conor, king of Ulster, thus

describes his arms.—“ The ocean, the victorious, the cast, and the blue green blade ;” that is, my shield and my two javelins, and my broad sword—*See the Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dublin*, 1808, p. 95, for that ancient piece, as translated by the late ingenious Theophilus O’Flanagan.—The ancient Britons took a particular pride in adorning their swords. The Goths as well as the Saracens gave them names. Clemens Alexandrinus says, that the ancient Scythians even went so far as to worship a sword. Their country was called by the Irish Υctικά γείκιχ-ȝloin, Scythia of polished shields.

¹ SEANCHAN'S LAMENT OVER DALLAN,
A. D. 597.

Seanchan Torpest, a Connaught poet, succeeded Dallan as chief of the bards ; and sung this funeral hymn over the mortal remains of his celebrated predecessor. He survived him many years, and chiefly flourished in the reign of Guaire the Mysterious, king of Connaught, in the middle of the seventh century. These verses have been selected, as they present a fine specimen of the poetic powers of the bard. The third and fourth stanzas in particular, have been much admired. An historical poem by Seanchan is preserved in the Book of Lecan, fo. 17.

¹ KINCORA, OR MAC LIAG'S LAMENT,
A. D. 1015.

Kincora, the palace of our patriot monarch, Brian Boru, is here described, in its deserted state, after the fall of its distinguished owner, at the famous battle of Clontarf, in 1014. It was situate on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloo, in the

present county of Clare. Mr. Dutton, in his statistical survey of that county mentions, that “all traces of this palace are almost obliterated by planting, levelling and other improvements ; and thus *one of the most interesting antiquities of Ireland has been spoiled by modern taste.*”—Former writers abound with descriptions of the ancient splendour of Kincora.

Mac Liag, the author of the present pathetic poem, was doctor, or professor, *Ulpd Ollcmh*, of Ireland, in Brian's time. He also became secretary, or private scribe to that prince, and afterwards compiled his life.—See *Mac Curtin*, 214, 217.—*O'Halloran*, 1. 148.—*Nicholson's Irish Historical Library*,—and *O'Conor's Rerum Hib. Scriptores*, Vol. I. *Elenchus*, II. 7.—He did not long survive his royal master, having died, according to the annals of the Four Masters, in the year 1015. He was author of many valuable works in prose and verse, some of which have descended to our times. The principal of these are, his life of Brian; an historical treatise, intituled, *Leabhar Oiris*—A book of chronology and annals on the wars and battles of Ireland; and several poems, all of which possess considerable merit. The *Leabhar Oiris* principally records the warlike exploits of Brian Borù, terminating with the battle of Clontarf, of which it gives the best and most circumstantial account. From this work of Mac Liag, Mr. O'Halloran principally drew his description of that battle, which is therefore, perhaps, one of the best finished parts of his history. For the sake of the Irish reader, I am induced to transcribe from this unpublished original, a few extracts, which appear to me to contain some highly interesting passages. Their substance will be found in the history alluded to.

The treacherous *Malachie* of Meath, having been requested by the estates of that province, to describe the battle of Clontarf, at which he stood, an inactive spectator! thus proceeds.—

“ *¶i h-սրայլ տո ծ նորին, ո ծ' հ' միրից, և թ թէ, ¶i հ' հ' շ*

muin d-tiucfædhi línzil. Dē do nimh dæ inrīn : Oír do chuailearír-ne, ari te, aizur do chuailearír zoirt triebteas aizur clædh edrlainn aizur isd, aizur an zhlach Cerraildh thlairifzhi diaobh chuzlinn. Aizur ní rúide no fædh ledh uaire, do bhealairi ann tìn, an t-án nách d-tiubhíradh neach do'n dæ chlædh aichne ari a chéile, ze zo mædh é achtair, no a deirbhíralcthair, dæ comhfhiosur dho, muin d-tiuzadhi aichne ari a zhutch, no a fhírt do bheith aige roimhe tìn an t-innadh ann a m-biadh te, aizur tìn ari ná líonadh, idir aizhaladh ariam aizur cenn, aizur folc, aizur édlaich, do bhealéindibh ná folc fóir-dheirghe tainis diaobh chuzlinn, aizur zo mædh congnamh dob'ail línn do bhenamh, ní fhéadrannair. Oír do ceanglaibh ari n-áriam ór ari 3-cennuibh, do ná folca fada fínn-bhuidhe do riainis chuzlinn, ari ná d-teigeadh d' áriamibh an eathas ; zuir bho ledh tonairi bhúinn bhealladh a3 réidiúzbaibh ari n-áriam, aizur ari 3-cerlann-zhoile ó chéile : aizur ír beag ari ari mhó d' inznamh do'n mháintir do bbí ír an chlædh fulanú a phicirinn zan dol ari folamain. Aizur do bhealair a3 euri an chlædh, ó thigéach eirízhe do'n lo, zo híairi nóm, aizur zo muíz an mháir a ionzair uachtair, ari d-techt do'n lán mháir a futhair."—*Leabhar Oiris, MS.*

The death of Earl Sūtric the Dane,* and of *Morrog*, Brian's princely son, are thus recorded.—

* The *Norse*, or *Danish* songs, descriptive of the sanguinary battle of *Clongary*, which was long after famous throughout Europe, were published in Den-

“ Od’ chonairic Murchadh Þiðris tacs Iodair, arikl Íori
 h-ore lir Íair Óhaleccair az a n-oirplech, zar lusdha cerche
 aizé, do lirz lir Íair ari chlachla chuirze, azur tuz dñ
 bhuille a néinphecht do ait a dhá Íamh, zar theitz a chenn
 azur a choig a n-éinphecht de. Azur do chonairic Únraadh,
 tacs Eibhris lir Íair Óhaleccair az a n-oirplech, lirzior chuirze,
 azur ó nac h-áibh lir a chumair lirim d’imirt, lir
 Tzolcadh Iadhras a zhlac, do mhudhóin a chloïdhimh
 riomhe riu : fíneagl a lámh chlí azur epioter a luitheach
 tar lir a chenn amach, zlacsair a chloïdhimh, azur é xái,
 azur lirzidh a ucht lir, ó nár b’ eidear leir a bhualadh,
 zar fáidh tríd zo talamh é : Táinigzior an t-Únraadh riu
 Tzín Murchadhaidh amach, azur fáidher i n-íchtear a chuirr
 í, zar chuit an Cacht-mhile Murchadh lir a mhur ; azur
 eirzhiot Murchadh, azur dí-chennuig tacs Ísligh Lochlann
 ann riu ; azur do mháirí xém zo n-déirial a pháiridín lir
 ná mháirach azur zhubh chláth Corp Chriost.”—*Idem.*

But the circumstances attending the death of the gallant old

mark, in the seventeenth century.—See *Thermodus Torfaeus, Hafniae, 1679*; also *Bartholinus*; but the Irish account yet remains to be published!! From these Scaldic Poems, the English bard, Grey, has taken his ode of “The fatal Sisters,” in which the following stanzas allude to Sitric and Brian :—

“ Low the dauntless earl is laid,
 Gor’d with many a gasping wound ;
 Fate demands a nobler head ;
 Soon a king shall bite the ground.
 “ Long his loss shall Erin weep,
 Ne’er again his likeness see ;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality !”

chief himself, and of the Danish commander *Brodar*, who fell by his hands, are related in terms of peculiar interest.—

“ Od’ chonlairc Iáidín, zillak Úhrílin, Íighe Círúnn, ná ealcháil air n-dul trí ná chéile, agus agan aithne ag ceachtair díbh air eile, ag duibhleáirt le Úhrílin dul air ech: Tír racháil, air Úhrílin; níl pi beo racháil ag an t-eacan ro, agus imchígh-ri agus ag an chuid eile do’n ghill-lápráidh, agus beiríodh ná h-eich líbh, agus iompar mo chiomhnáil-ár do Ónial agus do Ríládruis air t’-áinéam, agus mo chorp do Úrbdá-táclach, agus mo bheneacan do Ónioncháldh, táinéam Úhrílin, táirí chenn dán fionnáid béis bón do tháibhleáirt do Úrbdá-táclach, ne coir mo chuaigh, agus imchígh-ri róimhíodh go Tíord Coluim Cille ag nocht, agus tácaíodh airí chenn mo chuaigh-ri ag táiríoch, agus tionscaileasaid é go Óláth-kaíz Chiaileann, agus tionscaileasaid tinn go lúghamhaindih é, agus tionscaileasaid Mháol-piáire, táinéam Eochláidh, comháirbhéasach Ráttarais, agus tionscaileasairt Úrbdá-táclach airí mo chenn go páiseadh tinn.

Dáinée chuaighim, air ag an zillak; créid ag geoirítear dáinée isd? air Úhrílin; dáinée zillair, lomnochtair, air ag an zillak. Zoill ná lúthíreáilch isd-árán, air Úhrílin; agus air eiríse do’n Phéarail do bhí fáil, do zillair ag chloídhíthimh amach agus do bhí ag feachain Úhríodairí eo n-a bhuiónn chuaigh, agus pi fáil ag lenbhéail de agan éideadh, acht ag fáil agus ag choí. Úrlainidh rán ag cloisimh amach agus ag coisbhuit ag láimh, agus tuig buille dho, zuri bháin ag choí chli do Úhríodairí ó ná zilláin, agus ag choí deir ó ná thíorúigh, Táiríla

taobh Úthriodairi & 3-cenn Úthriailm, agus bhlwz é ; taí
Úthriailm bhuille eile agus tairbhuit an dleiridh fíor, do bhí &
bh-fochairi Úthriodairi, agus bclimdh & chenn do Úthriodairi
féin liri an uair, agus fuailear fíor báis ann rún.

“ Mór an t-ábal rún do minneadh ann rún. Úthriailm mae
Cinnéide, mhic Lóiseáin do mháirbhíodh.”—*Idem.*

Such is the interesting narrative, by which our neglected native historian has perpetuated the particulars of that memorable engagement. With respect to the style and language in which it is delivered, I hesitate not to say, and the proof is before the reader, that no nation in Europe can produce so old, and at the same time, so pure and perfect a specimen of its vernacular dialect, as that now submitted to his perusal from a mouldering Irish manuscript. Our bard's poetic productions are distinguished for a peculiar ease and elegance of versification, and are pathetic to a high degree. Some of them are contained in the *Leabhar Oiris*; and, with that work deserve publication, as well for the national subjects which they celebrate, as for the talents which they display. The address to *Kincora* is preserved in a volume of Irish poetry, transcribed by *Fergal O'Gara*, an Augustine Friar, in the low countries, about the year 1650, from the ancient manuscripts carried away by the banished Catholic clergy out of this kingdom. This volume was the property of the late John Mac Namara of Clare; and by his heirs was presented to his friend the writer hereof. It contains 169 poems, all composed between the years 423 and 1630, and is, perhaps, the most valuable collection of Irish poetry extant. A particular account of this inestimable volume will be found in Whitelaw and Walsh's *History of Dublin*, in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society*, Dublin, 1808, and of the *Iberno-Celtic Society*, *Ib.* 1820. Its contents, if published, would prove most important to our history and literature.

*2 Where are the golden hilted brands,
That gleamed in the gallant Dalcassian's hands.*

The Dalcassians, (Dalgais,) Brian's body guards, alone had the privilege of wearing their "gleaming brands," within the precincts of his palace. Their bravery became proverbial.

3 - 4 " Where is the son of Boru."

Here, and throughout the remainder of this poem, the poet laments the dispersion of the patriotic nobles of Brian's court, after the death of their heroic leader. Amongst those who fell at Clontarf were, the brave *Morrogh*, (called "the Swimmer of Rivers,") who seems to have inherited all his father's virtues; *Conuing*, his cousin; and the great *Steward of Alba*, (Scotland) who is particularly mentioned as a payer of tribute to Brian; a fact, which it would have been well, that Mr. Pinkerton had been acquainted with. Of those who survived that battle, the principal was *Cian*, the son of *Molloy*, leader of the *Eugenians* of Cashell, and son-in-law of the monarch; but he was soon after slain in the battle of *Magh-Guillidhe*. This prince bore a high character for wisdom and bravery. "No one," says the historian, "seemed more worthy the crown of Munster, or Monarchy of Ireland, than Cian; and had fate so decreed it, in all appearance Ireland would not have felt these calamities which she has so long endured." According to *Erard Mac Coise*, Արծ-Ծրումք ուն Յանձն, chief chronicler of the Irish, who died, anno 1023, Cian was as gallant and generous a prince, as the house of Heber ever produced. "Budh mór և յել յոն," says *Mac Liag*, recording his death, "օր ու բակի և ո-Ծըռոն, ուշ հայրի քեն, ոչ բուհ քեն, ունչ աշոյ սեյլ, ո՞ և Անդուն-յոն." — *Leabhar Oiris*. — This was indeed a noble epitaph. Cian was chief of the sept of the O'Mahonies.

The martial music, or "Gathering Sound," by which the Irish troops are said to have formed into battalions, and marched to the plains of Clontarf, is still preserved, and may be heard in many of our sequestered glens and mountain fastnesses. It is generally known by the name of "Brian Boru's

march ;" but though this title is evidently modern, the music itself, (of which I have been favoured with a copy from the borders of Cork and Kerry,) bears every mark of antiquity. It is one of those soul-stirring combinations of sound, which, according to our talented countryman, *Usher*, in his inimitable *Discourse on Taste*, "rouses to rage," iram suggerit, and "whose passionate power was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients." Many fine specimens of these old martial pieces of music are current in Ireland ; but as their history almost entirely depends on tradition, it is of course liable to all the doubt and uncertainty which generally attend that mode of perpetuation. They yet remain to be collected.

—“*the first of the bowls*”—

2nd Stanza, p. 201.

This was esteemed a most distinguished honour. The old Irish treatise, entitled “*The Book of Rights*,” states, that “at Tarah, the king of Orgial is to sit at the right hand of the king of Taitlin; and to have the *third cup* and place, after the monarch.”—*Leabhar na Ceart, MS.*—See *Books of Lecan and Bullimote*.

MAC GIOLLA CAOIMH MOURNFULLY REMEMBERS BRIAN AND HIS NOBLES.

By a mistake, arising from transposition, the name of *Mac Liag* remains inserted in the Irish and English headings of these stanzas, at pp. 202—3, in place of that of *Mac Giolla Caoimh*, his contemporary, by whom they were composed. The latter was one of the many minstrels who frequented the court of *Brian*; and he appears, from his writings, to have been a favourite with that prince, whose loss he here most pathetically mourns. This and another affecting elegy, by our author, on the desolate state of Rath-Rathlean, and other mansions of the

nobles of Munster, are preserved in the *Leabhar Oiris*, where the present poem is preceded by the following curious notice of our bard.—

“ Աշար բա տար և ծննդելու տաւ Յիլլ Շամի, և ը-գութ օ Աթի աւ Պեյլ, և ը մ-եռծի դր յաւթե և Յ-օնչեռնի Ալլածի, և բհ-քոշելու Աթի Աւ Պեյլ, յօ ծ-էնուց յօ տիշ Շեյն, ուս Մկելմհսւծի; Աշար ծօ եկի Երկու տաւ Սիննենցի յի և ն բհկու և շեն: Աշար ծօ շար Երկու բհկու յի տաւ Յիլլ Շամի, Աշար և ծննդելու Յար յօ բհձեւ ծօ եկի և ո-էշտար; Աշար ծօ բհկաբրացի ծե, ըթէ բսկու օ Աթի Աւ Պեյլ? Բսկրայ ծեւի բհ-քիւն եօ Աշար ծեւի ո-եշ, Աշար ուն ո-ստուզ ծ'օր, Աշար ծեւի Աթի Աւ Պեյլ. Ծօ եեւրյա Աշար Մածինի, ոյշեն Երկուն ու յա ուն ո յու ծաւ, և Շալ, յու շօծեւ, և ո-էշտար և ծ-տսեհրածի Երկու, Աշար Մորինի Աշար տաւթե օ ո-Էշեռի օ յու կուշ; Կուհալ ծօ շւնմհուց տաւ Յիլլ Շամի քեն, Աշար է և լու և տանի ժաւուծի ծօ'ն Յիրեց, Աշար ծօ յօ յու ծ'արրածի Բհկաբրացի, տաւ և ո-ծննդելու Աշար սումհունչածի և լու Երկու, Աշար և լու Մորինի Աշար և լու Շեյն.”—*

* “ And as *Mac Giolla Caoimh* said, on his coming from *Hugh O'Neill*, with whom he remained three quarters of the year, until he returned to *Cian* the son of *Molloy*.—*Brien* the son of *Kennedy* was at home before him, and he welcomed *Mac Giolla Caoimh*, and said he was very long absent from him, and asked what were the presents he got from *O'Neill*: I received, said the bard, 200 cows, and ten horses, and nine ounces of gold, &c. I and *Sabia*, the daughter of *Brian*, will give you more than that, said *Cian*, exclusive of what *Brian* and

¹ “ *In a far foreign land, on a pilgrimage wending,
A bard of green Erin passed cheerless along;*”

Pilgrimages from Ireland to the Holy Land were frequent long before the time of the Crusades. Colgan relates an instance, so early as the year 643, of a young Irish prince of Royal blood, who after returning from Palestine, led an austere eremitical life, for forty years, in the chain of mountains near Modena in Italy.—On these occasions the Irish generally passed through Spain, a country with which they claimed kindred from the earliest period, and always regarded as the land of their fathers. *Urad Mac Coise*, a distinguished bard, who died, according to *Tigernach* in 990, and who was, consequently, contemporary with *Mac Giolla Caoimh*, described Spain, in a stanza preserved by that annalist, as follows:—

Τιρ τυλιπε, τυθηλη, τετλιθ ιμμεθ,
Τιρ ιφεται τ-Μileδ,
Τιρ η ʒ'ερεν ʒλειλεθ τηι ʒλορ,
Τιρ ιτ ταριβλεθ μο ρεγρον.

A country delightful, fertile, abounding in riches, prosperous.—*A country from which sprung the sons of Milesius* — A country illustrious, conquering with glory, and renowned for nature's choicest gifts.

These poems shew the estimation in which the bards were held by the princes of Ireland. The custom was similar in Scandanavia. “ All the historical monuments of the North,” says *Mallet*, I. 323, “ are full of the honours paid this order of

Murrogh, and the other nobles of the posterity of *Eochy*, shall give you; as *Mac Giolla Caoimh* himself declared he well remembered, when he was at the North of *Greece*, going to the river *Jordan*, and from thence in search of the site of *Paradise*, in the poem wherein he commemorates *Brian* and *Cian*, and *Morrogh*, as follows.”—*Leabhar Oiris*.

men, both by princes and people. They were rewarded for the poems they composed in honour of the kings and heroes with magnificent presents." — See also *O'Halloran*, i. 74. — The learned English Essayist, Doctor Drake, in his excellent publication, intituled "LITERARY HOURS," mentions the splendid rewards conferred on their bards by Athelstan and Canute, kings of England.— Vol. III.

MAC LIAG, IN EXILE, REMEMBERS BRIAN.

¹ "*In the isle of strangers black and rude.*"

These elegiac stanzas were written by *Mac Liag* when he retired to Inye Zéll, or the Hebrides, after the death of his royal and munificent patron. They are given in the *Leabhar Oiris*, with the following explanation.—

"Ազար տար և ծափհարտ Մաւ Նիկու և զ յօշտեմ ծ Յո
Սեն-սորածի, տար Յ-ընկարտ ծ Յինդան ծափ ծից, ուշ
ծ'ար ծափե շն և Օլլամի [], ևր Երկու, ծ Օհոմինսւ,
տաւ ծափ ծիւ Եհուրեն, ևր տաւ Նիկու. Ան Եհ-բաւսւր
Ծիւ, ո՞ Յածիսի, և Եհեն, ևր Երկու, ծ Շոնգուր ևր
Մաւ Նիկու. Ան Եհ-բաւրաւր ևր յածիս սաւիս, ևր Երկու,
տուոյշած ծուտ, ևր Մաւ Նիկու. Ալի յօշտեմ ծեմիյէ ևր
Բաւթիշ յաւիս Ռաւիթլեն, ծ Ի-ուոյրած ծ Շիւ Ազար
ծ Յիհածիսի տօ թեռչտա ծօն Եհաւե, ծ Երզեծար և
յածն սմ չօննե և ո-ընդիշետ, Ազար ծ Ի-ուոյրածի
տե ևր տիսս ծեն, Ազար և Տեինմենիս Ազար ծ Քիշիծ
ծ Եհաւիս, ծ Եհ սմ' քօշհար. ծ յաչած ևրոպ ՚Եւո
Ծու տած, Ազար տաչած երտ ուր ծ Յաւ և ծափ, տիր
Քիւեհիրած Ազար Լեն, Ազար Երաւ; Ազար տաչ Ծիւ և

ðheiři ſéin, iðir Ech ñazur ēðlech ñazur ñiřatclizh lóinj,
 ñazur zon ñiřatuibh déel ñazur nái ſichid bo dom ſéin,
 ñazur deich n-ech, ñazur da ſichid do mo chléir; ñazur
 deich ȝ-céed uñzal d'oir ñazur eilezal ſkil do'm' chléir, tair
 an ȝ-cédnal. Chéed fuarlaig ó mhaic duibh da ñhiřenn,
 ari ñriakn : Fuarlaig epiř ñazur teme epiř. It iñzuladhi,
 ari ñriakn, zuri ñhiřidhe thulka do Ñhomhnaill, no do Chián,
 tuiri tui ; ɭí ɭ-iñzuladhi ari māc lñazhi ; Oír do budh
 decra le Ñomhnaill an epiř ñazur an teme epiřidh do
 chleibhlaig uaidh, no le Cian a n-ðubhlaig-ȝal a chiaclaidh,
 amhail a deir māc lñazhi ñazur e ná ȝhenóir a n-iñri
 an ȝhoill duibh, iari m-báir ñriakn ñazur Mhiřcháidh
 ñazur Chéin, ñazur é až cuimhniúzhaldh ořjia : až ro tair a
 deir.”*

* “ And as *Mac Liag* said, on his arrival at *Kincora*, after having been on a visit with *Senan*, in the South.—Who is the person, oh ! bard, to whom you are most grateful ? said *Brian*. To *Donald Macduff Davoren*, said *Mac Liag*. Have you seen *Cian* or *Sabia* ? said *Brian*. I have said *Mac Liag*. Have they given you presents ? said *Brian*. I shall tell you, said *Mac Liag*. On my arrival at the plain of *Rath Raithlen*, *Cian* and *Sabia* who had been informed of my coming to the town, both advanced to meet me, and I, and the fifty persons in my train, were borne on men’s shoulders. My people were brought to the castle, (*Dune*) and each of them was there presented with a suit of garments, a chain, shirt, and cloak ; and to me, *Cian* gave his own habiliments, horse and armour, with his tables (effies) and nine score kine. He moreover gave fifty steeds to my train, and a thousand (here I suspect my original to be incorrect,) ounces of gold, and fifty rings to my bards. What have you received from the son of *Dubh Davoren* ? said *Brian*. A girdle and a girdle clasp, said *Mac Liag*. It is strange, said *Brian*, that you should be more grateful to *Donald* than to *Cian*. Not so, said *Mac Liag*, for it was more difficult for *Donald* to prevail on himself to part with that girdle and clasp, than it was for *Cian* to make all the before-mentioned gifts.—As *Mac Liag* himself expressed, in his old age, in the isle of the Black Strangers, (the Hebrides,) after the death of *Brian* and *Moragh* and *Cian*, in the following poem.”—*Id.*

Before I bid adieu, perhaps for ever, to these venerable old bards, whose names and works have been so long buried in oblivion, I must entreat the reader's indulgence for introducing another ancient Celtic poem, by Aldfred, King of the Northumbrian Britons, written during his exile in Ireland, where he was known by the name of Flann Fion. This prince was illegitimate son of Oswy, king of Northumberland, on whose death he was violently persecuted by his brother, and to avoid his violence, he retired to Ireland, where according to Bede, in his Life of Saint Cuthbert, he devoted his time to study, "lectio operam dabant." This was about the year 685. The poem describes the various things which he observed in Ireland while there. See Lynch's Cambr. Eversus, p. 128; and O'Conor's Rerum Hib. vol. iv. p. 129, where the author strangely says, "Ego minime assero genuinum esse Aldfridi fetus," for its authenticity was never before doubted. Compare it with the well known verses written in the same century by Donatus, bishop of Fesulæ, beginning "Finibus occiduis describitur optima tellus." Aldfred's poem is preserved in ancient vellum MSS. The late Charles O'Conor had a copy "in a very obscure character." It is now, for the first time, printed.

alach agus inig Finn Féil,
In Ériann ne imairibhleidh,
Tomád báin ní báoth in bheag,
Tomád Ioch tomád cleirfeadh.

alach agus gáel eisgead aind,
A ccairz chuiríodh Érieannt,
Idir chill iñ tìr gofriúilz,
Tomád báid tomád eattliz,

Խո ծեռտ նր որ և լրջեածեաշէ,
Խո ծեռտ ուլ հզսդ ըրտինեաշէ,
Խո ծեռտ տարտ հց ծեռու ծէ,
Խո ծեռտ շարտ իո ծեռտ օւթիր.

Խո ծեռտ ու Արծոնիկան տայ,
Ըսլողիշտ եւզու և լրեածեայ,
Աւուեան և օնիծիկ իւ տաւ ծէ
Մրաւի բարսիկ բուհութե.

Խո ծեռտ ու զահ եզկայ ան,
Խնիր տիր որ ըրմազի որ տառո,
Ֆոշիւստ եւզու ըրմեած ծէ,
Նաշիւր ըրեաւիր շամույս.

Խո ծեռտ տառաչիկի ու տւառի,
Եւր ուլեմբան ու իո նաւի,
Ի առ եւզմիր տաւ լե,
Խո բարպար դու զան և տիւի.

Խո ծեռտ ու Մսմիկուն զան զհեւր,
Ծրոնց բաշի, բաշու, բաշ ու եւշի,
Լար տիւեայ զահ ծնու ու սերու,
Մոսայ, բամի, բածիուլեաշի.

Խո ծեռտ և ըրտի Ըօնէտ շուր,
 Զնո՞ւ լաշտա ո վա՞ն տհօր,
 Վելե երիշ խալորիած ոյ եկածի,
 Ա Յ-ըրտի Շրբաւեհն ու ըսրածի.

Խո ծեռտ և ըրտի Ըօնիլ սկր,
 Սյրեւիշ ըրօնիւ շոնցիկւր,
 Բիր ջարչա զո ժաօմիւ ծեռոն,
 Ա Ե ծ' լռու հրծա Շիրելոն.

Խո ծեռտ և յօշ Ալածի,
 Երեւիսիւ խան Համբիշ խոնձի,
 Երտիւիրիածի ենօյշ տշմար,
 Ծակ ըրտի ժաօմիւ սկալամակուր.

Խո ծեռտ և Յ-ըրտի խուլեսի,
 Լ, Հուտ Տիլլե [] բեկի,
 Երեւեւեմիւն հրծ օւու ծեռ ծ Հրոյ,
 Ակամ դելիզ տաւիւ տարսուր.

Խո ծեռտ օ Կայիշեան կիշյե,
 Օ Հեծեւան զո դեկի տարյե,
 Խանու տո ու ծրածիսիւ բաւտ,
 Յալլաշտ ըրսկիւ սելոսոյիշեաշտ.

Νο διεκτ ὁ λρωπη σοζε,
 Ή ττηρ λλοιη Θγηλιζη,
 Μιοιλα πιλεκη υαιη τοη γηλεκη,
 Φίληνη φιοηλ φιδηχιοιλεκη.

Νο διεκτ λερυητ τοηρ Μιδη,
 Φίληνη φέιλε Φίληνη,
 Ζαλζλητ ληηιλα ζλοιηε ζηεκηη,
 Φορτλιηιλα τηηε Θηεκηδ.

Νο διεκτ ηλ ήλοηη ηλ θηοη,
 Φίληνηt άη τλοιη γεληηηη,
 Ζλεη πλιη ζλεη τληθηλ ζοη σελη,
 Ιγη θηληηηηη ηο φιοιηηηη.—Νο διεκτ.

¹ CARROL O'DALY AND ECHO.

This playful and elegant little poem, which displays so much of the “curiosa felicitas” of Horace, and vies in grace and delicacy of expression with any of the lighter pieces of that poet, is generally attributed to *Carrol O'Daly* of *Corcasmroe* in Thomond, who died about the end of the fourteenth century.*

* Some sweet pieces of poetry, composed by *Carrol O'Daly*, may be met with in Clare; but care must be taken to discriminate between them, and the more numerous productions of a later bard of the same name and district, who lived

It is, consequently, one of the earliest instances of verses, ending with an echo, in any of the Modern European languages. In Spain they were used by *Juan de la Encina* in 1535.—See *Dillon on Spanish poetry*, 115, and *Vossius de Arte Poetica*.—Some of the classic poets, but particularly Lucretius and Ovid, have given beautiful descriptions of this aerial nymph. The Irish bard, in the conclusion of his poem, seems to have imitated the “*Dictoque vale, vale inquit et Echo*,” of the latter; or rather, perhaps, the final farewell to the “babbling gossip.”—“*Si retulisti Echo mihi vera, valeto—valeto.*”

Echo is the parent of rhyme, and rhyme was known from an early period in Ireland. It was employed in a manner peculiar to our bards. “The rhythm in the middle of the line corresponding and harmonizing with the last syllable in the end.”—*O'Conor*.—In succeeding times, the class of poetry, called *Abhurán* was introduced, which having in many respects, deviated from the strict rules of ancient verse, the alternate lines were made to rhyme at the end, particularly in the octave stanza. Although there are several examples of this latter species of verse to be found in the present volumes, the subjoined lively pastoral song,* is further submitted, as a pleasing specimen deserving of preservation.

in the seventeenth century.—The family of O'Daly has, in former times, been eminently conspicuous in Irish literature, and has furnished more bards and chroniclers of note, than any other tribe in the kingdom, not even excepting those in whose families the profession of literature was hereditary. Not fewer than thirty individuals of the name have been distinguished as writers, from the days of *Cuchonacht O'Daly* who died, according to the Four Masters, in 1139, and some of whose poems are still extant, to those of *Carroll age O'Daly*, alluded to in the first part of this note, who lived about the year 1680. In the writer's manuscript collection, there are poems by sixteen bards of the name of O'Daly.

* Μαίδιν γέβει τ-γλωτήρια σκοιτ ληθάν αν Πίζη,
Θελροάτ αν χύιλχιονν δηρέμπρελχ, δηνν,

1 DOCTOR KEATING TO HIS LETTER.

Our Irish Herodotus, was both a poet and an historian. Indeed the flowery style of his “*Τομή Σελγάς ή την Ειρήνην*,” or “History of Ireland,” shews that he must have paid early and sedulous court to the Muses; and, that he was rewarded for his attentions, appears from the pleasing poems which he has left behind. Although as an historian and antiquary, Doctor Keating has acquired much celebrity for profound knowledge of the antiquities of his country, “*vir multiplicis lectionis in patriis antiquitatibus*,” yet as a poet, he is, comparatively, but

ba bhinne & béal-ghuth ioná níl an t-árasach ríthe,

ba zhile & ghráidh ioná eaire an d-táinn :—

Ai cúnín ealéil, ealilce,—& tróighín chláel, chealann,

Ai gáibhail le fionn fáoi pháigheasach le fán ;—

Ai me-ri go mórte, & zhile ó'n n-gealann,

Munla d-tiochráidh tú leam ní bheidh me-ri tárta.

Ai uairiú ghráidh an chualáthiúnn tháinig bealach bhinn

le cioth meala míne air & ealéir-bheol;

Phóisíar-rla an Chúilfhiúnn chumhra, zheal, zheiréinn,

ba zhreidhealannach daíri linn, acht éigteachta le in'

rgéol :—

Chualáidh daelz & gáir-ghairb mairi chealz tré m' chriodh,

D' fháil mé gáin bhrídh, zídh bhrónach le riad ;—

Ailach iongántach beódh me le cealz tré m' chriodh,

Ailach céudh do cláisidh, móthlam-rla d'á gáidh.

little known. In any future edition, therefore, of his History, (and no book on Irish lore stands more in need of a judicious editor.*) it might prove a pleasing part of the task, to do justice to the author's poetical talents, by collecting and publishing his poems. They may be easily procured, and will be found to contain many fine descriptive passages, in the purest dialect of our language. The following sweet little ode, descriptive of the musical performance of *Thadeus O'Coffy*, a celebrated harper, pleads for admission here.

Seas an ghlóisí le feinnthíp an chruaist?

Le mochtair neimh zo nuadhá ioit.

Táiré zgoitheasdh guth-bhínn a ealaír,

Mári guth-bhínn phoghaír oifigílín?

Mic an tuisce záhial a n-zaílár,

Iúich lúimneach a mhór teaghríbhreac,

Záin éiríling mairi if láir línn,

Záin ceol geit-bhínn '3 a rheinneasdh.

Íosánadh préamh-zhílan, porcach,

Dári leat ifré Aibhíbhórtach,

Aibhíbhórtach ó'n línn,

Dáolzair no Zíreagach guth-bhínn.

* It is an irreparable loss to Irish history, that Doctor Keating did not continue his work after the Anglo invasion. Of all men, he was best qualified to give a true *domestic picture* of this country, from a knowledge of its civil affairs, manners, customs, poetry, music architecture, &c. seldom equalled and never surpassed; besides, his intimate acquaintance with many ancient MSS. extant in his time, but since dispersed or destroyed. The English edition by which his history, so far as it extends, is known to the world, is a burlesque on translation. In innumerable passages, it is as much a version of Geoffrey of Monmouth, as of Geoffrey Keating.

Μαλανηάν ταρ πιθοή πιρε,
Τό Σηλεύτην επιτάγε,
Τό μαρούδια πλέ επ θεζήδη,
Τίκτε λαβήδηα πα h-εκκαθηνα.

Յահ և ներ ծա՛ր Հայութեադ Առ,
Օ Եւանդիկին ծալսին Օ Ծառանն,
Այս ծ'քով օ՛ն Ամ-րտ և Լեիթ,
Օ Ամբուղջ ըօր ու ըսուն.

Ταδηζ Ο' Κοβιθαλ, εμυθ χορεψει,
θηληνηλ, θρέλγχθλει πλ τ-βληπτροχτ,
Ակιθինցի ավ բուժիլ Յօ քօնն,
Ծրիդր ան շիւլ 'ր և չօջուլ.

Ծո շեին շահ դաօն և րհման ծի,
Մեր և րհենքեց ար շեօլ օմիկծե,
Մարդ բարձրացնելու տուր, տուշ,
Ծո բարձր ծահ-շեալ ածհօնեածհ.

Δο μηδεὶς, δο μέιν, δο ὑπερίτε,
Τιμωρία ληστράκειτε έλλειμματά τε,
Πονηρία λεπτούτινοι χρήσιμοι Χρυσοί,
Α μ-βελονζάνοι γίγαντες γλυκούν.

Μό chnú 'γmo chīrde τo Λη γιοllκιρε γεκνλκμhiil, γpίm! Ιτ γιubhιkch, γιuzgthelch, γλκn γheinnekt 3o bleckt
διάith-bhínn,

3o lúthmháir, earrthír-mhéair, farrthír-chealairt fiaclair-táin
fóinn,

3o cùmháir clárde, 3an mhilleadh, 3an mheallarúighadh
poinc.

The powers of the ancient Irish musicians are but imperfectly known. The unwilling admission on this head, of the prejudiced *Cambrensis*, has been echoed by every essayist on Irish history; but the descriptions of our native writers, in their own language, have never been given. The following extract, translated from an old historical tale, entitled "*Kearnagh Uí Donnell*;" is the first of the numerous descriptions of the kind that has presented itself.—“The Kearnagh took a loud toned sweet stringed harp; the train below heard him among the rocks, even they who cast the soothing strains which lead the passions captive; which cause some to dissolve in tears, some to rise with joy, and others again to sink in sleep. But sweeter than all was the song of the Kearnach. The fell woundings, diseases, and persecutions of the world seemed to cease, while his sweet strain lasted. He took the harp, and it sent forth soft warbling sounds. Wounded men, and women in travail, and the wily serpent slept while he played.—Again he tuned the harp, and roused the note of war, wondrous and terrible. He struck the thick chords of bold and fiery notes;—then the slow and deepening tones of tragic grief, full of melancholy and gloom, intermingled with melodious strains.”—*Ir. MS.*

ODE TO THE HILL OF HOWTH.

¹ “How sweet from proud Ben-Edir’s height,
To see the ocean roll in light.”

The magnificent sea prospect from the summit of this well-known hill, has been often described by our native poets, in

Irish and English verse ; but of all the attempts which I have seen, in either language, the present classic-like little ode, seems entitled to the preference. The ancient name, *Bin Edair*, is derived, according to the *Dinn Seanchas*, from *Edair* the wife of *Gand*, son of *Dala*, one of the *Firbolgian* rulers of Ireland. "She was," says this old treatise, "the first woman that died in this land of grief on the death of a husband, and having been interred at that place, it thence had the name *Beand* or *Bin Edair*, the hill or mount of *Edair*." Other derivations have been given, but the foregoing is, perhaps, the most ancient, and though never before published, seems the most probable. On the subject, the subjoined fragment of ancient Irish topography, translated from the *Book of Ballinote*, fo. 75, may be considered curious.*

* Τέορδ h-ιαλιρε δο χυριρ Ειρε,
Τέορδ μονζα λζητ τέορδ μλοκ δhi.

Ireland was thrice beneath the plow-share,
Thrice it was wood, and thrice it was bare.

The head of Ireland, *Armagh*—the arts of Ireland, at *Clonmacnoise*—the happiness of Ireland, *Kildare*—the learned of Ireland, at *Benchor*—the defence of Ireland, *Lusca*—the joy of Ireland, *Kells*—the eyes of Ireland, *Tamlaghta* and *Finglassacarn* at *Slyassol*—the wonder of Ireland, *Iniscatha*—the cemetery of Ireland, *Glandalogh*—the house of Ease of Ireland, *Heania*—the laws of Ireland, *Chuanuama*—the litanies of Ireland, *Lismore*—the antiquity of Ireland, *Imly*—the difficult language of Ireland, *Cork*—the learning of Ireland, *Rosalkry*—the roof of Ireland, *Tirdaglasse*—the anchor of Ireland, *Cluanfert*—the roughness of Ireland, *Loghra*—the judgment of Ireland, *Slane*—the austerity of Ireland, *Favour*—the content of Ireland, *Ardbreakan*—the simplicity of Ireland, *Roscommon*—the welcome of Ireland, *Rapho* or *Drumleahan*—the alms of Ireland, *Dundaleahglas*—the stay of Ireland, *Mabily*—the martyrdom of Ireland, *Tulen*—the abuse of Ireland, *Kilruan*—the fat of Ireland, *Lendela*.—These epithets were given because each place was remarkable for the epithet which it bore.—The three hosts of Ireland, *Cluanirard*, *Glandalogh* and *Lamy*—the three steeples of Ireland, *Armagh*, *Cluanmacnoise*, and *Kildare*—the three fairs of Ireland, the fair of *Taittin*, the fair of *Cruaghan*, and the fair of *Colman*—the three old buildings of Ireland, *Dunsovarky*, *Dunkarmna*, and *Cahirconry*—the

The promontory of Howth forms the northern extremity of the extensive and beautiful Bay of Dublin. It was anciently the residence of some of the Irish princes; but it has recently become distinguished as the landing place of our late most gracious Sovereign, who will be long remembered as the first British Monarch, whose visit to Irish shores was unattended by bloodshed and confiscation. His Majesty landed here on the 12th August, 1821. The writer happened to be present, and never can he forget the enthusiastic demonstrations of joy which burst from the Irish hearts, there assembled to receive him. The wide stretched Bay presented the splendid, though unusual, spectacle of a royal squadron sailing on its ample bosom, and heightening its richly variegated surrounding beauties. Recurrence to that memorable event, and to the enlivening scenes which the Bay afterwards presented,

three mountains of Ireland, *Sliavkua*, *Sliavmis*, and *Sliavkualan*—the three heights of Ireland, *Cruaghanogly*, *Cualan*, and *Beanborky*—the three loughs of Ireland, *Loughneagh*, *Laghrie*, and *Lough-Ernie*—the three streams of Ireland, the *Shannon*, the *Boyne*, and the *Ban*—the three plains of Ireland, *Ma-mie*, *Ma-linie*, and *Liffy*—the three caves of Ireland, *Uavconba*, *Uav-Slangie*, and the cave of *Ferna*—the things less covetted in Ireland, the Abbotship of *Bangor*, the Abbotship of *Landela*, and the Chieftainship of *Modorn*—the worst in Ireland, *Gragrie*, *Glasris*, and *Bantris*—the three safest things in Ireland, the Abbotship of *Lusga*, the Chieftainship of the three *Kualans*, and the old Government of *Ardmagh*—the three strands of Ireland, the strand of *Rosserigid*, the strand of *Rostedis*, and the strand of *Travally*—the three fords of Ireland, *Athluan* or *Athlone*, *Athcliath* or *Dublin*, and *Athcually*—the three roads of Ireland, *Sly-assal*, *Sly-daly* and *Sly-midluaghra*—the three ways of Ireland, *Bealachconglas*, or the way of *Clonglas*, *Bealachluimnis*, or the way of *Limerick*, and *Bealach-Athcliath*, or the way of *Dublin*—the three mounts of Ireland, *Drumfinian*, *Drumrobet*, and *Drumlehy*—the three *Clnans*, or pasturages of Ireland, *Cluanmacnoise*, *Cluanose*, and *Cluanirard*—the three mansion-houses of Ireland, *Tarah*, *Cruag han* and *Cashil*—the three waterleaps of Ireland, *Easroe*, *Eadowany*, and *Easmagie*—the three wells of Ireland, the well of *Dasic*, the well of *Tipperary*, and the well of *Brigid*, in *Brilcassane*—the three impassable places in Ireland, *Brefny*, *Burren*, and *Bearra*—the three creeks of Ireland, *Amargie*, *Feil*, and *Tuagis*—the three most famous places of Ireland, *Leimcongulan*, *Dunkine*, and *Subrun*.—*Book of Ballinote*.

during the Regatta, or marine festivities, patronised by our viceroy, the MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA, and his family, brings to recollection the following spirited Marine Ode, well known along many parts of the Irish coast, but particularly in the west, as the “Boatman’s Hymn.” The bard has, it is true, gone to the full extent of his poetic licence; but the stanzas and chorus are considered highly characteristic and descriptive.—

Ա սեար Ե՛ Առամի տւ ևռ Առաւելի ու ծ-տոնութիւն ո-Հրծ,
Ծայշ օօհեարթած, Յածի սածի եւրեարծիւ տրու է ևռ ԼԱ,
Երճ Լայքածի ևռ բարյզ օ Եհոնն Յո Եար,
ԼԱ օօրու ծի ու Յակեար օ յուար Յո ըրառն.

Սայր բ՛Ն.—և Եար և ԼԱ, և Եար և ԼԱ,

Ա Յիրածի ու յոն, Աշնծ ծե՞ն Ե-Կաջիհալ

Ա ԼԱ—Դ է ևռ Եած Երեածի յօն.

Երճ Յիլեարու յե և հ-էծել Յառ բար, Յառ շամ,
Ծե՞ն Յ-ըւել ևռայտ Յլ-Յհել օ ու հ-տոնծիւթա ևռալ,
Եւել-Եհար յանչ, Յոյզանձ, ԵՎ Ար Սայր Յիւ ևռ Յուառն,
ԱՄ ԵՆ Եհ-Քեւքեն ևռալցիւծի ևռ ԼԱ է, ’Դ է ԵՎ Երիւթիւննի
ԵՐ ՅԱՆ.

Սայր բ՛Ն.—Եար և ԼԱ, &c.

Ա Օհօւելու և շիրու-շիրու Յարիսի, Յառ յՅածի,
Ար ևռ ուսծի-Եհար-յո բար-յա Երեաւույի ծո յհածի,
Ան շամին լեռ ՚Դ ևռ Յ-ըւու-յո Յո Եհ-Քեւը ևռ Եած,
Յառ շոնտարիս, տոն-Եհարիս Յիւրրածի, տար Եկու ?

Սայր բ՛Ն.—և Եար, և ԼԱ, &c.

Ír cuimhín liom, & bsbháiríte ÓCóileáinn, Tuir cárriarúz me
de zhnáth,

”Tí Tuir aib’ air a n-á-easán tó i f-buailt dám aí aithíre
zálch lá,

Uacht rínteoíz ni tálbháiríxáinn air a bh-féadait de bhláid,
Teach a n-puáidh-bháire a’r a chomplácht aíz tairíráin’ t
a n-t-riúamh.

Cuirí pÁ.—A bhr, a lán, &c.

* * * * *

Ul aithláir ná n-dúl, tálbháirí bhuinn-pe bideann ná tráishe,
Zálbháim do comáirce, rúd é a n-10g a n bhláid,
Tíre zgháribh-thonntáibh pobhádhaibh ká chíosraíz zhnáth
Ul’r mánx m-bárráidibh do chumlacht zálbháin te trí mo
láir.*

— — — — —² “Great Fionn of old.”

Howth is much celebrated as one of the military stations of
this famous chief, and his brave followers, the *Fian*, or ancient

* In this curious ode, the Irish reader will perceive the appropriate nature of the Cuirí pÁ or Chorus; and the poetic descriptions of the “Sea reddening from bottom to top,” with the full-rigged bark “rising out of the gale,” will not pass unobserved. The rock, *Whillan*, lies on the west coast of Ireland, off Black-sod harbour, and is marked on some maps. Between the last stanza, and the others, there seems some want of connection; if the entire be not, as is likely, the fragment of a hymn, formerly entire, and sung in parts by the crews of several assembled boats. If this conjecture be correct, and I have reason to think it so, the last stanza may have belonged to the part of a different person from the first, who prayed to the Father of the Elements, Ul aithláir ná n-dúl, to protect him and his bark, from being run down by the previously described vessel, which it would seem was rapidly bearing on them, in full sail.

"militia" of Ireland. The Book of Howth is quoted by the prejudiced chronicler, *Hamer*, for a curious account of this chivalrous legion; and the narrative is respectfully recommended to the perusal of those honest Scotchmen, for many such there are, who still place faith in Macpherson's assertion that these Irish warriors, and their bard *Oisin*, were true born natives of old *Caledonia*. One cannot, at the present day, look back at that monstrous fabrication, though of an age famous for literary forgery, without astonishment at the consummate boldness of the fabricator, the infatuation of his learned supporters, and the national credulity and ignorance of an entire people. In former days, the ancestors of our Scottish friends liberally supplied themselves with Irish saints and Irish music; but it was reserved for the last age to make a bold attempt on our heroes, their bards and poetry. The day of learning, however, was then too far advanced, and the appropriation which might have been effected, in the hour of literary darkness, was prevented at the moment of returning light. To none, more than to our excellent countryman, Doctor Drummond, is Ireland indebted, for vindicating her right to these ancient literary treasures. This will shortly appear, in his learned Dissertation on "The authenticity of the Poems attributed to Ossian," addressed to the members of the Royal Irish Academy, and intended for publication in their Transactions. To that gentleman I am indebted for a translation of the following extract from a *Finian poem*, taken with several others, from the recital of a mountain shepherd, at Partry in the county of Mayo. These metrical fragments, to the number of several thousand verses, had been committed to memory by the reciter in his early youth, amidst his native hills, where they have been transmitted from sire to son, through countless generations. The poem is named the **LAY OF BIN BOLBIN**, a hill in the county of Sligo. It opens with a fine description of rural scenery.—

1 2 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1.

Óifíne mo chlán.

Ul bhlinn Boilbin, iŋ dúbhlaich & n-ðiu !
 Ul bhlinn buidh chláirín a' ḡ do b' feárrí earrach !
 Án tán ḡin & mhic Chláirímuine,
 Do buidh gálaínn & bheith aip & mhullach.

Buidh iondhaic cún a' ghuairt gaoill,
 Íarlaip bhlúigile a' ghuairt gálaibh, a' gálaibh,
 Bhíodh aip do lioig, a' ghuairt Iochlánach, a' gálaibh,
 Ul bhlinn gárd nár g-comhlaínn,
 Bhíodh lán de chorráidíbh aonair & n-áidhche,
 A' ghuairt cealraic fírlainch aip & gálaibh,
 Le cheile a' ghuairt ceoil ean-bheirz.
 Do buidh aorábhín & bheith d'ak n-éigteach
 Íarlaip nár n-áidhche aonair & n-áidhche,
 Án mhac-álla do b' iongáinche,
 A' ghuairt gálaibh aon de'n bhfírlan do bhí lánach,
 Ul g-comhlaí aonair & n-állaibh.
 Buidh iondhaic epiulgaróir corille
 De mhinníbh fionnra nár fírinne,
 A' ghuairt ealaor de bhíag cúnthriú,
 Tá bheirialóibh a' ghuairt gálaibh,

Moin-eogáil ealannach, coirgeal,
 Íoilear-phochlain a'gus gileorán,
 A'gus ná h-insealaíl eal ag ealol-phionn.
 Budh thínn fuaillim a n-órdheáin,
 Budh aðhbeáil a bheith meallanannach,
 Ál bheith a'g fheuchlain a' t a'g éigtealcht,
 Le gairid uairspéiseach an fhioláin,
 Le ealannach ná n-dóibhreann,
 Ál' t le comhriáidh ná ríonach,
 Áln ion dubh air i mbhealaír feicthe
 A'gus í a'g ríonim zo fionn-bhínn.—
 Deiribhailim duit, a pháidhríle,
 Zo m-budh é aibhinn,
 Bhíodhaim ne air an g-cnoe ro,
 Fealcht g-ealcháil ná feinne,
 Ál nocht i g-céide mo chárcaid
 Ál' nacht d'fhuairigh leat mo g-céile.

TRANSLATION BY DOCTOR DRUMMOND.

OISIN SUNG.

Bin Bolbin thou art sad to day ;
 Thou that wast erat of aspect gay
 And lovely to be seen ;
 O son of Calfruin ! then 'twas sweet,
 To find a soft and mossy seat,
 On its lofty summit green.

Thou hill of battles, stained with gore,
 How oft thy fortress strong around,
 Where dwelt a hero bold of yore,
 Rose music sweet of horn and hound ;
 The bittern round thee boomed at night,
 The grouse, loud-whirring in her flight,
 Peopled thy heath, and every tree
 Rang with the small birds' melody.

Yes, 'twas delight to hear the cry
 Of hounds along thy valleys sweep :
 To hear the rock's wild son* reply
 From every cliff and steep ;
 To see the chiefs of the Fenian band,
 To slip the greyhounds ready stand ;
 And groups of maidens young and fair,
 That plucked as they went the flow'rets rare ;
 With berries of every form and hue,
 Of crimson blush, or of glossy blue,
 From bramble and bush ; or cresses young,
 That by the crystal streamlet sprung :
 And passing sweet was the voice of their song,
 As the fair-haired damsels roved along.

Sweet too, by the source of the lonely stream,
 To see aloof of the eagle sail ;
 To hear her solitary scream,
 Burst startling o'er the vale :
 To hear the otter's whining note ;
 Or, mid the hollow mountain rocks,
 The barking of the wary fox ;
 Or mellow song of the blackbird, float

* Mac-allia, Echo ; literally, the son of the rock.

From bower and grove, o'er wood and lawn,
To evening hour from early dawn.

With joy it thrilled my heart I vow,
To sit upon the mountain's brow,
And all the glorious landscape view ;
The seven brave Fenian bands around,
In war, in peace, still faithful found—
But now my friends are few :
Then merry and gay in the summer ray,
They frolicked and they shone ;
With autumn's blast away they past,
And I am left alone.
My fate with tears may dim your eye,
And wake your tender sympathy.

³ The circumstance alluded to in this stanza forms the subject of one of the finest wrought romantic tales in the Irish language.

⁴ “ *And forests crown thy cliff-girt steeps.*”

No “ forests,” at present, “ crown” the bold promontory of Howth ; but the ornamental plantations in the ancient demesne, and castle grounds, present a pleasing contrast to the rude majestic features of the surrounding scenery. In the wish expressed in the concluding stanza of our poem, every Irishman will most cordially join. Howth was one of the first acquisitions made by the Anglo-Norman knights in Ireland ; and it has continued nearly 700 years in one worthy family, through a succession of thirty Barons, to the present noble and respected proprietor. To his lordship's kindness I am indebted for one of the most ancient deeds of settlement of Irish lands, by the invaders. It was entered into by his great ancestor, prior to Prince John's confirmatory grant of *Houede* (Howth,) to *Almaric* the warlike, the second baron ; and is preserved, with several hundred other

curious documents, all anterior to the year 1500, in his lordship's archives. I here subjoin a translation from the original.*

ODE BY GERALD NUGENT ON LEAVING IRELAND.

This ode was composed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the "Son of a Settler;" but he was one, who appears to have possessed the lofty port and bearing of a bard, whose proud soul spurned the enemies of his country. In him the native of the pale expanded into a native of the land. He adopted the language of the "mere Irish," and learned to think and feel like his oppressed fellow countrymen. Roused by their wrongs, he flung aside the harp, and bared his arm in their cause; but, alas! his efforts were ineffectual, and he was forced to become a voluntary exile from the ill-fated land of his birth. On this occasion, he composed these sweetly pathetic stanzas, so beautifully descriptive of the country. They

* Know all men, present and to come, that I, Nicholas Saint Lawrence, have given and granted and by this my present deed, have confirmed, to Almeric Saint Lawrence, my son, my whole land of *Housde*, with all its appurtenances, as I have ever held the same, and all my conquest in Ireland. To have and to hold in fee and inheritance, to him and his heirs, freely and peaceably, in churches, in mills, in lakes, in waters, in pastures, and meadows, in ways and paths, in woods and in all other things, which to me appertain, saving the service of John the Earl, Lord of Ireland.—In presence of J. Archbishop of Dublin—John de Courcy—Hugh Tyrrell—Robert Tyrrell, his son—William the Little—Geoffry de Constantyn—Adam de Hereford—Richard de Hereford—Geoffry de Nugent—Adam de Pheypoe—Richard Talbot—Robert de Nugent—Andrew de Courtyn—Robert de Excestria—Geoffry de Vincestria—William de Vincestria—Ralph Whitrell—Richard de Castello—Robert de Cornewalishe—cum multis aliis.—Most of these witnesses founded families in Ireland.

Without reference to the ancient documents in the possession of the Earl of Howth, no correct history of the English pale can be written. The importance of such a work is obvious.

may recall to the reader's recollection Smollet's Ode to the Leven water; and, perhaps, not suffer much even by a comparison. See, also, the affecting farewell of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots to the shores of France, commencing—

“ Oh ma patrie très chérie
Ou je passai ma jeunesse.”

¹ “ *What sorrow wrings my bleeding heart,
To flee from Inisfail!*”

According to the bard, *Keneth O'Hartigen*, Anno 950, *Inisfail*, one of the early names of this Island, was derived from the *Lia fail* or “*Stone of Destiny*,” brought from the East, and once so celebrated in Ireland and Scotland. See Keating, for the wonderful virtues of the *Lia fail*, which, for many ages was as much venerated in Ireland, as was Jacob's stone, in the temple at *Jerusalem*, by Christian and Moslem; or the famous black stone at *Mecca*, for centuries before the time of Mahomet. This Irish relic is, at present, to be seen in the coronation chair at Westminster Abbey, where it is shewn as Jacob's *pillow* or *pillar*; for the learned antiquaries of Westminster do not allow that it has any connection with Ireland. In this they may be right, as to the stone now in their possession, for it is confidently asserted by a worthy friend of mine, who has obliged the world with many well-intended publications, that the real *Lia fail* has been abstracted from the coronation chair, by some zealous Gaelic Patriots, who have replaced it with the stone at present exhibited. It is further surmised that it may, by due diligence, be traced, strange turn of destiny! to the buildings of the *Catholic Association*; and, stranger still, that it is there religiously preserved, by those Irish Demagogues, to crown their great leader on it, who by facetious anticipation is already known by the name of *King O'Connell*.—*Diu vivat Rex.*

2 “Plains where generous steeds abound.”

Until the seventeenth century, Ireland was particularly celebrated throughout Europe, for valuable horses. 500 cows have been often given for a single horse. Our bards have exhausted the powers of their language in descriptions of this noble animal. The old Irish breed is now nearly extinct.

3 “I see fair Fintan’s shore recede.”

Fintan, one of the companions of *Casar*, the earliest reputed colonist of Ireland. Keating makes a present of Fintan to the adversaries of Irish history.

4 “Rich plains of Ir.”

Ir, one of the sons of Milesius. Irlanda, q. d. Feáinn lú.

5 “Nor e’er the crafty Saxon greet.”

English treachery was a theme on which our Irish *Tytæi* loved to dwell. It must be confessed, that no subject could be better calculated to heighten those feelings of national animosity, which so unhappily subsisted between the people of both countries, and which were so effectually perpetuated by repeated breaches of English faith. In the days of our bard, a horrible instance of this kind occurred at *Mullamast*, in the territory of *Leix*, then recently formed into shire-ground, under the name of the *Queen’s County*. The following notice of this transaction is taken from the manuscript already quoted, Vol. i. p. 186.—“An account of the murder at the fort of Mullamast. In the year 1705, there was an old gentleman, of the name of *Cullen*, residing in the county of Kildare, who often discoursed with one *Dwyer* and one *Dowling*, who were actually living at Mullamast, when that horrid murder was committed, in the 16th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Anno Domini 1573.* These old men frequently told him, that the

* Taaffe, in his History of Ireland, and others, state, but without authority,

whole was planned and perpetrated by a combination of *Catholic* and *Protestant* families, amongst whom they enumerated the *Bowens*, *Hartpoles*, *Hovendens*, *Dempries*, and *Fitzgeralds*, as *Catholics*. They further stated, that it was by these families in particular, the unsuspecting victims were enticed to Mullanast, under pretence of entering into a friendly alliance of offence and defence against their mutual enemies. That the sufferers were of the *seven Septs of Leix*, viz. the *O'Mores*, *O'Kellys*, *O'Lalors*, *Devoys*, *Mac.Evoys*, *O'Dorans* and *O'Dowlings*; and, so effectual were the measures taken for their destruction, that of the multitude which entered the fort, only a single individual escaped with his life, and he was one of the sons of O'More.* It is unnecessary to add, that the estates of the murdered proprietors, were granted to their assassins. Well might Elizabeth exclaim, as she is known to have done about

that it took place in the reign of Queen Mary. That historian's object was to shew, that before any change of religion took place, and when both were Catholic, the English persecuted and murdered the Irish; and to prove that fact, he has adduced the affair of Mullanast, which he has assigned to the reign of the Catholic Mary. We see, however, that some Irish families are named among the perpetrators, but it may be answered, that they were obliged to join, in order to save themselves.

* The manuscript here alludes to "a common tradition of the country," that several lives were saved, by means of one *Harry Lawlor*, who, on approaching the fort with his party, jocosely observed, that "he saw all going in, but none coming out." Suspicion being thus awakened, he prevailed on his people to remain behind and permit him to enter; and if they did not see him quickly return, as he intended, then to save themselves by flight, for they might be sure that there was treachery at bottom. This intrepid individual, no sooner entered the fort, than he saw the breathless bodies of his slaughtered friends lying all around, and, immediately drawing his sword, he boldly cut his way through the murderous crew, back to his companions, whom he conducted in safety to Dysart, near Maryborough, beyond the reach of all danger. The noble conduct of this brave and magnanimous character, who thus devoted himself to what might be considered certain death, for the safety of his friends, is deserving of every praise. Many an action, less entitled to the distinction, has been perpetuated in marble: but, alas! poor Harry Lawlor was an Irishman, and his name was, of course, consigned to oblivion.

this period, with reference to Ireland. "Ah! how I fear, lest it be objected to us, as it was to *Tiberius* by *Bato*; you, you, it is that are in fault, who have committed your flocks not to shepherds, but to wolves." Yet, strange inconsistency of human nature, this very woman, soon after so awful a confession of an affrighted conscience, again let loose fresh troops of ravening wolves, to commit even more dreadful ravages, until the fairest portion of Ireland was almost totally destroyed. This she did by her grants and commissions to her infamous favourite *Raleigh*, and the adventurous myrmidons called the "Undertakers" of Munster. The remembrance of the foul murders committed in Ireland by that sanguinary man, can never be effaced. But another opportunity may enable us to do full justice to his memory.

6 "From thee sweet Delvin must I part."

Delvin barony, in the county of Westmeath, gives the title of Marquess to the Nugent family. It was anciently the territory of the ancient Irish sept of *Findelvin*, or *Fianellax*; and in the reign of John was granted to Gilbert de Nugent, the ancestor of our bard, and also of the present noble family of Westmeath.

7 "Dundargveis' happy lands."

The rich plains of Meath.

PATRICK HEALY'S WISHES.

"O that for me some home like this would smile."

Campbell.

"*Sperantibus, quoad licita et innocua, omnia sunt libera,*" says Vincent Bourne, in the preface to his elegant Latin trans-

lation of Doctor Pope's favourite English ballad, "The Wish." Patrick Healy, however, was content with the *necessaria*, for he has confined his humble aspirations to the things merely necessary for the rational enjoyment of existence. Like the generality of his poor oppressed countrymen, his desires are moderate; and yet, moderate though they be, there are millions in Ireland who are destined never to enjoy one of them, if we except that, which is so familiarly known, by the vulgar appellation of the "Beggar's blessing," alluded to by our bard in his concluding stanza. From both these ballads, some of the leading opinions of human comfort, which generally prevail in England and Ireland, may be ascertained. The Englishman wishes for a snug box in a country town; the Irishman prefers the open champaign. The former, being fond of good feeding, furnishes a regular bill of fare, not omitting even his Sunday pudding, "*Sabbata distinguat fartum;*" the latter scarcely notices the article food. All John's wants, in the female way, are supplied by a "*cleanly young girl to rub his bald pate;*" but Paddy, at hinc lachrymæ, will not be satisfied without one legally entitled to "*comb his locks;*" and "*to mind the cabban and the childer, your hoaour.*" Wives, in Ireland, are not sinecurists. This may be deduced from the conclusion of our poem, which anticipates, as a thing certain, "*a babe every Easter!*" quite enough to frighten poor Parson Malthus out of his wits, and perpetuate the blessings of our superabundant population.

The subject of the present little poem is one which comes home to every man's bosom, and seldom fails, at some period of life, to occupy his most serious thoughts; nay often to awaken reflections favourable to the best interests of religion and morality. I am here induced to extend my limits a little, in order to lay before the Irish reader a few of the old moral maxims by which his ancestors were wont to regulate their actions, selected, with some care and trouble, from various

sources, both oral and written.* Amongst them will be found some noble truths and sentiments expressed with much force

* WISE SAYINGS FROM THE IRISH.

The following passages have been translated from the *Book of Ballymote*, fo. 75. The translations are given, as the original is too obsolete for the present purpose, and the necessary explanations to render it intelligible would require too much room. The first paragraph is from the "Advice of Cormac Ulfada, (the long bearded,) to his son," Carbré, Anno 254 —

"No fellowship with a king—no falling out with a madman—no dealing with a revengeful man—no competition with the powerful—no wrong to be done to seven classes of persons, excited to anger, viz:—a bard, a commander, a woman, a prisoner, a drunken person, a druid, a king in his own dominions.—No stopping the force of a going wheel by strength of hand—no forcing the sea—no entering a battle with broken bands—no heightening the grief of a sorrowful man—no merriment in the seat of justice—no grief at feasts—no oblivion in ordinances or laws—no contention with a righteous person—no mocking of a wise man—no staying in dangerous roads—no prosperity shall follow malice—no coveting of skirmishes—a lion is not a safe companion to all persons—three deaths that ought not to beemoaned: the death of a fat hog, the death of a thief, and the death of a proud prince—three things that advance the subject: to be tender to a good wife, to serve a good prince, and to be obedient to a good governor."

"The son of Fithil the wise, asked him what was the best thing to maintain a family or a house?—*Fithil* answered, 'a good anvil.'—'What anvil?' says the son,—'a good wife,' says *Fithil*.—'How shall I know her?' says the son,—'by her countenance and virtue,' says *Fithil*, 'for, the small short is not to be coveted though she be fair-haired, nor the thick short, nor the long white, nor the swarthy yellow, nor the lean black, nor the fair scold or talkative woman, nor the small fruitful who is amorous and jealous, nor the fair complexioned, who is ambitious to see and be seen.'—'What then,' says the son, 'what woman shall I take?'—'I know not,' says *Fithil*, 'though the large flaxen-haired, and the white black-haired, are the best; but I know no sort fit for a man to trust to, if he wishes to live in peace.'—'What shall I do with them then?' says the son.—*Fithil* answered, 'you shall let them all alone, or take them for good or evil, as they may turn out, for until they are consumed to ashes, they shall not be free from imperfections.'—'Who is the worst of women?'—'Becarn.'—'What is worse than her?'—'The man that married her, and brought her home to his house to get issue by her.'—'What can be worse than that man?'—'The child gotten between them, for it is utterly impossible that he can ever be free from villany and malice.'"

"Wisdom is what makes a poor than a king—a weak person powerful—a

and brevity, and in the simplest language. Although we abound in proverbial sayings, derived from the wisdom and

good generation of a bad one—a foolish man reasonable—though wisdom be good in the beginning, it is better at the end.”—Book of Ecclesiastes.

Such are a few of the wise sayings of the Pagan Irish, which have descended to our times. With respect to the dialogue between the un gallant *Fithil* and his son, the reader may recollect what Plutarch relates of the early Greek sages, who were accustomed to propose questions and riddles to one another; and also the similar instances of Sampson, and of the queen of Saba, in the Holy Scriptures.—*Plut. sept. sep.*—*Jud. xiv. 14.—2 Kings, x. 1.*—The same custom we here find prevailed in Ireland. The following original proverbs are of different ages. Many of them are of considerable antiquity; and, of these, some are obscure. All are conformable to the rule, *Quicquid præcipes, esto brevis.*

ԴԵՎԱԿՐՈՆԻ ԵԼՈՒԹՅԱՆ ԽԱՐԱՀԱԿԻ.

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Ալիքնային հետազոտությունները և դրանց կատարման մեջ առաջանակագործությունները

Ալուծեածի շենքը ու թէ ու բենքը

ဂီတနိဂုံးလောက်မှုပိုင်းလောက်မှုများများဖြစ်ပါသည်။

Ան բ-ան հՀ մնածի մեծի լեռն ծ'կ մհանձնվիր.

Uilchinníz heilinn ó innmhíod locht agus dán.

Ալլեածի տոհ տոնութեան շինօթեան ընտր ըրածի.

Ա սկսն ծօ՞ն տղթաշ.

Աշխամազհեռը լոն ու հ-կոտրիք.

Այս Հօն Հոկտեմբերի 1-ին օրինական օր է հայության պատմության մեջ:

Ձն շեղշածի սևածի ու բրուգան խևածի.

Առաջ-և հարակից բարեկամությունները պահպանվում են առաջարկած ժամանակաշրջանում:

Առ շ-րկտ ուշի ո-զկառչող բնօւին.

Ան շ-րօն ծօքհազիւհակ ՚Ր ի ոյ Հիւնե.

experience of former times, yet they have shared in the general neglect of our literature. It is therefore hoped that some

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Un dubh zhné ní h-áchraízgheári é.
Aipí lí ní bheith fheadri zán fáilibh.
An aipí iŋ crosadh do chailíogh caitheáidh fí m'fach.

Bídh ádh aipí amachán.

Béul eadhinn a' ḡeoisíde cuilinn.

Sealidhriodh an t-each no sealriodh an ghuail.

Sealchadh an t-áilleáidhe gíomháinne.

Bídh cluaidh fhealgcáiliú agus an t-γeoisíde.

Bídh boirb fo tseimh.

Bídh boirbhealcht i n-zeal zéanáine.

Bídh cluainníodh i n-deagh-chualáidh.

Boc iŋ uamh nále.

Bídh clu 'ná grádháil.

Bruacháil béaloch báisteacha.

Bealannasúigh i m-báidh do bhealú-áthúane.

Bocht an-eaglaeáig a bhíor zán cheol.

Conairí zán zéanbháidh conairí ná tímte.

Cnealgtachtaí crosairícháidh bealcha an t-γeoisíuil.

Crosairídeáil an bocht zán aillp.

Crosadh riomh an aic.

Patriotic Irish scholar may remedy this defect, by collecting and publishing these venerable *dicta* of our ancient saints and

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Спикарцізі *анам* сіреадмінісч.

Слоch *ан* слоch *ліри* бікch.

Слоіn *ре* селпогрізі.

Сагрпп *реітсевз* *ліри* *тіеаді* *а* *гальскірт*.

Слc *їеір* *сінеіл*.

Сілоідхеспп *наекріт* *сеірт*.

Сломіннанн *бóчаг* *ан* *т-інзіреадмісч*.

Селгрпп *ан* *боіз* *лін*.

Сілонакт *сінтеакт*.

Содhла *тіеаді* *тіеадеск* *лескін*.

Сілоідхескпп *ан* *гальскі* *тескіз*.

Деінеакт *зак* *іасг*.

Деігсескпп *ан* *bocht*.

Діl *зо* *біаzj*.

Деірхірхаскі *лесхірхакт* *олахіл*.

Дochаг *іасіз* *зак* *аннрі*.

Деіг *зеймірі* *тіз* *тіеаді*.

Дуізhe *ан* *т-іасівхіреадч* *до* *сіеіртінзіхілді*.

Декслірі *брéіт* *яі* *ін* *тіеіуктір*.

Дкір *ni* *тіеіді* *яі* *do* *біеінікі*.

Дубh *do* *зініе* *ліри* *ан* *тіонноз* *ріеіch*.

sages, which are not inferior, either in wit or wisdom, to those of any other country of Europe.

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Óibh do leasach air an fionnán Éalairíoch.

Óall lír ní ní bhealbháiní fíor.

Biomháid síneadh tuisin a mheadáin.

Óealraic guth láimhí.

Óealraibh ealaídh goimhí gúlaíochtaí.

Céadtearom ór a gúlaíochtaí.

Féilir beire pleanadhé 'nár tóig bhráidhne.

Féilir bheoláin i n-dorí 'nár coirí air ealaíde.

Fuaireann fheileann a chuid.

Fuaire cumhainn ealaí.

Féile dalaíochtaí.

Féilebhearrán dhéirig ródhá.

Féilebhearrán beo 'nár leónadhán talaibh.

Féilebhearrán a oileáintícheáin 'nár a oideálacháit.

Féilebhearrán fuaire pleanadh 'nár tóig gaothais.

Féilebhearrán cumháine ren-leinbh.

Féilebhearrán a'g fuaireach náimhíod air deilgh-úthraíodh.

Féilebhearrán 3aich nídhí ne h-láimhí.

Féilebhearrán ór do cheannáilí 3o dalaí.

Féilebhearrán ealt deilgh-úthraíodh fóir fíorgh.

**THE MOURNER'S SOLILOQUY IN THE RUINED
ABBEY OF TIMOLEAGUE.**

¹ Timoleague, *Teach Molagá*, the house or cell of *St. Molaga*, a small town in the south of Munster. Near it is a venerable abbey, whose extensive remains indicate its former magnificence.

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Feárrí ðá t'húil 'ná lon t'-tuir.
Tóirghid leighealríg teaghlachálaí.
Tóigílaim tuairn záach ealognáidhe.
Feárrí clú 'ná conaich.
Feárrí coisíle lúir ð-tuir 'ná lúir deirfe.

Znídhéann leice leicídhealcht.
Záin oileámháin záin t'bhodh.
Záin lon záin chéaraild.
Záin chuirte iñ fuaire a n chlú.
Zeibh loigránach zéimhre zorúlaibh.
Zách deamháin rioghchealann a ré.
Zách nídh záhleabhair zo h-ole imthízhealann zo h-ole.
Zách a bh-fraíghair zo h-ole imthízhealann zo h-ole.
Znídhéan bláthair earráðair.
Znách oírlach fionchmháir.
Znídh eárt eárt.
Zlóir nách ð-tuilleann a z-seannu ní feárrí a bheith
ann no ár.

"These remains," says Mr. Brewer, "occupy a low but lovely and peaceful station, on the banks of the silver stream,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

- alach eorri n'éirí a itealbhí.
 alach coineál a g-easlaíodar.
 alach aon ní h-easpaileach gaoth.
 alach nídhí ðálori mhílán alach mnaosí.
 lean alach leantaíoch a codlaoighreacht.
 ínidheann ceiste eáthairíonach.
 ínidheann tlaibhírí n'éirí a lontas.
 ínidheann ocl ocl.
 ínidheann tairisí tairisítear.
 íniorach fírí tráchtáil nárae iñ tairisí,

- iomadz závoril airí bhealaighán ealaíod.
 ír tréighe zblócaí 'nár neairt,
 ír milír fíon, ír gealribh a fíoc:
 lothláin eamhseachach ínidheann uabhláir.
 ír mo ch'eaileá 'nár ch'ádhláir.
 iomháinigh an bháirí codhla.
 ír minic a bhí íníana zéanamhail, agus dálchamhail
 donas.
 ír malla 'ír ír bíméach thíosgháilear Dé.
 ír coim eabáin do bhoicht.
 ír fiodh ðáocháin.

. whose tide leaves the ancient but still firm walls." No spot could have been chosen more suitable for the mournful musings

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Is goibhéalr gáelach ná.

Is gnáthach gáinníteadh i gcuimhneadh.

Is déanann aon gáelach báistí.

Is feáirí aon mháistí a tá 'n aon mháistí a bhí,

Is ealaíoch díobháil dhúine,

Níosheasann gáinníteadh aon gáelach.

Níosheasann bocht is gáelach gáelach.

Isom gáelach leáin.

Is ealaíoch ní a'g cinn.

Is teangeal ann aoráidh móri-chláin.

Níosheasann Phróimhriollán fóir oibreach.

Níosheasann goibhéalr aige amadán.

Níosheasann eisialdhéalaí fóir dhíomhainneadh.

Is éinibh is ealaíche gáinníteadh ceime.

Níosheasgáelach bhrón comhriáidh.

Ní aigí gáelach boiche báistí.

Níosheasgáelach is aigí aigéintíbh.

Mic léinníghil a n-áisíodh去找他。

Mic an gáel a chuiríbhe去找他。

Méad aon lúasgáelar is gáinníne cnuair.

of the bard. Grose, in his *Antiquities of Ireland*, gives a pleasing view of this abbey. He says that the building,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Μα'τ δονά ταλοι ιτ πεδγά ταλούζ.

Μα'τ ράδα λά τιζ σίδηχε.

Μα'τ ιωνηών λιον άν χρέιλιν ιτ ιωνηών λιον ά h-άλ.

Μαίριζ δ' αρ b' εέιλε βελοθάν βοηβ.

Μαίριζ δο πί σερβ. με τηλάσι.

Μαίριζ χηρέρειρ ά δημηνε ψηνάκη, ειρ δημηνε δηλ εράκη
πο τημά.

Μαίριζ δο πί είτελεκη ά' τ γοιδ.

Μαίριζ ρηελλάτ αιρ ά ςαρλιδ.

Μαίριζ σρέιζελ ά τηζηελρηνα.

Μαίριζ δο πί ελζονιρ. πηελυηικεδη.

Μαίριζ λειζελ ά εηοζάρ ειύτη, πο λρύν με βελν βελοή,
εηοζάρ ποχ. παχ ψαβηλην τσίγ, ορλισηελ ο δηιγ δο
τηηιάρ.

Μινις ρελριάλει ειιιελκη 'νά εκκ ειιιιγεεεκη.

Μινις ει παλλ τονιδη.

Μιλη πιειλεκην δοιρισεεεκη.

Μιλη τριιδειρ ρρεδηηιεεκη.

Τηλ' τυιιιιδηειριθει εελην ιτ ειιιον ηλ βειι.

Μα'τ ψηεύζαλη άν ρέέαροζ π ριοσάρ ά εηληη.

Μα'τ άν Νόιηη μέιηρ Νόιηη άι.

Μα'τ μάιηη λειτ ά βειηη βιιηη ειιηη ριιηη εηηη γειη.

though unroofed, is entire. It consists of a large choir with an aisle : one side of the said aisle is a square cloister arcaded,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

- ¶ Si fhuil gáil ag lón ne gáin ghearr.
- ¶ Is gáomh go teaccht an fheirt.
- ¶ Si fhuil fóbh tairi an iasca.
- ¶ Si bhpriúcháinn ealgaíodh nídh nách d-tuigseann.
- ¶ Si fhuil báint ne flobháir.
- ¶ Si fhuil pháth gusgráidh ne flobháir.
- ¶ Si earrí gáil bialadairé.
- ¶ Si ailtireacht gáil fubháilce.
- ¶ Si bocht go bhráithise.
- ¶ Si gáidhleáir go glórightheasbháidh.
- ¶ Si fhuil cumáinn i meiribheach.
- ¶ Si fhuil dileaccht i lóit.
- ¶ Si fhuil glórí leict glórí neimhe.
- ¶ Si gnáth eirlinn feoiríghthe a' fáir,
- ¶ Si gnáth mactacht gáil mairí.
- ¶ Si loingseáinn reann-cháit é féin.
- ¶ Si daileánn culraighealacht lílnéaccht.
- ¶ Si fhuil límhleáig a ttacúchtaeach.
- ¶ Si amhaid grianntíollacht duláir.
- ¶ Si fhuil po aoráil ne fóghlaim eisíonachta.
- ¶ Si h-achraíghtheairí gné an buibh-yméadair.
- ¶ Si fhuil gáin ghearr.

with a platform in the middle : this leads to several large rooms, one of which is said to have been a chapel, another a chapter-

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

¶ Si fhuil díláiseadh agus gairdeann sé.

¶ Neimhionann síodhaisceadh gáel ná.

¶ Muir coib curie nách gáeladh fógraíodh.

¶ Níl seánna muc i mál.

¶ Níl ionannáisheann gáel aon an t-áineach.

¶ Níl fhuil ródh gáel annródh.

¶ Níl fhuil fíradhais leacht duine dona.

Ole gnídh ole do thí.

Oír iobhol ná gáinnéalaigh,

Ole an t-áineach tairishearr.

Ole gion náleáin tairis b'áon.

Omhaon Dé tóig eisigné é.

Ocht n-aithíre ocheat eacúmháne.

Otaracht ródh aon leasáileadh.

Ríseab fídeli tiháirc i gpoitseach.

¶ Níl gáinnéalaigh fídelach.

¶ Nobháim aon t-áineach bhur meáigrá riomh airí buig bleathach.

¶ Níl gáel fídeli aon rígh seán.

¶ Níor curfa fídeli fídeli fídelach.

house, the third the refectory, besides a spacious apartment for the guardian of the house, with kitchen, cellars, &c. the whole

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Плазхайл рéир оидеахайл.
Плайдиреалчт залн плахайл.
Плундхе сеалзакх.
Плch пистакх не хáна.
Плзх тиорфхозхиламхл if аглс соронта.

Рекхакин елаудиадхе if сеалзакире.
Рклéир i неимхидх.
Рларизхеалпп елзулехт залх ылдхбхиреаг.
Рлоире i лаечхалих биомхдойне.
Ризхчесех холкни if тó торакн.
Ррреалзакпп рпари басалзх.
Рлайдхбхиреаг рюор рубхайлce.
Рларизхеалпп елзулехт лаизхеадх.
Рлодакпп трéлан труакзх.
Рлайдекн пал зул обаир лаеч.
Родхнал дакл зриакндх.
Родхнал адхлусic флуч.
Рзéичхеалпп рion рипинне.
Рулт залн cheo родхл neimhe.

Так тиорфхозхил залбхилакх.

forming a large pile of building. There is a handsome gothic tower, seventy feet high, between the choir and the aisle. Here are several tombs of ancient Irish families; as Mac Carthy Reaghs in the middle of the choir. West of it is an old broken monument of the *O'Cullanes*, (the sept from which our bard was descended,) and on the right hand, that of the Lords de Courcy. The O'Donovans, O'Heas, and others,

(IRISH PROVERBS.)

Τοιηβηεάρτ φάνν ιγ λιγιζ ζάνν.

Τλιριζε ι μ-βεό.

Τις γειμήρε φοι αν φκλιτζα.

Τλ φο λιμη αν μηλοζδιρε.

Τυλη φολα φελριθλινν δηκν.

Τυλη γοιτα ζαίνινζ α'γ ζαίρβηγθιον.

Τιοηζαλοδην τογ μλιθ εμίοχ μηλιθ.

Τις γρικη α η-δικιδη πα φελριθλινν.

Τις' ιομχάρι με φοζηλιτ.

Τοιλ ζλεη λοη μειρ μλη πι.

Τογ μηλιθ λεκθ πα h-οιθρε.

Ταγλελη γκοιθ.

Τογ ελζπαδη αληηλη θέ, ινι φκιιι ελζηα μλη ί, μλιθ
αη ζνε δοη έ, Ελζηα θέ ζι λιη α μ-βι.

Τογλεη κοιλε α'γ δειχε μόνα.

Ալηιλεհտ δ' սλιյլեհտ.

Ալեհիլր զաη տλιριթ.

Ակιյլեհտ զաη բսիհմլշ.

were interred here."—This minute detail may, perhaps, serve as a key to the beautiful description of these venerable ruins, contained in the present popular poem.

The ecclesiastical and collegiate ruins, so thickly scattered over the surface of Ireland, remain appalling monuments of the ravages committed by the first protestant reformers. These prostrate temples of the living God seem to proclaim the once permissive but temporary reign and triumph of his eternal adversary.* "The monastic institutions," says Coke, "provided alms for the poor, and education for the rich:" but as soon as the numerous indigent adventurers, the *Fastolfs* and *Pistols* of England, (whose descendants became titled *tyrants* in Ireland,) obtained grants of those profaned foundations, then "all that piety had planned," was at once overturned. Hear their own confession on the subject, contained in a proclamation from the Lord deputy and Privy Council of Ireland, on 4th March, 1584; which, for the benefit of modern reformers, is here transcribed out of the *original Irish Privy Council Book* of that period.† It needs no comment. Truly

* "Our monasteries have long since perished, nor have we any footstamps left of the piety of our ancestors, besides the tattered walls and deplorable ruins. We see, alas! we see the most august churches and stupendous monuments dedicated to the eternal God, than which nothing can be now more defaced, under the specious pretence of superstition, most filthily defiled and expecting utter destruction. Horses are stabled at the altar of Christ, and the relics of martyrs are dug up."—*Marsham*, in his preface to Stevens's additional volumes of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*.

How different this from the prejudiced descriptions given by a clergyman of the bigotted old orange school in Ireland, Doctor Ledwich, in all his writings, but particularly in his superficial prefaces to *Archdall's Monasticon* and *Grose's Antiquities of Ireland*. An ingenuous friend, to whom I have lent some little assistance towards an intended enlarged edition of Archdall's *Monasticon*, will, I hope, remember the advice which I have ventured to offer him on this point.

+ "JO PERROTT.—Whereas it appeareth unto us, that *churches and chauncells*, for the most part, within this realm, are not only *decayed, ruined, and broken down*, to the great hindrance of Godde's divine service, whereby the

and pathetically has our bard exclaimed, in his address to the venerable ruins at Timoleague—

*Oh ! justice in the struggle where wert thou,
Thy foes have left this scene chang'd as we see it now.*

The Mourner's Soliloquy at Timoleague Abbey, is one of the finest modern poems in the Irish language. The author *John Collins*, or *O'Cullane*, was a man of considerable poetic genius; and, with *John Mac Donnell*, deserves to stand at the head of the bards of the last century. He was a native of the county of Cork, born about the year 1754, and descended from an ancient Irish sept, the *O'Cullanes*, who were formerly lords of the town of Castleyons,* and the surrounding territory, in that county. Stript of all their possessions, his tribe and family, like most of the plundered Irish, dwindled into peasants, and literally became the slaves of the *Act of Settlement Men*, than whom a more ruthless band of privileged usurpers were never, at any one time, assembled on the face of the earth, not even in Spanish America. Our bard having evinced an early disposition for learning, his education was carefully attended to by his parents. They wished him to embrace a clerical life, with a view to which, he made consi-

people are for the most parte, and in most places, leste without instruction, to knowe their dutie to God and their prince ; but also we fynde that fre-scholes, which are to be mayntained and kept for the education and bringing up of youth in good literature, are now, for the most parte, not kepte or mayntayned ; and brydges also, in moste partes ruined and fallen down, for reformation whereof," (they were fond of the word,) commissioners were appointed, " to make enquiry into the same!" The result of this " enquiry," we may conclude, was somewhat similar to those of most of our modern parliamentary commissions of inquiry.—It shews, however, that the reformation " worked well," at its commencement.

* Boyle, first earl of Cork, (*see p. 165 ante,*) in his last will, left the suppressed monastery of Castleyons, to his daughter, Barrymore, " to buy her gloves and pins !"

derable progress in the classics; but their untoward circumstances, or, perhaps, his own inclinations, prevented the fulfilment of their wishes. Young Collins, in process of time, took a wife, and soon became the father of a family. He devoted himself to the instruction of youth, and was much respected in his native country, where he died at Skibbereen, in the year 1816, at the age of 64 years. Several beautiful pieces of poetry, composed in his native language, (for I do not find that he ever attempted *English*, although he spoke and wrote it with fluency and ease,¹) are to be met with in Munster, where they are deservedly held in high estimation. His Soliloquy in the Abbey of Timoleague is considered as one of his best productions, and has therefore been selected for the present publication; but a hope is entertained, that some patriotic Irish scholar of Munster, may collect and publish the remaining pieces of this ingenious poet.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLIVER GRACE.

¹ This affecting elegy was composed on the death of Oliver Grace, the youthful heir of the ancient baronial house of Courtstown, in the county of Kilkenny, which took place in the year 1604.

* Many Irishmen of poetical abilities have failed most miserably in their attempts to shine as poets in English, a language, which they did not sufficiently understand. These men would have attained to a respectable rank amongst our national bards, had they confined themselves to their native tongue, with which they were thoroughly acquainted. One of them I have known. His mother tongue was the first he learned; and in it he spoke through life, with fluency and elegance. In it also he was accustomed to think, and his essays in English rhyme were but indifferent versions of his Irish thoughts. The structure of his stanzas and couplets closely resembled that of our bards, but his English verse is too mean for criticism.

* John Mac Walter Walsh, the author, was son of Walter Walsh (*Brenach*) chief of the sept of “*Walsh of the Mountains*,” in that county; and nearly related to the distinguished family whose loss he has so pathetically mourned.* His name, and poetical remains after a lapse of more than two centuries are yet familiar among the natives of that district; and if the rare qualifications of mind and person attributed to him by popular tradition, be not greatly exaggerated, John Mac Walter would not suffer much if put in comparison even with the admirable *Chrichton*. But traditional tales must be cautiously received. In one respect, namely, as a poet, there is unerring proof of his having, perhaps, excelled the celebrated Scotchman. The present elegy, and several other fine compositions, yet remaining, entitle him to a distinguished place among our national bards. As these specimens of his genius principally depend on the memory of the inhabitants of the “*Walsh Mountains*,” for their preservation, it would be highly creditable to the descendants of that ancient sept, to have them collected and published, as a tribute to the memory of so talented an individual of their name and family.

³ T& clings n& m&pbh leir &n n-3&oth.

“*The sound of death is on the gale.*”

In this line, the bard appears to have used the term, *clings*, which is foreign to our language, in place of the word *cneidh&ib*,

* Pride of ancestry was not uncommon amongst our minstrels. The late Arthur O'Neill, a northern harper, always expected and received an extraordinary degree of attention, on account of the antiquity and respectability of his tribe. He generally sat at table with the gentlemen, whose houses he visited; and once at a public dinner in Belfast, where Lord — presided, his lordship made a kind of apology to O'Neill, and expressed regret at his being seated so low at the festive board. “Oh! my Lord,” answered the harper, “apology is quite unnecessary, for wherever an O'Neill sits, there is the head of the table.” His lordship had the good sense not to appear offended, and the claim of the Milesian was not controverted.

which the sense and metre evidently required. The elegant effect, however, which this exercise of poetic licence has on the entire passage, will be immediately felt by the Irish reader. The whole stanza calls to mind the following, in Mickle's fine English ballad, of Cumner-Halle—

“ The death-belle thrice was heard to ring,
An aerial voice was hearde to calle,
And thrice the raven flapp'd its wing,
Arounde the towers of Cumner-Halle.”

* Courtown, rectius Courtstown, the ancient seat of the Grace family, in the county of Kilkenny.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN CLARACH MAC DONNELL.

¹ Some short notices of this favorite Irish poet, will be found at p. 140 of this volume. Here one of the many elegies composed after his death, by his cotemporary bards, is laid before the reader.

John Toomey, the author of the present lines, is known among his countrymen as an ingenious poet. He was born in 1706, at Croome, in the county of Limerick. His parents being poor, were unable to afford him any education, beyond what little he could glean at such of the *Cimmerian* seminaries of the period, commonly called “ Hedge-Schools,” as happened to escape the vigilance of the Popish-school hunters under the penal laws. Here, under cover of the bogs of his native county, young Toomey contrived to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics; and he soon became known among his companions, as the author of several poems and

songs, in his native language, which gave promise of future excellence. These juvenile productions show, that he was, even at that early period, as much indebted for the cultivation of his mind to the study of the great book of nature, as to the flying lectures of the poor bare-footed professors of Irish and classic literature. Having married early, our bard soon found himself involved in domestic cares, and as the tuneful profession had become rather a precarious mode of providing for the wants of a growing family, he was induced by the sage advice of some brother poets to open a house of public "entertainment," in Limerick, where he exhibited a sign-board, notifying, in Irish, his new occupation of *Biatagh*, and humorously inviting all "can-pay" customers, to partake of his cheer and hospitality. Like Taylor, the English water-poet, he was one of the very few followers of the muses, who have succeeded in that line of trade. His house, for many years, was the favorite resort of the bards and wits of Munster; and under that plain but festive roof, there frequently assembled as many men of learning and genius, as more vaunted and favored societies then, or since, at any one time, have been able to boast of. John Toomey is remembered by many old persons still living in Limerick, who speak of him as a worthy man, and, in his station, a respectable citizen. He died on 1st Sept. 1775, and his remains were borne to the grave-yard of Croome, by a few surviving bards. His poetry is held in high estimation by his countrymen, particularly in his native province.

³ ——— "on Maig's green banks"—

A river in the county of Limerick.

⁴ ——— "Clare's illustrious bard."

John Mac Donnell was surnamed *Clarach*, as before observed, p. 140, from the place of his birth near Charleville, in the county of Cork.

ELLEN HARTNAN,
A MONODY.

This poem was composed by Patrick Connor, a Kerry bard, on the death of his wife, Ellen Hartnan. Of him I could learn no more, than that he lived in the last century; and, for many years, successfully taught Greek and Latin, through the medium of the Irish language, to the mountain youth, among his native hills of Kerry. Some of his productions, which I have seen, show him to have been a man of cultivated mind, and of poetical talents.

EDMOND WALSH,
A PASTORAL DIRGE.

These verses contain the lamentation of a betrothed maiden, for the beloved object of her affections, who was accidentally drowned in the river Shannon. It is inserted as a specimen of the extemporaneous elegy of the Irish.

¹ “*In Dinan’s depth thy dwelling-place is found.*”

Ʒup b’i ʌn ðeizhnín úð, &c. The *Dinan*, or *Doynan*, is a river near Callan, in the county of Kilkenny. This passage I suspect to have been corrupted, and that it should be read Ʒup b’i ʌn t-riónnán úð, &c. In Shannon’s depth, &c.—In the line immediately preceding, there occurs Ʒliʌbh b’i nʌ ccuʌch, Slieve-bawn of Cuckoos, a mountain in the county of Mayo; and in the last line, the deceased is called “the topmost branch of Slieve-bawn’s side.” Mention is also made of Lough-ree, the broadest part of the Shannon, from its source to the sea. Interpolations like the above, have often been attempted, in order to found local claims to favorite songs or

pieces of poetry, but seldom so effectually as to escape detection.

There are in this little poem, like most of our old simple ballads, some inexpressibly tender passages, which often depend on a single word or expression; and are of too delicate a texture to be transferred to another language. The poetry and music of our old bards and minstrels seldom fail to engage the finest feelings of the human heart. Many an instance might be given of effects produced by them on our countrymen, similar to those of the celebrated *Rans-des-vaches*, on the natives of Switzerland, when heard in a foreign clime. According to Rousseau, the music does not, in this instance, act as such, but as a sign which recalls past images by association. That this observation may be extended to poetry, has been proved by a circumstance which lately occurred in Dublin.—A youth from the romantic scenery of the Curlew mountains in Roscommon, recently brought to that city, and placed at business, having accidentally heard, among other verses of an Irish pastoral poem, the following simple lines—

Ioná ceóile aile ná cruitne,
 'G iad ag tinnim ann mo chluasgáibh,
 budh bhinne liom-ár géimneadh
 Ájl m-bó aig a' m-buailídh !

Every feeling of his soul became, as it were, suddenly awakened. His imagination carried him back to the rural objects with which he had been familiar from infancy. His eyes filled with tears, and, unable any longer to sway his sensations, he involuntarily wandered forward in the direction of home, in order once more to enjoy the beloved scenes from which he had been so cruelly torn. All night he pursued his journey. The following day he was overtaken by his friends, who used every entreaty to induce him to return, but their

endeavours proved fruitless. At length he reached his native spot, and from it he could never since be prevailed on to separate. Similar instances have been related of the effects of some of our old mountain melodies.

THE LADY IVEAGH,

AN ODE.

Margaret Bourke, eldest daughter of William, Earl of Clanricarde, first married to Brian Magennis, Viscount *Iveagh*; and secondly to the Hon. Col. Thomas Butler of *Kilcash*, county Kilkenny, where she died 19th July, 1744. She was a lady of great personal charms, and a bright example of every female virtue. Her piety, charity, and universal benevolence, are eloquently described in the funeral sermon, preached after her death, by the Rev. Richard Hogan, and printed in Kilkenny. The ode here presented to the reader was composed, in her lifetime, by a grateful student of the name of *Lane*, whom this excellent woman had educated, at her own expense, for the priesthood. It is more remarkable for purity of language and elegance of expression than for any of the higher attributes of poetry.

* Here the author submits his verses to the judgment of his talented friend, John *Clarack* Mac Donnell, whose poetical supremacy was acknowledged by all the Munster bards of that period. This passage shews the high estimation in which that excellent genius was held by his contemporaries.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF DENIS MAC CARTHY.

¹ This lamented member of the *Mac Carthy* family, is described in a curious manuscript quoted by Mr. Brewer, as a "gentleman who retained much of the dignity appertaining to the ancient Irish chief. His name was *Mac Carthy*, and he was, in the language of our MS., titular King of Munster. He was descended from *Mac Carthy More*, king or prince of this province, and held in his possession the crown, sceptre, and other regalia appertaining to his antient dignity and family. He possessed also a cup, said to be from the cranium of an ancestor of *Brian Boiroissh*, whom the Mac Carthys had slain in battle." Vol. II. 449. The venerable Charles O'Conor describes this great Irish sept, as "the most eminent by far of all the noble families of the south, and sovereigns of all that part of Ireland, including the greatest part of the county of Cork. Even when we were broken down by our own divisions, rather than the power of our enemies, the chief of this gallant family retired into the mountains, where he maintained his hospitable independence, and the religion of his ancestors, in a manner which reflected back the honors he had received from them, and glad am I to hear that several respectable branches of the family still support a manly independence, after the wreck of almost all that was dear to us both at home and abroad. I am really anxious for a good account of the celebrated *Florence Mac Carthy**, who assumed the title of *More*, by the unanimous

* In this he was disappointed. The following table, carefully compiled by the writer from original documents, may, he thinks, be depended on.—The two great heads of this princely family in the reign of Elizabeth were—1. Donyl *Mac Carthy More reagh of Desmond*, created Earl of Clancarre.—2. *Mac Carthy reagh of Carberry*, both cousins, and descended from brothers. The earl had one daughter, Ellen-Anne, his only child. Her (in despite of secretary

suffrages of Tyrone, the clergy, and the people, and was kept prisoner eleven years in the tower of London, after which he

(*Walsingham*) he gave in marriage to his kinsman *Florence*, the eldest son of Mac Carthy reagh of Carberry. This *Florence* afterwards became sole head of both houses, and is the person above alluded to by Mr. O'Conor. I have been favored with a curious original paper, (now in the possession of Mr. Herbert of Mucruis) indorsed "Florence Mac Carthy More's statement of his transactions with the Browns," which would be indispensable towards furnishing the information wished for by Mr. O'Conor. *Florence* had two sons, *Daniel* and *Florence*. The first married Sarah, daughter of the earl, and sister to the Marquess of Antrim. By her he had two sons, *Florence* and *Charles*. The first of these married Elinor, daughter of John Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, and died without issue. His brother *Charles* married Honora, daughter of Lord Brittas, and had a son *Florence*, who died early in the reign of Geo. II. This *Florence* married Mary, daughter of Charles Mac Carthy of Cloghroe, and was father of *Randle*, (the first of the line who became a protestant) who married Agnes, eldest daughter of Edward Herbert of Mucruis, by Frances, youngest daughter of Nicholas the second, and sister to Valentine the third, Lord Kenmore. Their son was *Charles Mac Carthy More*, who was an officer in the guards, and enjoyed but a small part of the great possessions of his ancestors. He died in 1770, without issue, and in him ended the direct eldest line of the family. His estates, about the lakes of Killarney, became vested in his cousin Herbert.—The reader will now please to return to *Florence* the second son of the first mentioned *Florence*, and the Lady Ellen-Anne his wife. He married Mary, daughter of *The O'Donovan*, by whom he had *Denis*, who obtained a grant of the lands of Castlelough, in the reign of Charles II. from his cousin *Florence*, son of Daniel Mac Carthy More and Sarah Mac Donnell. This *Denis* married Margaret Finch, an English lady of distinction, and by her had two sons, *Florence* and *Justin*. The first followed James II. to France, and was father of *Charles* (living in 1764 and in the French service), and of several other children, among whom the head of the family is now to be traced. *Justin*, the second son of *Denis*, remained at Castlelough. He married Esther, daughter of Colonel Maurice Hussey of Cahircane, and, by her, was father of *Randle*; who, shortly after the accession of Geo. II. sold Castlelough to Colonel William Crosbie. This *Randle* had several sons, *who were bred to low trades, and were uneducated paupers*, some of whom are still living.—*Sic transit gloria Mandi.*

The following affecting incident is taken from an interesting work, recently published.—"A considerable part of the Mac Carthy estates, in the county of Cork, was held by Mr. S. about the middle of the last century. Walking one evening in his demesne he observed a figure, apparently asleep, at the foot of an aged tree, and approaching the spot, found an old man extended on the

escaped and joined in the Tyrone war.. Mac Carthy More, Reagh of Desmond, had a right by an old custom and established rules, to call upon O'Donaghoe of Ross, O'Donaghoe of Glanflesk, Mac Donagh of Duhollow, O'Kief of Drumtariff, Mac Awley of Clan-Awley, O'Callaghan of Cloonmeene, O'Sullivan More, O'Sullivan Bear, Mac Gillicuddy, and others, to attend him in the field ; and furnish 60 horse and 1500 foot, to be at the call of the Earls of Desmond. Mac Carthy Reagh of Carberry's followers, were the O'Driscolls of Baltimore, Barry Oge Roe, Barry Oge-Oge, OMahon, O'Donovan, O'Crowly, O'Mulrian, and Mac Patrick ; he was subject, in like manner, to the call of the Earls of Desmond—he could raise 60 horsemen, and 300 infantry. There was a spirit of rivalry among those ancient families, which excited among them great enthusiasm on the day of battle, and no power the English could send against them, could have availed, if they had not been fatally split into different factions."—*O'Conor's Memoirs*.—Mr. O'Conor wished for a history of the ancient families of the south of Ireland, but in that he was disappointed. Such an undertaking, however, if properly

ground, whose audible sobs proclaimed the severest affliction. Mr. S. inquired the cause, and was answered—"Forgive me Sir, my grief is idle, but to mourn is a relief to the desolate heart and humbled spirit. I am a Mac Carthy, once the possessor of that castle, now in ruins, and of this ground ;—this tree was planted by my own hands, and I have returned to water its roots with my tears. To-morrow I sail for Spain, where I have long been an exile, and an outlaw since the revolution. I am an old man, and to-night, probably for the last time, bid farewell to the place of my birth and the house of my forefathers."—*Crofton Croker's Researches*, p. 305.—This unhappy descendant of the royal house of Mac Carthy More was probably Florence, the son of Denis, who followed James II. to France in 1691.—It must here be observed that the Mac Carthys of *Muskerry*, descended from *Cormac oge*, and resident at *Blarney* and *Macromp* castles, were from a minor branch of the great stock. The last male descendant of this line, Lord *Clancarty*, died an exile in France, about 1748. His two sisters and co-heiresses, married, one, Lord Delaware, and the other, Richard Trench ! whose descendants pride themselves not a little, on their distant relationship to the great but fallen Irish family.

executed and extended to the *O'Neils* of the North, the *Mac Carthys* of the South, *O'Conors* of Connaught, and *O'Byrnes*, *O'Tooles*, and *O'Kavanaghs*, of Leinster, since the time of Henry II. might be made a work of national interest, and serve to throw open mines of historical information as yet unexplored. That the world knows comparatively nothing of the particulars of the *mere Irish*, during the period alluded to, is but too true. The Compilations, called " Histories" of this country, are little more than the sanguinary annals of the butchers of the pale, generally penned by bigotted or ignorant writers, the enemies of the ancient natives and their religion. For proof of this, let the reader turn to the work of *Leland*, by many considered the best of its class. There are, I know some exceptions, such as *Plowden*, and a few others, but as yet no *Las Casas* has arisen to do justice to the Irish. This, however, is wandering from the subject, to which, with the reader's leave, I now return.

The present elegy was composed by *Timothy O'Sullivan*, better known by the name of *Tadhg Óodhlach*, *Thaddeus Hibernicus*, a principal bard of the last century, in the early part of which he was born. He was a native of Munster, and received a good education, from which, in the latter period of his life, he derived his principal means of support, as a teacher. Born a poet, he " lisped in numbers;" and the numerous poems, consisting of *Odes*, *Elegies*, *Epistles*, *Songs*, *Pastorals*, &c. which he has left, all bear the stamp of poetic genius, and shew him to have been eminently skilled in the beauties of his native language. It is to be regretted, that his muse sometimes indulged in sallies injurious to morality; but for this he endeavored to atone by an ineffectual effort to recal the offensive articles. He proved the sincerity of his sorrow, by abandoning his former follies and pleasures; and sought for real pleasure where only it can be found, in the consolations of Religion. For many years before his death, he devoted his talents to the composition of sacred poems and hymns, in

Irish ; of which a collection was published in Limerick, under the title of "A Spiritual Miscellany." He died an exemplary penitent, and at an advanced age, on the 5th April, 1795. In some editions of the little publication alluded to, will be found a short account of his life and writings.

O'Sullivan was a man of wit, but, like *Ovid*, he too often suffered it to rule without restraint. In compound epithets he indulged to redundancy, and in this particular he was imitated by minor bards of less judgment, who thus introduced a species of turgid composition, far inferior to the simple but nervous style of our ancient writers. The following lines, merely descriptive of the hair of a beautiful female, from one of our author's poems, may suffice as a specimen :—

ബാ ഗ്ലേസ്സുന്നമിൾ, ഭ്രേത്രീപ്പെക്ക്, നേരമി പാച്, ഫ്രാസ്റ്റിപ്പെക്ക്,
ഉ എറ്റു-ഫോൾ ചിലാംഗ നു ട്രാഡുവിബ് എ റൈൻഡി,
ജോ ബ്രച്ചലിക്ക്, പ്രൈക്ക്, ജോ മേൽട്ടക്ക്, ജോ ടോണ്ടിപ്പെക്ക്,
ജോ എമ്പറിതക്, ഏലോബ്രക്, ജോ നേരമിധാ, ജോ ഹ-അവിഭിന്ന,
ഉജ് ഫ്രൈഡി, 'രാജ് റിലേഡി, 'രാജ് റിലേഡി നു ദേവിഗ്,
ജോ ഹാക്കലിബ്, ജോ ട്രോജ്ഹചിബ്, 'ത ജോ ഹ-ഇമിൾ അ ഫ്രോറി,
എക്ക് ട-ബെളിത്തലിബ്, പാറിത്തലിബ് ടാറി ച്രിയോട്ടലി അ ക്ലോഡ്,
ജോ ട്രാംക്ക് എ എറ്റഡി ജോ ഹ-ഓമ്പരക്ക്, ഓർഡാ,
എക്ക് ന-ഡാക്കലിബ് ജോ ടാക്കമി ജോ ഹ-പ്രേക്കലിക്ക് ഓർക്ക.

In these verses, the art of the poet and the richness of the language, may find admirers ; but, for my part, I cannot avoid classing them among those examples of false wit, which ought not to be imitated. Here I must notice another reprehensible species of composition, consisting in a play or repetition of one or more words, sometimes met with in the productions of modern bards. The ensuing stanza of this class disfigures one of our (otherwise) sweetest amatory effusions, entitled, മാരിപ്പ റഹ്ലത്മിൾ—Cheerful gentle Mary.—

Ա Մհարիւ յի տն մո զիրածի, և՛ր զրածի մո շիրօնիւ ծո
զրածի,
Զրածի յոն շան ծոնցը շան եւրենց,
Զրածի օ աօդ յօ եկ, զրածի օ եկաօդ էջ բայ,
Զրածի շաւլիքիւ յօ ծլութ խօս շիրե մե;
Զրածի շան յն լե յւեշիւ, զրածի շան տնութ լե յրիքենի.
Զրածի ծ'քհայ մե շինածիւ և ո-ծաւրեիրուն,
Զրածի մո զիրածի շեր տիռնիւնի, և՛ր և դիւնուն յն ծ ծ
զրածի,
Եր ևն-ուսծի է լե յւեշիւ էջ ևն քեշի.

Here the word զրածի, love, occurs no less than thirteen times in eight lines, a repetition which doubtless the poet esteemed as a beauty, but which others might consider as somewhat on a par with the following whimsical French stanza :—

“Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde ;
Mais si un des cordons de la corde decorde,
Le cordon decordant fait decorder la corde.”

Thus pleasantly versified by the celebrated English linguist, Doctor Wallis :—

“When a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
For twisting his twist he three twines doth entwist,
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.”

To conclude, the elegy on the death of *Denis Mac Carthy*, is written in a species of verse anciently called *Conachlonn*, but in more modern times Ծան-յլանիւն, linked verse, because

every stanza must begin with the same word, that ends the preceding one; and the poem itself must conclude with the same word, with which it begins. This was invented to prevent interpolation; but it also shews whether the composition be perfect or not.—See *O'Brien, Dict. in voce Conachlana.*—The translation imitates the original.

ODE TO THE MILESIANS.

Πάλαι ποτ' ἥσαν ἀλκιμοί Μαλήσιοι.*

This ode, though addressed generally to the *Mileians*, was particularly intended for the Ʒábháil ʃláȝhṇgill, the *O'Byrnes* of *Ranelagh*, in the county of Wicklow. It is preserved in the “Book of O’Byrne,” among other spirited poems, addressed to the celebrated *Feagh Mac Hugh*, the heroic and chivalrous chieftain of that once powerful sept. This extraordinary man, who proved so terrible a scourge to the English settlers during the reign of Elizabeth, fell in battle against his hereditary foes, commanded by the Lord deputy Russell, in 1598. With him ended the dangerous power of those mountain warriors, which, for many centuries, hung over the settlers of the pale, not unfrequently carrying death and devastation to the very walls of

* This oracular response from Aristophanes' *Plutus* was versified, in imitation of a peculiar jingle in some Irish rhymes, by a Kerry schoolmaster, who certainly was better acquainted with Greek than with English, as follows:—

“ In former days, the O's and Macs,
Were famed for treating foes to whacks;
But now, the sturdy Macs and O's,
Are famed for bearing whacks from foes.”

Whacks, Anglice *Thwacks*.—Our translator has, however, added significantly enough from Virgil:—

Quondam etiam victis reddit præcordia virtus.

the capital. The conquerors retaliated severely on the fallen clan. Its ancient possessions were conferred on the *Brabazons*, *Wingfields*, and other new English families, whose posterity are now numbered among the nobles of the land, while the descendants of the *O'Byrnes*, with a few solitary exceptions, are reduced to the lowest ranks of society.*

¹ Angus O'Daly, the author of the present ode, was one of the household of Feagh Mac Hugh, and every way worthy of that dauntless hero and his eagle bands. It may remind the reader of more than one of the odes of Grey; and even lead him to conclude, that if that noble English genius had been supplied with literal prose versions of the reliques of some of our bards, he would have consigned them to the same immortality in his deathless strains, that he did the ancient Welch poems, which, fortunately for the Cambrian bards, he found in "Evans's Specimens" of their remains. But even this humble advantage did not await the Irish. I cannot, while on this point, avoid expressing regret, that *O'Conor*, *O'Halloran*, or *Vallancey*, had not turned their thoughts in this way. That, by doing so, they would have signally benefitted our ancient literature, there can be no doubt; though, perhaps, not their own fame as *original* writers. It may be said, that the drudgery of literal translation was beneath their talents, but surely nothing can be beneath the talents of any man, however exalted, that can tend, even in a remote degree, to promote the honor of his native country.

Here the writer has to regret, his having been disappointed in his intention of including, in this collection, a fine ode

* Since the days of persecution have passed away, it has become customary with wealthy and aspiring individuals among us, (*Majorum primus quisquis fuit*,) to boast of their descent from our ancient fallen families, though often with no other right, than that which the Herald's fee can confer.

addressed to *Hugh Ryall O'Donnell*, in 1596, by one of his bards. Independently of its poetic merits, it might, with the other poems in this volume, serve to shew the injustice of Spenser's indiscriminate censure of the Irish bards. The English poet's *assertions* have been carefully copied by succeeding writers; but his copyists ought to have reflected, that Spenser, though an able, was a prejudiced man; that he was ignorant of the language of our bards; and formed his judgment from versions which must have been made for him, by some sycophantic or renegade Irishman, who knew what would please the feelings of his employer. We know that even the Turks hesitate before they form their opinions of the Christians from the reports of a renegade. Yet an ingenious modern writer scruples not, on such authority, to assert that the panegyrics of the Irish bards were little better than avowed incentives to wrong and robbery, and that such maxims as, "Valor is justice," &c. were openly gloried in by them. Now I have read several of these poems, and have not met with one that answers this description: But how will the reader be surprised to hear, that the writer alluded to, perhaps, never saw one of the compositions which he has so minutely described; yet such has been the invariable mode of treating every subject relating to Ireland.—*Vae victis.*

ODE TO BRIAN NA MURTHA O'ROURKE.

¹ This distinguished chieftain (surnamed *na Murtha*, i. e. "of the bulwarks,") was one of the most powerful and determined opponents of the English, during the reign of Elizabeth. His life was a continued scene of warfare, but he was finally obliged to fly for shelter to James the VI. of Scotland. That mean-spirited prince, though he secretly fomented the troubles in Ireland, basely delivered up the unhappy exile to the

vengeance of his enemies, and sent him a close prisoner to the murdereress of his own mother, shortly after Mary's decapitation. On this occasion it is said that the "virgin queen," struck with the noble deportment and manly beauty of her captive, had apartments assigned to him in her own palace, and intimated to her council that she wished, herself, privately to examine him, as to the affairs of Ireland. The particulars of their intercourse, as handed down by tradition, may be partly seen in Walker's Memoirs of the Irish Bards. After some time, the royal inquisitor, aware that "dead men tell no tales," transferred her victim to the care of the law. This occurred in 1592. The following account of his trial and death, is taken from an unpublished manuscript history of Ireland, page 452, written about 1636, and preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.—"Bryan O'Rourke, the Irish potenteate, being thus, by the King of Scotts, sent into Engand, was arraigned in Westminster-hall, his indictments were, that he had stirred up Allexander Mac Connell and others to rebell; had scornfully dragged the Queen's picture att a horse-taill and disgracefully cut the same in pieces, giving the Spaniards entertainment against a proclamation; fier'd many houses, &c. This being told him by an interpreter, (for he understood noe English,) he said he would not submitt himself to a tryall of twelve men, nor make answer, *except the Queen satt in person to judge him.*" (This latter passage seems to corroborate the traditional story related by Walker.) "The lord chief justice made answer againe, by an interpreter, that whether he would submitt himself or not to a tryall by a jury of twelve, he should be judged by law, according to the particulars alledged against him. Whereto he reply'd nothing, but '*if it must be soe, let it be soe.*' Being condemned to dye, he was shortly after carried unto Tyburne, to be executed as a traitor, *whereat he seemed to be nothing moved, scorning the archbishop of Caishill, (Miler Magrath,) who was there to*

counsill him for his soule's health, because he had broken his vow, from a Franciscan turning Protestant."—*Orig. MS.*

The Londoners exulted at his death. Even "the brightest, meanest of mankind," Bacon, for a moment forgot his bribes and philosophy, to be witty on the occasion. "He (O'Rourke) gravely petitioned the queen, that he might be hanged with a *gad* or *withe* after his own country fashion, which *doubtless* was readily granted him."—*Bacon's Essays*. But the world has now to decide which of the two men, the brave but betrayed Irishman, or the corrupt and bribed judge, most deserved the *gad*. This petition, however, if any such was ever sent, shews that O'Rourke relied on the queen, and that his real object was to apprise her of his condemnation. Sir Richard Cox, in his virulent "History," inserts another anecdote, from *Philip O'Sullivan*, worth relating.—"Being asked why he did not bow his knee to the queen, he answered, that he was not used to bow. 'How, not to images?' says an English lord. 'Aye,' says O'Roark, 'but there is a great deal of difference between your queen and the images of the Saints.'"—His head was placed on a spike, on the tower which formerly stood on London Bridge, and was one of the "Reorum læsæ majestatis capita," of which Hentzner says, he reckoned thirty in 1598, "Ultra triginta nos horum numeravimus."—*Itin. 115.*

Such was the fate of the gallant O'Rourke, Prince of Breifney. For particulars, concerning his private virtues and public character, the reader is referred to the poem here translated; which is classed by Irish scholars among the best specimens of the ancient style of composition, in our language.

John, son of Torna, O'Mulconry of Ardchoill in Thomond, Uladh Ollamh, or laureat of Ireland, composed this ode, when Brian na Murtha was saluted chief of his sept, on the death of his brother Hugh, in 1566. It is one of the panegyrical poems of the Irish bards, and, as may be seen, does not contain any of the censurable passages attributed to these compo-

sions by Spenser. It is written in the *Bearla Feine*, or *Phœnician dialect* of the Irish, which the poet tells us he used, because the *Deagrla rúgtach*, or Plebeian dialect, was unworthy of his hero.—*See the fifth stanza.*—The family of O'Mulconry is distinguished in the annals of Irish literature, as having produced several eminent writers.

The gloss, without which this poem could not be well understood, was added by *Thaddeus Ruddy*, or *O'Rody*, of Crossfield, in the county of Leitrim, Esq. ‘an excellent scholar, well skilled in the Greek and Latin languages, and intimately acquainted with the language, history, and antiquities of his native country’—*Trans. Ibern. Celt. Society, Dublin.* He was born near the source of the Shannon, in that county, in 1623; and “was the intimate friend of O’Flaherty, author of the *Ogygia*, and also the friend and correspondent of Sir Richard Cox, (Lord Chancellor) and author of the ‘History’ of Ireland. He patronised learning and men of science, and to him the poets of his day devoted many of their best compositions.”—*Id.*—He was, himself, a pleasing poet, and his gloss to the present ode, “compiled,” says my MS., “with great labour and industry, from several old authors,” shews him to have been well versed in the ancient dialects of his native language. He died about the year 1706, at an advanced age, οὗτοι τροχλίπε τῷ βήματι ἀ λημνιών.

* The author of the “Curiosities of Literature” represents this learned Irish gentleman, as one “scarcely knowing his own language, and totally ignorant of all others.”—In every direction, the Irish have been misrepresented by prejudiced and ignorant English writers, but that so respectable an author should join the throng, and, by the sanction of his name, give the appearance of truth to the unfounded assertions of party, is matter of just regret. Foreigners, (and among these I include the English, who, with regard to *correct* knowledge of Ireland, are as foreign to us as any other nation of Europe), should consider well, before they expose themselves, by unexamined statements respecting this country, to the censure or ridicule of a people so tremulously alive to the honor of their native land, as the Irish: and amongst whom knowledge is increasing, far beyond any example of ancient or modern times.

The idol of guilt ——

Crom crù, the arch-deity of our pagan ancestors, whose rude altars may to the present day, be met with in wild and sequestered situations.*

THE ROMAN VISION.

The Roman Vision, *Ul Fioglaidhe Íomhánach*, Sprite or Apparition, one of the most popular of our modern historical poems, was written in 1650, but by whom does not appear. The author supposes himself at Rome, *Áir ói-chnoc Chepháig*, where the vision appears to him, over the graves of two exiled descendants of the Gael. These were, the famous *Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone*, the Irish Hannibal, whose signal successes against the forces of Queen Elizabeth, in Ireland, embittered the latter years of that princess; and *Rory O'Donnell* (brother of the celebrated *Hugh Ruadh*,) the first Earl of Tyrconnell.† After bewailing the unhappy state of the Irish,

* This horrid idol and its abominable worship are described in the *Dia Seanchas*, quoted by Doctor O'Conor in his Catalogue of the Irish MSS. in Stowe library, to which invaluable work, and the general histories of Ireland, I am constrained to refer the reader, for particulars concerning this, and the several other ancient personages and places, mentioned throughout this poem. It is to be observed that the translation of the last Irish stanza, on p. 292, is first on p. 295; the third and fourth, p. 294, are first and second, p. 297; and so, two English stanzas in advance, to p. 305.

† The great possessions of these devoted Irish princes proved the cause of their ruin. After the successful issue of the plot—contriving Cecil's gunpowder adventure in England, he turned his inventive thoughts towards this country, where every English minister may, at all times, be sure of finding ready instruments to carry any plan into execution. A plot to implicate the great northern chieftains in treasonable projects, was soon set on foot, and finally proved successful. This conspiracy is thus related by a learned English divine, Doctor Anderson, in his "Royal Genealogies," printed in London, 1736. "Artful

the bard describes the English monarchs, from Henry VIII. to Charles I. the progress of the civil war of 1641, and the great Irish leaders of that time. He dwells at considerable length on the character and exploits of the distinguished Irish general *Owen Roe O'Niall*, and the patriotic bishop *Mac Mahon*, of Clogher, who exchanged the crozier for the sword, and succeeded Owen Roe in the command of the Ulster forces. After again lamenting the downfall of the nation, which was hastened by the dissensions of some of his degenerate countrymen, the bard enumerates the chiefs of the ancient families, in whose union he placed his only hope for the salvation of the country. This spirited and patriotic effusion abounds with poetical beauties, and may be justly ranked amongst the best productions of the modern muse of Ireland.*

The avowed object of the bard was to stimulate his countrymen against the parliamentary forces, whose war-cry was, Destruction without mercy to Irish papists.—See p. 152, *ante*. In order thoroughly to understand the poem, the reader should keep in view the political state and divisions of the Irish, at

Cecil employed one St. Lawrence to entrap the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, the lord of Delvin, and other Irish chiefs into a sham plot, which had no evidence but his. But those chiefs being basely informed that witnesses were to be hired against them, foolishly fled from Dublin, and so taking guilt upon them, they were declared rebels, and six entire counties in Ulster were at once forfeited to the crown, which was what their enemies wanted." Tyrone fled privately into Normandy in 1607, thence to Flanders, and then to Rome; where he lived on the Pope's allowance, became blind and died 20th July, 1610. Tyrconnell fled at the same time, and died at Rome on 28th July 1608. Several original documents are preserved in the State Paper Office, London, connected with the above plot, including the correspondence of the weak and unprincipled St. Lawrence, which develope a scene of human turpitude seldom paralleled.

* The poet Cowley's "Discourse, by way of Vision," concerning the government of Oliver Cromwell, will convey to the English reader an idea of the poetic machinery adopted by the Irish bards in many of their effusions, and of which the present poem affords an example.

the period it was written. For upwards of four centuries after the invasion, the people of Ireland was divided into *English* and *Irish*. From the Reformation the distinctions of *Catholic* and *Protestant*, superadded all the bitterness of sectarian zeal and persecution to the former feelings of national animosity. Whatever progress the Reformation made in Ireland, was amongst the descendants of the English. The great body of the people retained the ancient faith, but the old distinctions of *Anglo-Irish* and *Milesian-Irish* still continued amongst the catholics. During the civil war of 1641, the latter, with Owen Roe O'Niall, and other Irish leaders, espoused the cause of the Nuncio *Rinucini*, while the former, or *Anglo-Irish* catholics, adhered to his opponents. This fatal division facilitated the progress of Cromwell's arms, which ended in the subjugation of the entire. To the Milesian catholics belonged the author of our poem, in which the views and feelings of his party are fully described. Most of the leading facts which he mentions will be found detailed in Carte's Life of Lord Ormonde.

*"The apostate Henry spurns his spotless queen
For Anna's fresher beauties."*

p. 313, l. 12.

Anne Boleyn, Henry the Eighth's "Night Crowe," was an object of peculiar abhorrence to the Irish. Our bard calls her Henry's daughter.

"Can we forget Elizabeth?—Oh never."

p. 313, l. 18.

This queen was as much execrated by her Irish, as she was idolized by her English subjects. It must be admitted, that both had good reasons for their opposite feelings towards her.

"Egan the red!—to freedom's strife he flies."

p. 317, l. 23.

The character of Owen Roe O'Niall for patriotism and

bravery, is so well known to every reader of Irish history, that it would be unnecessary to mention him here, except to correct a strange mistake of the late Doctor O'Conor, injurious to the memory of that distinguished hero, and incorruptable patriot. The Doctor, in his valuable Catalogue of the MSS. in the Stowe Library, vol. i. p. 272, has given the following letter from Charles II. to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—

“ Whereas we have seen a paper sent from you, our Lieutenant of Ireland, intituled, Doubts arising upon some particulars claymed by his R. Highnesse the Duke of York's Agents, &c.—The first particular is claimed as a debt due from the pretended Parliament to *Owen Row, regicide*, and by him assigned to Edmund Ludlow, and by severall orders of the said Parliament in 1653, and of the pretended Councell in Ireland in 1658, the same was to be satisfyed in Ireland ; and part thereof having been accordingly satisfyed by the late powers, is granted to and enjoyed by his Royal Highnesse, by vertue of the clause, page 111, of the Act of Settlement, &c. the remaining part of the £5065, which was never satisfyed, is now claymed by his Royal Highnesse his Agents, upon the clause, page 44, of the Act of Explanation. But in regard that the said £5065, doth not appeare to be either an adventure, or an arrear for service in Ireland, or money lent for provisions for the army of Ireland ; but either some *reward*, or other debt due to the said *Owen Row*, from the said pretended parliament,” &c.—“ From this interesting original document,” says Doctor O'Conor, “ it appears that the Regicide Parliament granted to *Owen Roe O'Neal*, a pension of £5065. 17s. 6d. a fact hitherto unknown in our history, *from which it is evident* that he privately confederated with Cromwell, and that Ireland was conquered by her own hands, by Owen Roe in the North, and by Lord Orrery in the South.”—Again,—“ No writer has hitherto asserted or discovered the fact, that Owen Roe's delays in signing the treaty with Ormond, were owing, not to the causes assigned by Carte, but to his receiving a bribe from

Cromwell."—Finally, in the preface, page iv. of the work alluded to, the Doctor repeats the charge thus: "Who would have supposed, for instance, that Owen Roe O'Nial, would have accepted a bribe of £5662. 17s. 6d. from Cromwell? that he, who was the favorite patriot general of Ireland, should have been, at one and the same time, in the pay of the Pope, and of the Rump Parliament of England? Thus far Doctor O'Conor.

Now, to all this the answer is easy, viz. that *Owen Row*, "the regicide," named in the King's letter, was a different person altogether from *Owen Roe O'Nial*, "the favorite patriot general of Ireland." *Owen Row* was an Englishman, and was well called a regicide, for he was one of the commissioners of the high court of justice who tried Charles I. was present at the king's tryal, and signed the death-warrant for his execution,* at the very time that *Owen Roe O'Nial* was in arms against that king's enemies in Ireland. How the learned author could have fallen into such a mistake, and that in a work which throughout displays such deep research and critical acumen, is to me wholly unaccountable.—

Verùm ubi plura nitent ——— non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

The explanation was, however, considered necessary, in order to remove a grievous imputation, inconsiderately cast on

* See the proceedings on the king's trial, where this person's surname is written *Roe*, and he signs it so to the death-warrant. In the Irish privy council books during Cromwell's government, and in the records of the Act of Settlement, I find it written indiscriminately *Row* and *Roe*. Doctor Lingard, in a note, cautions his readers against confounding "Owen Roe O'Nial with another of the same name, one of the regicides." But they were not of the same name. Doctor O'Conor was the first who dignified the English revolutionist with the name of O'Nial.

the memory of one of the purest and bravest Irishmen that ever existed.



Goibhír do Dhálaí fia earráche ná h-oisibhe-ri.

F I N I S.

ERRATA, VOL. I.

Page 113, line 16, for *O'Reilly*, read O'DONNELL.—same page and line, for *accidently*, read ACCIDENTALLY.—page 114, lines 8 and 16, for *O'Reilly*, read O'DONNELL.—page 151, line 2, for *prevades*, read PERVADES.—page 168, line 27, for *Mi*, read *Yi*.—page 271, line 10, for *drop*, read DROOP.—page 328, line 5, for *Costello*, read CASSIDY.—page 343, line 4, for *ωλιαν*, read *πολιαν*.—page 352, line 22, for *find*, read FINDING.

Note.—INTROD. p. ix.—Major invariably calls the Highlanders, “Scoti Sylvestres;” and describes the bard who appeared at the coronation of Alex. III. as “Quidam Scotus montanus, quem Sylvestrem vocant.”

ERRATA, VOL. II.

Page 15, line 5, read “FREE from all control.”—page 105, line 2, for *these*, read MERE.—page 117, line 3, read This poem presents an awful picture.—page 202, 203, line 1, for *Mac Liag*, read MAC GIOLLA CAOIMH.—page 320, line 5, *dele do ḡhpón*.—page 335, line 2, for *storm*, read STRONG.—page 348, line 4, for *scattered*, read OLD.



